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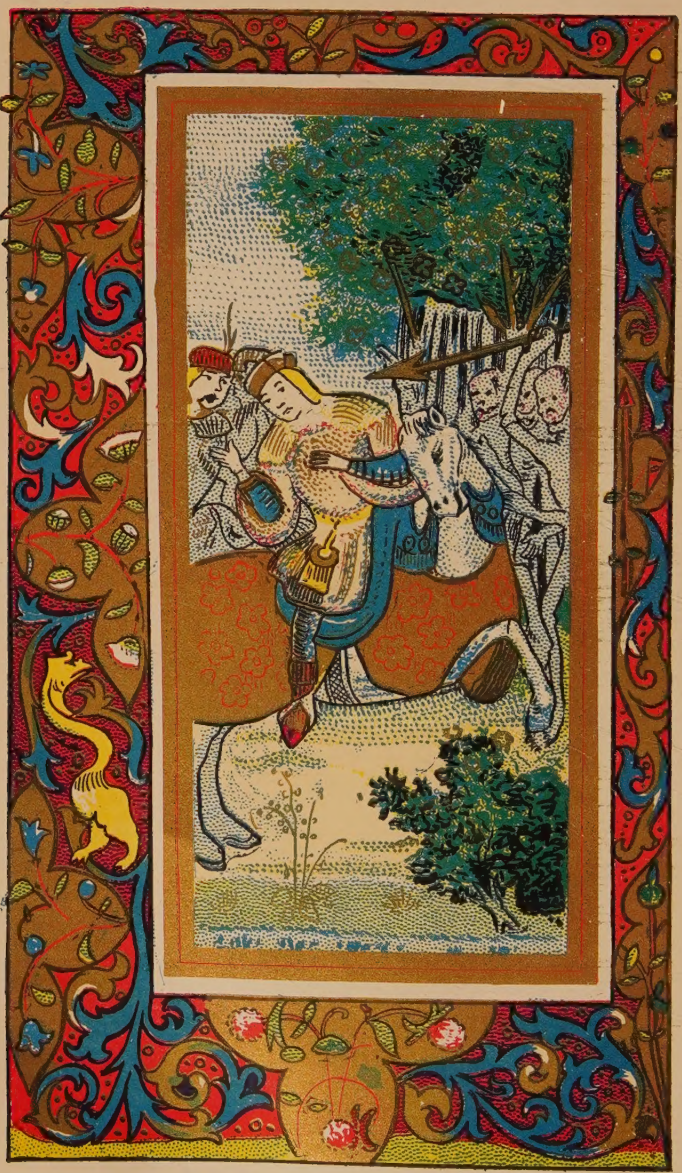

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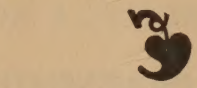

A Biographical and Bibliographical Summary of the World's Most Eminent Authors, including the Choicest Selections and Masterpieces from their Writings, Comprising the Best Features of Many Celebrated Compilations, Notably

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TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

NEW YORK
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1910

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
à as in fare.
ą as in errant, republican.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ê as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
ů as in pull.
ü German ü, French **u**.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.
š as in pressure.
ž as in seizure.
čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ñ French nasalizing **n**, as in ton, en.
ŧh as in then.
H Spanish j.
G as in Hamburg.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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LIST OF AUTHORS VOL. XXII

	PAGE
Tarkington (tär' king tŏn), Newton Booth	7
Tasso (tas' ō; It. täs' sō), Torquato	11
Taylor (tā' lŏr), Benjamin Franklin	18
Taylor, Hannis	22
Taylor, Sir Henry	24
Taylor, Isaac	31
Taylor, James Bayard	32
Taylor, Jane	50
Taylor, Jeremy	60
Taylor, Thomas	67
Taylor, Tom	69
Taylor, William	76
Taylor, William Mackergo	78
Tegner (teng nàr'), Esaias	81
Tellez (tel' yeth), Gabriel	89
Temple (tem' pl), Sir William	91
Tennant (ten' ạnt), William	93
Tennyson (ten' i sŏn), Alfred	97
Terence (ter' ens)	126
Terhune (têr hūn'), Mary Virginia Hawes	132
Tertullian (têr tul' yạn)	140
Tesselschædе (tes sel shē' de)	143
Teuffel (toif' fel), Blanche Willis Howard von	147
Thackeray (thak' e ri), William Makepeace	153
Thanet (than' et), Octave, *see* French, Alice	
Thaxter (thaks' têr), Celia Laighton	179
Theocritus (thē ok' ri tus)	186
Theognis (thē og' nis)	194
Theophrastus (thē ō fras' tus)	196
Theuriet (tê rē ā), Claude André	198
Thibault (tē bō), Jacques Anatole	200
Thierry (tyàr rē), Jacques August Nicolas Augustin	205
Thiers (tyàr), Louis Adolphe	207
Thirlwall (thêrl' wâl), Connop	211

PAGE

THOLUCK (tō′lŏk), FRIEDRICH AUGUST GOTTREU..... 214
THOMAS (tom′ąs), EDITH MATILDA..... 216
THOMAS INGOLDSBY (ing′ōldz bi), *see* BARHAM, RICHARD HARRIS. .....
THOMAS ROWLEY (rou′li), *see* CHATTERTON, THOMAS..
THOMPSON (tomp′sŏn), JAMES MAURICE..... 224
THOMPSON, JOHN RANDOLPH..... 232
THOMPSON, VANCE 237
THOMSON (tom′sŏn), JAMES..... 245
THOMSON, JAMES 261
THOMSON, RICHARD 266
THOREAU (thō′rō), HENRY DAVID..... 269
THORNBURY (thôrn′bu ri), GEORGE WALTER..... 277
THORNE (thôrn), OLIVE, *see* MILLER, HARRIET MANN..
THORPE (thôrp), FRANCIS NEWTON..... 280
THORPE, ROSE HARTWICK..... 282
THRALE (thrāl), HESTER LYNCH SALISBURY..... 287
THUCYDIDES (thū sid′i dēz) 290
THURSTON (thêrs′tŏn), KATHERINE CECIL..... 301
TIBULLUS (ti bul′us), ALBIUS..... 320
TICKELL (tik′el), THOMAS..... 321
TICKNOR (tik′nŏr), GEORGE..... 326
TIECK (tēk), LUDWIG..... 329
TIGHE (tī), MARY BLACKFORD..... 334
TILLIER (tēl yā), CLAUDE..... 337
TILTON (til′tŏn), THEODORE..... 340
TIMROD (tim′rod), HENRY..... 347
TINCKER (tink′êr), MARY AGNES..... 352
TIRUVALLUVAR (ti rö val lö vär′) 356
TOCQUEVILLE (tok′vil; Fr. tŏk vēl), ALEXIS CHARLES HENRI CLÉREL DE. 357
TODHUNTER (tod′hun têr), JOHN..... 361
TOLSTOI (tol′stoi), COUNT LYEFF NIKOLAIEVITCH..... 363
TOOKE (tŏk), JOHN HORNE..... 373
TOPELIUS (tō pā′lē ös), ZACHRIS..... 375
TOPLADY (top′lā di), AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE..... 384
TOURGEE (tör zhā′), ALBION WINEGEAR..... 386
TOWNE (toun), EDWARD OWINGS..... 392
TOWNSEND (toun′zend), EDWARD WATERMAN..... 393
TOWNSEND, GEORGE ALFRED..... 395

PAGE

TOWNSEND, MARY ASHLEY 397
TOWNSEND, VIRGINIA FRANCES 399
TRACY (trā' si), LOUIS 402
TRAFFORD (traf' ŏrd), F. G., *see* RIDDELL, CHARLOTTE ELIZA. .....
TRAIN (trān), GEORGE FRANCIS 411
TRENCH (trench), RICHARD CHENEVIX 412
TREVELYAN (tre vel' yąn), GEORGE OTTO 420
TROLLOPE (trol' up), ANTHONY 421
TROLLOPE, FRANCES MILTON 439
TROLLOPE, THOMAS ADOLPHUS 441
TROUBETZKOY (trö bets' koi), AMÈLIE RIVES CHANLER .. 444
TROWBRIDGE (trō' brij), JOHN TOWNSEND 448
TRUMBULL (trum' bul), ANNIE ELIOT 461
TRUMBULL, JOHN 463
TUCKER (tuk' êr), CHARLOTTE MARIA 471
TUCKERMAN (tuk' êr mąn), HENRY THEODORE 477
TULLOCH (tul' ök), JOHN 483
TUPPER (tup' êr), MARTIN FARQUHAR 485
TURGENIEFF (tör gān' yef), IVAN SERGEYEVICH 494

T

TARKINGTON, Newton Booth, an American novelist; born in Indiana, July 29, 1869. He was graduated from Princeton in 1893, and his first novel, *The Gentleman from Indiana* (1899), attracted widespread and favorable attention. It was followed by *Monsieur Beaucaire* (1900); a much more artistic work; *The Two Vanrevels* (1902); *Cherry* (1903); *The Beautiful Lady* (1904); *In the Arena* (1905), and *The Conquest of Canaan* (1905).

Mr. Tarkington deals with political life in Indiana in making up the story *In the Arena.* Perry Enders, writing in *The Bookman,* has this to say of the story:

POLITICS IN INDIANA.

One lays the book aside with the conviction that the author's estimation of the situation is a pretty true one, and that he made singularly good use of his experience in Indiana politics. The corrupt but not unkind "Boss," the "kid glove" candidate, the woman lobbyist and her victim, the grafter and the country legislator are all drawn with keen analysis and humor. It is not easy to select any particular story for special attention. Perhaps as effective as any is "Boss Gorgett," which tells of the candidacy and collapse of Farwell Knowles. Knowles is a young man for "stern virtue" only, who writes ex-

citable editorials and calls politicians hard names, and who, when told by the managers of his campaign of a plan to block the conspiracy on the part of Boss Gorgett to stuff a certain ballot box, theatrically denounces his own henchmen for compromising and talks about sending the Boss to the penitentiary. But Boss Gorgett has at hand a weapon which enables him to bring Knowles to his office crushed with shame and begging for mercy, and there the reviled Boss gives his young and impetuous foe a lesson in practical politics and common humanity.

"I believe I'd advise you to stick to your wife," Gorgett went on, quietly, "and let politics alone. Somehow I don't believe you're the kind of man for it. I've taken considerable interest in you for some time back, Mr. Knowles, though I don't suppose you've noticed it until lately; and I don't believe you understand the game. You've said some pretty hard things in your paper about me; you've been more or less excitable in your statements; but that's all right. What I don't like altogether, though, is that it seems to me you've been really tooting your own horn all the time — calling everybody dishonest and scoundrels, to shove *yourself* forward. That always ends in sort of a lonely position. I reckon you feel considerably lonely, just now? Well, yesterday, I understand you were talking pretty free about the penitentiary. Now, that ain't jut the way to act, according to my notion. It's a bad word. Here we are, he and I"— he pointed to me — "carrying on our little fight according to the rules, enjoying it and blocking each other, gaining a point here and losing one there, everything perfectly good-natured, when *you* turn up and begin to talk about the penitentiary! That ain't quite the thing. You see, words like that are liable to stir up the passions. It's dangerous. You were trusted, when they told you the closet story, to regard it as a confidence — though they didn't go through the form of pledging you — because your people had given their word not to betray Genz. But you couldn't see it and there you went, talking about the Grand Jury and stripes and so on, stirring up passions and ugly feelings. And I want to tell you that the

man who can afford to do that has to be mighty immaculate himself. The only way to play politics, whatever you're *for,* is to learn the game first. Then you'll know how far you can go and what your own record will stand. There ain't a man alive whose record will stand too much, Mr. Knowles — and when you get to thinking about that and what your own is, it makes you feel more like treating your fellow-sinners a good deal gentler than you would otherwise. Now *I've* got a wife and two little girls, and my old mother's proud of me (though you wouldn't think it) and they'd hate it a good deal to see me sent over the road for playing the game the best I could as I found it."

The story of *Cherry* is thus reviewed in the New York *Times:*

CHERRY.

That Mr. Tarkington could write *The Gentleman from Indiana, Monsieur Beaucaire,* and *Cherry,* proves him to be in possession of a versatility that is bound to seem a rare and precious thing in these days, when story writers are so prone to attempt to repeat their own past successes, that many of them deserve to be called specialists rather than novelists with any etymological significance attached to the word. Mr. Tarkington's first book was a serious and painstaking study of a certain phase of American life; the second was a sparkling example of romantic comedy, and the last is nothing more nor less than a delicious bit of farce. There is plenty of humor in all three books, but so different in character and quality that the marvel is that one man could be responsible for the three varieties. There is surely a somewhat violent contrast between the homely humor of Indiana farmers, the sparkling wit and repartee of courtiers, and the peculiar form of drollery in *Cherry* that makes the poor Malvolio of a Sudgeberry such an exquisitely funny fellow, but Mr. Tarkington has accomplished them all with apparently equal ease, and the last with a perfection and finish that makes it little short of a masterpiece in its light, fantastic way.

That way consists, in the main, of such absurdities of characterization as in the drama belong to the realm of farce, and the results are as irresistibly comic as is that form of entertainment at its best. Perhaps no young man in real life was ever so thoroughly stupid and dense as Mr. Sudgeberry, and yet a great many in everybody's experience have come so near to his record that his creator verily seems to have done little more than apply now and then those finishing touches and high lights that always add so much to the effect of stories from life without detracting appreciably from their truth.

The time of *Cherry* belongs to those gay days of the Eighteenth century when the stagecoach and the saddle horse made traveling always so interesting and frequently so exciting, and Mr. Sudgeberry — who, if not exactly the hero, is the clown of the tale — was completing a course of study at Nassau Hall, in Princeton. Being of a very serious not to say pedantic turn of mind, he had naturally fixed his affections upon a certain Miss Sylvia Gray, who was the acme of all that is arch, coquettish, and inconsequent, and the tale records, from his own point of view, his ponderous attempts at wooing, her bewildering attitude, and the final incomprehensible winning of the fair Sylvia by the unscholarly but persistent and resourceful Mr. William Fentriss. The whole humor of the situation lies in the fact that poor Mr. Sudgeberry never once, by any chance, sees things as they really are, but blunders on his trusty way, pointing tiresome morals while his rival makes love to Sylvia under his unsuspecting nose; boring old Mr. Gray into imbecility while Sylvia and William amuse each other in a distant corner of the room, and finally assisting at William's spectacular rescue of Sylvia and her father from make-believe highwaymen, by watching the whole proceeding from the uncomfortable vantage ground of a ditch of icy water beside the road. Not that he once dreamed that the highwaymen were not of the most bloodthirsty variety, though he did "marvel at their lunatic method of discharging their pistols in the air, the while hammering the sides of the carriage with hangers and cutlasses and kept up a most horrid clamor and

TORQUATO TASSO.

tumult." And poor Mr. Sudgeberry is never undeceived. The curtain goes down upon the felicity of Sylvia and William united, while Mr. Sudgeberry ponders upon the inexplicable pair and solemnly asserts that "there are some questions upon which the final dictum can only be, 'I do not understand.'"

TASSO, TORQUATO, an Italian poet; born at Sorrento, March 11, 1544; died at Rome, April 25, 1595. His father, Bernardo Tasso, was of noble rank, and a poet of marked ability. The son studied in the best Italian schools, and at the age of seventeen received high honors from the University of Padua in the four departments of civil law, ecclesiastical law, theology, and philosophy. He, however, devoted himself wholly to letters, and at the age of eighteen wrote the epic poem *Rinaldo,* which won for him a high reputation. He was soon after invited to the newly founded University of Bologna, where he planned an epic poem founded upon the conquest of Jerusalem by the Crusaders under Godfrey of Boulogne. In 1565 he was invited to the Court of Alphonso II., Duke of Ferrara, where he rose to great favor with the Duke and his two accomplished sisters Lucretia and Leonore. His epic, the *Gerusalemme Liberata,* (Jerusalem Delivered), was completed in 1575, and Tasso was appointed historiographer of the ducal house. The *Jerusalem Delivered* holds an acknowledged place among the great epics of the world. It has been translated into English by some half-score of persons, the best of these versions being those of

Edward Fairfax (1600), and of J. H. Wiffen (1838). Among Tasso's other works are: *Aminta,* a pastoral drama (1573); *Rime, insiemi con altro Conponimenti* (1581); *Dialoghi e Discorsi* (1586–87); and *Gerusalemme Conquistata* (1593).

THE THEME OF JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

I sing the pious arms and Chief who freed
  The Sepulchre of Christ from thrall profane:
Much did he toil in thought and much in deed,
  Much in the glorious enterprise sustain;
  And Hell in vain opposed him, and in vain
Afric and Asia to the rescue poured
  Their mingled tribes. Heaven recompensed his pain,
And from all further sallies of the sword,
True to the Red-Cross flag his wandering friends restored.

And Thou, the Muse that not with fading palms
  Circlest thy brows on Pindus, but among
The Angels warbling the celestial psalms,
  Hast for thy coronal a golden throng
  Of everlasting stars, make thou my song
Lucid and pure; breathe thou the flame divine
  Into my bosom; and forgive the wrong
If with grave truth light fiction I combine,
And sometimes grace my page with other flowers than thine.

— *Translation of* WIFFEN.

THE CRUSADERS IN SIGHT OF JERUSALEM.

The odorous air, morn's messenger, now spread
  Its wings to herald, in serenest skies,
Aurora issuing forth, her radiant head
  Adorned with roses plucked in Paradise;
  When in full panoply the hosts arise,
And loud and spreading murmurs upward fly
  Ere yet the trumpet rings its melodies.
They miss not long; the trumpet's tuneful cry
Gives the command, loud sounding through the sky.

Wing'd is each heart, and wingèd every heel;
They fly, yet notice not how fast they fly;
But by the time the dusty meads reveal
The fervent sun's ascension to the sky,
Lo, tower'd Jerusalem salutes the eye.
A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale
"Jerusalem!" a thousand voices cry;
"All hail, Jerusalem!" Hill, down, and dale
Catch the glad sounds, and shout, "Jerusalem, all hail!"

Thus, when a crew of fearless voyagers,
Seeking new lands, spread their audacious sails,
In the hoarse Arctic, under unknown stars —
Sport of the faithless waves and treacherous gales —
If, as the little bark the billow scales,
One views the long-wished headland from the mast
With merry shouts the far-off coast he hails,
Each points it out to each, until at last
They close in present joy the troubles of the past.

To the pure pleasure which that first far view
In their reviving spirits swelling shed,
Succeeds a deep contrition, feelings new —
Grief touched with awe, affection mixed with dread;
Scarce dare they now upraise the abject head,
Or turn to Zion their desiring eyes,
The chosen city where Messias bled,
Defrauded Death of his long tyrannies,
New-clothed his limbs with life, and reassumed the skies.

Low accents, plaintive whispers, groans profound,
Sighs of a people that in gladness grieves,
And melancholy murmurs float around,
Till the sad air a thrilling sound receives,
Like that which sobs amidst the dying leaves,
When with autumnal winds the forest waves;
Or dash of an insurgent sea that heaves
On lonely rocks, or, locked in winding caves,
Hoarse through their hollow aisles in wild, low cadence raves.

Each, at his Chief's example, lays aside
His scarf and feathered casque, with every gay
And glittering ornament of knightly pride,
And barehead treads the consecrated way;
Their thoughts, too, suited to their changed array.
Warm tears devout their eyes in showers diffuse —
Tears that the haughtiest temper might allay;
And yet, as though to weep they did refuse,
Thus to themselves their hearts of hardness they accuse: —

"Here, Lord, where currents from thy wounded side
Stained the besprinkled ground with liveliest red,
Should not these two quick springs, at least, their tide
In bitter memory of thy passion shed?
And melt'st thou not my icy heart, where bled
The dear Redeemer? Still must pity sleep?
My flinty bosom, why so cold and dead?
Break, and with tears the hallowed region steep!
If that thou weep'st not now, forever shouldst thou weep!"

Meanwhile the guard, that from a lofty tower
In the far city cast about his view,
Marked the dust rise, and, like a thunder-shower
Printed in air, turn dark the ethereal blue.
The glowing cloud seemed pregnant, as it flew,
With fire; anon, bright metals flashed between
Its shaken wreaths; and, as it nearer drew,
Dim through the storm were apparitions seen —
Spearmen, and issuing steeds, and chiefs of godlike mien.

He saw, and raised his terrible alarm! —
"Oh, rise, all citizens below, arise!
Mount to the walls! Haste! Arm! this instant arm!
Lo, what a dust upon the whirlwind flies,
And lo, the lightning of their arms!" he cries;
"The foeman is at hand!" Then yet more loud
He calls: "Shall the swift foe the town surprise?
Quick, seize your weapons; mark the dusty cloud

That hither rolls! It wraps all heaven within its shroud!"

The simple infant and the aged sire,
Matrons and trembling maids, to whom belong
Not strength nor skill to make defence, retire,
A pale, disconsolate, and suppliant throng,
In sad procession to the mosque. The strong,
In spirit as in limbs, obey the call.
Seizing their arms in haste, they speed along;
Part flock to guard the gates, part man the walls;
The king to all parts flies, sees, cares, provides for all.

— *Translation of* WIFFEN.

TO THE PRINCESSES OF FERRARA.

Sisters of great Alphonso! to the west
Three times have sped the courses of the sun,
Since, sick and outraged, I became a jest,
And sighed o'er all that cruel Fate had done:
Wretched and vile whatever meets my eye
Without me, whereso'er I gaze around;
Within, indeed, my former virtues lie,
Though shame and torments the reward they've found.
Ay! in my soul are truth and honor still,
Such as, if seen, the world were proud to own;
And your sweet images my bosom fill,
But lovely idols ne'er content alone
True hearts; and mine, though mocked and scorned at will,
Is still your temple, altar, shrine, throne.

TO HIS LADY, THE BETROTHED OF ANOTHER.

She, who a maiden, taught me, Love, thy woe,
To-morrow may become a new-made bride;
Like, if I err not, a fresh-gathered rose,
Opening her bosom to the sun with pride;
But, him for whom flushed with joy it blows,
Whene'er I see, my blood will scarcely glide.
If jealousy my ice-bound heart should close,
Will any ray of pity thaw its tide?

Thou only knowest. And now, alas, I haste
Where I must mark that snowy neck and breast
By envied fingers played with and embraced.
How shall I live, or where find peace or rest,
If one kind look on me she will not waste
To hint not vain my sighs, nor all unblest?

TO A FALSE FRIEND.

Fortune's worst shafts could ne'er have reached me more,
Nor envy's poisoned fangs. By both assailed,
In innocence of soul completely mailed
I scorned the hate whose power to wound was o'er;
When thou — whom in my heart of hearts I wore
And as a rock of refuge often sought —
Turned on myself the very arms I wrought,
And Heaven beheld, and suffered what I bore!
O holy Faith! O Love! how all thy laws
Are mocked and scorned! — I throw my shield away,
Conquered by fraud. Go, seek thy feat's applause,
Traitor, yet still half-mourned with fond delay.
The hand, not blow, is of my tears the cause.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

O lovely age of gold!
Not that the rivers rolled
With milk, or that the woods wept honey-dew;
Not that the ready ground
Produced without a wound,
Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew;
Not that a cloudless blue
Forever was in sight,
Or that the heaven, which burns
And now is cold by turns,
Looked out in glad and everlasting light;
No, nor that even the insolent ships from far
Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse than war;
But solely that that vain
And breath-invented pain,
That idol of mistake, that worshipped cheat,

That Honor — since so-called
By vulgar minds appalled —
Played not the tyrant with our nature yet.
It had not come to fret
The sweet and happy fold
Of gentle human-kind;
Nor did its hard law bind
Souls nursed in freedom; but that law of gold,
That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,
Which Nature's own hand wrote — What pleases is permitted.
Then among streams and flowers
The little wingèd powers
Went singing carols without torch or bow;
The nymphs and shepherds sat
Mingling with innocent chat
Sports and low whispers; and with whispers low,
Kisses that would not go.
The maiden budding o'er,
Kept not her bloom uneyed,
Which now a veil must hide,
Nor the crisp apples which her bosom bore:
And oftentimes, in river or in lake,
The lover and his love their merry bath would take.
'Twas thou, thou, Honor, first
That didst deny our thirst
Its drink, and on the fount thy covering set;
Thou bad'st kind eyes withdraw
Into constrained awe,
And keep the secret for their tears to wet;
Thou gather'dst in a net
The tresses from the air,
And mad'st the sports and plays
Turn all to sullen ways,
And putt'st on speech a rein, in steps a care.
Thy work it is — thou shade, that will not move —
That what was once the gift is now the theft of Love.
Our sorrows and our pains,
These are thy noble gains;
But, O thou Love's and Nature's masterer,
Thou conqueror of the crowned,

What does thou on this ground,
Too small a circle for thy mighty sphere?
Go and make slumber dear
To the renowned and high;
We here, a lowly race,
Can live without thy grace,
After the use of mild antiquity.
Go, let us love; since years
No truce allow, and life soon disappears;
Go, let us love; the daylight dies, is born;
But unto us the light
Dies once for all; and sleep brings on eternal night.

— *Translation of* WILDE.

TAYLOR, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, an American journalist and poet; born at Lowville, N. Y., July 19, 1819; died at Cleveland, Ohio, February 24, 1887. He was a graduate of Madison University, Hamilton, N. Y., of which institution his father, Stephen W. Taylor, was president. For many years he was literary editor of the Chicago *Evening Journal*. He traveled in Mexico and visited the South Sea Islands. His volumes are: *January and June* (1853); *Old Time Pictures and Sheaves of Rhyme* (1874); *Songs of Yesterday* (1877); *Dulce Domum* (1884); complete edition of *Poems* (1887), and prose works — *Pictures in Camp and Field* (1871); *The World on Wheels* (1873); *Summer Savory, Gleaned from Rural Nooks* (1879); *Between the Gates,* pictures of California life (1881), and *Theophilus Trent,* a novel (1887). His poems are full of imagination and humor, with many random fancies, often overstrained.

MOWING.

A breeze drops out of the maple
  And travels the rippling grain,
The fog lifts white from the river,
  The glorified ghost of rain
  Ascending to Heaven again.

The fields are grand in their velvet,
  The tall grass rustles red,
The bees boil up in their anger,
  The meadow-lark leaves her bed,
  Right onward the mowers tread!

With steady stride they are swaying
  The swath with the chronic writhe;
A waspy rush and a rustle,
  A swing to the grasses lithe,
  Right home through the swath the scythe!

Then rising, falling, and drifting,
  As buoys on the billows ride,
The braided brims of the shadows
  Afloat on the red-top tide
  The brows of the mowers hide.

The blades are rasping and sweeping,
  The timothy tumbles free,
The field is ridgy and rolling
  With swaths like the surging sea
  Heaped up to the toiler's knee.

Hark! *whit-to-whit* of the whetstone —
  The stridulous kiss of steel,
The shout of winners exultant
  That distance the field, and wheel
  As gay as a Highland reel.

Swing right! Swing left! And the mowers
  Stream out in a sea-bird flight,

The line grows dimmer and dotted
With flickering shirt-sleeves white,
Washed clean in the morning light.

The steel-cold eddies are whirling
About and about their feet.
Die! Clover, Grasses, and Daisies!
No dead in the world so sweet,
Ye slain of the windrow street.

Oh, wreck and raid of September!
Oh, prodigal death to die!
Till April gay, with her ribbon,
Comes bringing the blue-bird sky.
Oh, lilies of Christ, good-by!

NIGHT ON THE FARM.

Now all clucked home in their feather beds
Are the velvety chicks of the downy heads,
In the old Dutch style, with the beds above,
All under the wings of a hovering love,
But a few chinked in, as plump as wrens,
Around the edge of the ruffled hens.

With nose in the grass the dog keeps guard,
With long-drawn breaths, in the old farm-yard
The cattle stand on the scattered straw,
And cease the swing of the under jaw.

The cat's eyes shine in the currant-bush,
Dews in the grass and stars in the hush,
And over the marsh the lightning-bug
Is swinging his lamp to the bull-frog's chug,
And the slender chaps in the greenish tights,
That jingle and trill the sleigh-bell nights.

The shapes with the padded feet prowl round
And the crescent moon has run aground,
And the inky beetles blot the night
And have blundered out the candle-light!

And everywhere the pillows fair
Are printed with heads of tumbled hair.
Time walks the house with a clock-tick tread,
Without and within the farm's abed.
—*Songs of Yesterday.*

THE RIVER OF TIME.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime
As it blends in the Ocean of Tears.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of the snow
All the summers like birds between,
And the years in the sheaf, how they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and its flow
As it glides into shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing,
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are straying.

And the name of the isle is the "Long Ago,"
And we bury our treasures there;
There are beams of beauty and bosoms of sorrow,
There are heaps of dust — oh! we love them so —
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
There are parts of an infant's prayer.
There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
There are broken beams and pieces of rings,
And the garments our loved ones used to wear.

Oh! remember for aye be that blessed isle,
All the day of our life until night;

And when evening glows with its beautiful smile
And our eyes are closed in slumbers awhile
May the home of our souls be in sight!

TAYLOR, HANNIS, an American statesman and writer on constitutional law; born in North Carolina in 1851. He was long known in Mobile, Ala., as a resident lawyer of great reputation. In 1889 appeared his great work on *The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution.* From 1893 to 1897 he was United States Minister to Spain. He has contributed valuable papers to the reviews; especially the *North American Review.*

THE WEAK SPOT IN THE FRENCH CONSTITUTION.

The one great difficulty, disclosed by experience, has arisen out of the impossible attempt to put a republican president into the shoes of a modern constitutional monarch whose functions are exercised by a Ministry which in France is the servant of two popular assemblies. In making that dangerous experiment, the French statesmen of 1875 marred their work by departing from the firm basis of historical experience into the unknown realm of abstract speculation, and what inevitably happens in all such cases has taken place. Nobody had ever attempted such a thing before, and no one else has been bold enough to attempt such a thing since. A careful student of the English constitution who clearly comprehends the subtilty of that part of its mysterious organization which regulates the relations of the crown with the chambers, and the chambers with each other, through a set of unrecorded conventions, can understand in a moment why that part of its intricate machinery cannot be adapted to a republic with a written and dogmatic funda-

mental law. In the first place, the fiction is that the English sovereign really governs as of old; the fact is that she does not govern at all. The fiction is that the two chambers are co-ordinate and coequal; the fact is that the real sovereignty resides in the House of Commons. In the French, as in all other republican constitutions, the two chambers are really co-ordinate and coequal, and therefore capable of conflict; and that of itself is sufficient to derange the entire mechanism, as demonstrated by a very recent experience fresh in the minds of everybody. To that difficulty must also be added the fact that a republican president taken from the ranks of the people cannot be clothed with the mysterious awe and dignity with which time alone can robe a king. But no matter what the reasons may be, the fact remains that this subtle monarchical organism has never been successfully grafted upon a republican system, and the fate of the attempt in France conclusively proves, certainly so far as she is concerned, that the undertaking is impracticable. To her it has given an executive power so unstable and precarious that any policy, internal or external, that may be inaugurated is broken up, on an average, every eight months, and the evil is increasing every day. The genius of no statesman can overcome the difficulties inherent in a fatally defective system, and since the inauguration of the present régime nearly all of France's great political chiefs have been discredited, generally without any fault of their own. If the evil is continued without remedy the inevitable result will be to discredit the republican plan as a whole, and its enemies will cry out that it is incapable of leading France safely along the difficult and dangerous path which she must certainly tread for a long time to come.— *From an article in The North American Review for February, 1897.*

TAYLOR, Sir Henry, an English poet and essayist; born at Middleham, Durham, October 18, 1800; died at Bournemouth, March 27, 1886. He was, during the greater part of his life, connected with the British Colonial Office. His principal dramatic poems are: *Isaac Comnenus* (1827); *Philip van Artevelde,* by which he is best known (1834); *Edwin the Fair* (1842); *A Sicilian Summer* (1850); *St. Clement's Eve* (1862). Among his volumes of prose essays are: *The Statesman* (1836); *Notes from Life* (1847); *Notes from Books* (1849); *The Ways of the Rich and Great* (1850); and *Modern Poets* (1855). His *Autobiography* was published in 1885.

JOHN OF LAUNOY — CAPTAIN OF GHENT.

Dean of Ghent.— Beside Nivelle the Earl and Launoy met,
Six thousand voices shouted with the last:
"Ghent, the good town! Ghent and the Chaperons Blancs!"
But from that force thrice-fold there came the cry
Of "Flanders, with the Lion of the Bastard!"
So there the battle joined, and they of Ghent
Gave back and opened after three hours' fight;
And hardly flying had they gained Nivelle,
When the Earl's vanguard came upon their rear,
Ere they could close the gate, and entered with them.
Then all were slain save Launoy and his guard,
Who, barricaded in the minster tower,
Made desperate resistance; whereupon
The Earl waxed wrothful and bade fire the church.
Burgher.— Say'st thou? Oh, sacrilege accursed? Was't done?
Dean.— 'Twas done; and presently was heard a yell,
And after that the rushing of the flames.

Then Launoy from the steeple cried aloud —
"A ransom!" and held up his coat to sight
With florins filled; but they without but laughed
And mocked him, saying: "Come amongst us, John,
And we will give thee welcome! make a leap;
Come out at window, John!" With that the flames
Rose up and reached him; and he drew his sword,
Cast his rich coat behind him in the fire,
And shouting, "Ghent! ye slaves!" leaped fiercely forth,
When they below received him on their spears.
And so died John of Launoy.
Burgher.— A brave end.
'Tis certain we must now make peace by times,
The city will be starvèd else.— Will be, said I?
Starvation is upon us.
Van Artevelde.— I never looked that he should live so long.
He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,
He seemed to live by miracle. His food
Was glory, which was poison to his mind,
And peril to his body. He was one
Of many thousands such as die betimes,
Whose story is a fragment, known to few.
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
And he's a prodigy. Compute the chances,
And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times
Who wins the race of glory, but than him
A thousand men more gloriously endowed
Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,
Whilst lighter barks pushed past them; to whom add
A smaller tally of the singular few,
Who, gifted with predominating powers,
Bear yet a temperate will, and keep the peace.
The world knows nothing of its greatest men.
Father John.— Had Launoy lived, he might have passed for great,
But not by conquest in the Franc of Bruges.
The sphere — the scale of circumstances — is all
Which makes the wonder of the many. Still,
An ardent soul was Launoy's, and his deeds

Were such as dazzled many a Flemish dame.
There'll be some bright eyes in Ghent bedimmed for him.

Van Arte.— They will be dim, and then be bright again.

All is in busy, stirring, stormy motion;
And many a cloud drifts by, and none sojourns.
Lightly is life laid down amongst us now,
And lightly is death mourned. A dark star blinks
As fleets the rack; but look again, and lo!
In a wide solitude of wintry sky
Twinkled the re-illuminated star,
And all is out of sight that smirched the ray—
We have no time to mourn.

Father John.— The worst for us!
He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend;
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them.
Where Sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,
There Wisdom will not enter, nor true Power,
Nor aught that dignifies humanity.
Yet — such the barrenness of busy life! —
From shell to shell Ambition clambers up
To reach the naked'st pinnacle of all;
Whilst Magnanimity, absorbed from toil,
Reposes self-included at the base.
But this thou knowest.

—*From Philip van Artevelde.*

A WIFE.

She was a creature framed by love divine
For mortal love to muse a life away
In pondering her perfections; so unmoved
Amidst the world's contentions, if they touched
No vital cord nor troubled what she loved,
Philosophy might look her in the face,
And, like a hermit stooping to the well
That yields him sweet refreshment, might therein
See but his own serenity reflected
With a more heavenly tenderness of hue!

Yet whilst the world's ambitious, empty cares,
Its small disquietudes and insect stings,
Disturbed her never, she was one made up
Of feminine affections, and her life
Was one full stream of love from fount to sea.
— *From Philip van Artevelde.*

HEART-REST.

The heart of man, walk it which way it will,
Sequestered or frequented, smooth or rough,
Down the deep valley amongst tinkling flocks,
Or mid the clang of trumpets and the march
Of clattering ordnance, still must have its halt,
Its hour of truce, its instant of repose,
Its inn of rest; and craving still must seek
The food of its affections — still must slake
Its constant thirst of what is fresh and pure,
And pleasant to behold.
— *From Philip van Artevelde.*

THE SCHOLAR.

This life, and all that it contains, to him
Is but a tissue of illuminous dreams
Filled with book-wisdom, pictured thought and love
That on its own creations spends itself.
All things he understands, and nothing does.
Profusely eloquent in copious praise
Of action, he will talk to you as one
Whose wisdom lay in dealings and transactions;
Yet so much action as might tie his shoe
Cannot his will command; himself alone
By his own wisdom not a jot the gainer.
Of silence, and the hundred thousand things
'Tis better not to mention, he will speak,
And still most wisely.

ATHULF AND ETHILDA.

Athulf.— Appeared
The princess with that merry child Prince Guy:

He loves me well, and made her stop and sit,
And sat upon her knee, and it so chanced
That in his various chatter he denied
That I could hold his hand within my own
So closely as to hide it: this being tried
Was proved against him; he insisted then
I could not by his royal sister's hand
Do likewise. Starting at the random word,
And dumb with trepidation, there I stood
Some seconds as bewitched; then I looked up,
And in her face beheld an orient flush
Of half-bewildered pleasure: from which trance
She with an instant ease resumed herself,
And frankly, with a pleasant laugh, held out
Her arrowy hand.
I thought it trembled as it lay in mine,
But yet her looks were clear, direct, and free,
And said that she felt nothing.
Sidroc.— And what felt'st thou?
Athulf.— A sort of swarming, curling, tremulous tumbling,
As though there were an ant-hill in my bosom.
I said I was ashamed.— Sidroc, you smile:
If at my folly, well; but if you smile,
Suspicious of a taint upon my heart,
Wide is your error, and you never loved.
— *Edwin the Fair.*

WISDOM AND GENIUS.

Wisdom is not the same with understanding, talents, capacity, ability, sagacity, sense, or prudence: not the same with any one of these; neither will all these together make it up. It is that exercise of the reason into which the heart enters; a structure of the understanding rising out of the moral and spiritual nature. It is for this cause that a high order of Wisdom — that is, a highly intellectual wisdom — is still more rare than a high order of Genius. When they reach the very highest order they are one; for each includes the other, and intellectual greatness is matched with moral strength. But

they hardly ever reach so high, inasmuch as great intellect — according to the ways of Providence — almost always brings along with it great infirmities; or, at least, infirmities which appear great, owing to the scale of operation; and it is certainly exposed to unusual temptations; for as power and pre-eminence lie before it, so ambition attends it — which, while it determines the will and strengthens the activities, inevitably weakens the moral fabric.

Wisdom is corrupted by ambition, even when the quality of the ambition is intellectual. For ambition, even of this quality, is but a form of self-love, which, seeking gratification in the consciousness of intellectual power, is too much delighted with the exercise to have a single and paramount regard to the end, and it is not according to wisdom that the end — that is, the moral and spiritual consequences — should suffer derogation in favor of the intellectual means. God is love; and God is light; whence it results that Love is Light, and it is only by following the effluence of that light that intellectual power issues into Wisdom. The intellectual power which loses that light, and issues into intellectual pride, is out of the way to wisdom, and will not attain even to intellectual greatness. For though many arts, gifts, and attainments may coexist in much force with intellectual pride, an open greatness cannot; and of all the correspondences between the moral and intellectual nature, there is none more direct and immediate than that of humility with capaciousness. If pride of intellect be indulged in, it will mark out to a man conscious of great talents the circle of his own intellectual experiences as the only one in which he can keenly recognize and appreciate the intellectual universe; and there is no order of intellectual men which stands in a more strict limitation than that of a man who cannot conceive what he cannot contain. . . .

If Wisdom be defeated by Ambition and Self-love when these are occupied with the mere consciousness of intellectual power, still more is it so when they are eager to obtain recognition and admiration from without. Those who are much conversant with intellectual men will observe, I think, that the particular action of self-love by

which their minds are most frequently warped from wisdom is that which belongs to a pride and pleasure taken in the exercise of the argumentative faculty. Whence it arises that this faculty is enabled to assert a predominance over its betters. With such men the elements of a question which will make effect in argument — those which are, so far as they go, demonstrative — will be rated above their value: and those which are matter of proportion and degree — not palpable, ponderable, or easily producible in words, or which are matters of moral estimation and optional opinion — will go for less than they are worth, because they are not available to secure the victory or grace the triumph of a disputant. . . .

Wisdom without Genius — far more precious gift than Genius without Wisdom — by God's blessing upon the humble and loving heart, though not as often met with as "the ordinary of Nature's sale-work," is yet not altogether rare: for the desire to be right will go a great way toward Wisdom. Intellectual guidance is the less needed where there is little to lead astray; where humility lets the heart loose to the impulses of love. That we can be wise by impulse seems a paradox to some: but it is a part of that true doctrine which traces wisdom to the moral as well as the intellectual mind — and more easily to the former than to the latter.

The doctrine of wisdom by impulse is no doubt liable to be much misused and misapplied. The right to rest upon such a creed accrues only to those who have so trained their nature as to be entitled to trust it. It is the impulse of the *habitual* heart which the judgment may fairly follow upon occasion: of the heart which, being habitually humble and loving, has been framed by Love to Wisdom. Some such fashioning love will always effect; for love cannot exist without solicitude; solicitude brings thoughtfulness; and it is in a thoughtful love that the wisdom of the heart consists. The impulse of such a heart will take its shape and guidance from the very mould in which it is cast, without any application of the reason express; and the most inadvertent motion of a wise heart will for the most part be wisely directed: providentially, let us rather say; for Providence has no

more eminent seat than in the wisdom of the heart.—*Notes from Life.*

TAYLOR, Isaac, an English essayist; born at Lavenham, Suffolk, August 17, 1787; died at Stanford Rivers, June 28, 1865. He belonged to a family which for four successive generations produced an Isaac Taylor eminent in religious literature. He was an artist of considerable promise, but devoted himself especially to writing upon philosophical and ethical subjects. His principal works are: *Elements of Thought* (1825); *The Process of Historical Proof* (1829); *The Natural History of Enthusiasm* (1831); *Spiritual Despotism* (1835); *Physical Theory of Another Life* (1839); *Saturday Evening* (1842); *Natural History of Fanaticism* (1843); *Loyola and Jesuitism* (1849); *The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry* (1852); *The Restoration of Belief* (1855).

EXHAUSTION OF THE EMOTIONAL FACULTIES.

Everyone accustomed to reflect upon the operations of his own mind must be aware of a distinction between the intellectual and moral faculties as to the rate at which they severally move. Even the milder emotions of love and joy, and much more the vehement sensations, such as hatred, anger, jealousy, revenge, despair, tend always toward this sort of rapid enhancement, and fail to do so, as they are checked either by a sense of danger connected with the indulgence of them, or by feelings of corporeal exhaustion, or by the interference of the incidents and interests of common life. Especially is it to be noticed that those of the emotions which kindle or are kindled by the imagination are liable to an acceleration such as produces a physical excitement highly perilous both to

mind and body, and needing to be speedily diverted. And although the purely moral emotions are not accompanied by precisely the same sort of corporeal disturbance, nevertheless when they actually gain full possession of the soul they rapidly exhaust the physical powers, and bring on a state of torpor, or of general indifference.

Now this exhaustion manifestly belongs to the animal organization: nor can we doubt that if it were possible to retain the body in a state of neutrality, or of perfect quiescence, during a state of profound emotion, then these same affections might advance much farther, and become far more intense than as it is they ever can or may. The corporeal limitation of the passions becomes, in truth, a matter of painful consciousness whenever they arise to an unusual height, or are long continued, and there takes place then within the bosom an agony, partly animal, partly mental, and a very uneasy sense of the inadequateness of our strongest emotions to the occasion that calls them out. We feel that we cannot feel as we should; emotions are frustrate, and the affections which should have sprung upward are detained in a paroxysm on earth. It is thus with the noblest sentiments, and thus with profound grief; and the malign and vindictive passions draw their tormenting force from this very sense of restraint, and they *rend* the soul because they can *move* it so little. Does there not arise amidst these convulsions of our nature a tacit anticipation of a future state, in which the soul shall be able to feel and to take its full of emotion? —*Physical Theory of Another Life.*

TAYLOR, JAMES BAYARD, an American traveler and novelist; born at Kennett Square, Pa., January 11, 1825; died at Berlin, Germany, December 19, 1878. While engaged as an apprentice in a country printing-office he learned Latin and French. He began to write verses for periodicals at the age of

seventeen. In 1844 he published *Ximena,* a small volume of poems, and soon afterward, having secured an engagement as a newspaper correspondent, he set off for Europe. He visited Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France, and upon his return, in 1846, published his first book of travels, *Views Afoot.* In 1847 he became connected with the New York *Tribune,* and made numerous journeys to different parts of the world, as correspondent of that newspaper. His most extended tour occupied two years and four months, from the Summer of 1851 to the close of 1853. The regions visited comprised portions of Europe, Egypt, the Soudan, Palestine and Syria, India, China and Japan; the whole distance traversed by land and water being not less than 50,000 miles. This journey furnished materials for the following books: *A Journey to Central Africa* (1854); *The Lands of the Saracen* (1854), and *A Visit to India, China and Japan* (1855). In 1856–57 he visited Northern Europe and wrote *Summer Pictures of Sweden, Denmark and Lapland.* His books of travel comprise eleven volumes, the latest being *Colorado, a Summer Trip* (1867), and *By-Ways of Europe* (1869). He also edited a series of volumes entitled *Cyclopædia of Modern Travel,* and *Illustrated Library of Travel, Exploration and Adventure.* In 1862 he was appointed Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg. In 1878 he was sent as United States Minister to Germany.

He wrote the following novels: *Hannah Thurston* (1863); *John Godfrey's Fortunes* (1865); *The Story of Kennett* (1866); *Joseph and His Friend* (1870); *Beauty and the Beast,* a collection of magazine stories. He published several volumes of poems: *Poems of*

the Orient (1861); *Poems of Home and Travel* (1862); *The Poet's Journal* (1863); which were issued collectively in 1865. Subsequent poems are: *The Picture of St. John* (1866); *The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln* (1869); *The Masque of the Gods* (1872); *Lars, a Pastoral of Norway* (1873); *The Prophet, a Tragedy* (1874); *Home Pastorals* (1875); *National Ode* (1876); *Prince Deukalion*, a lyrical drama (1878). For several years he was engaged upon the translation of Goethe's *Faust*, which was published in 1871. The various metres of the original were reproduced, and this translation is, as a whole, the best which has appeared in the English language.

WITH THE GERMAN STUDENTS.

There was to be a general *Commers*, or meeting of the Societies among the Heidelberg students, and I determined not to omit witnessing one of the most interesting and characteristic features of student-life. So borrowing a cap and coat, I looked the student well enough to pass muster. Baader, a young poet of some note, and President of the Palatia Society, having promised to take us to the Commers, we met at 8 o'clock at an inn frequented by the students, and went to the rendezvous near the Market Platz.

A confused sound of voices came from the inn, as we drew near, and groups of students were standing around the door. Entering the room, I could scarcely see at first, on account of the smoke that ascended from a hundred pipes. All was noise and confusion. Near the door sat some half-dozen musicians, who were getting their instruments ready for action: and the long room was filled with tables, all of which seemed to be full, yet the students were still pressing in. The tables were covered with great stone jugs and long beer-glasses: the students were talking and shouting and drinking. One who appeared to have the arrangement of the meeting, found

seats for us together: and having made a slight acquaintance with those sitting next us, we felt more at liberty to watch the proceedings.

They were all talking in a sociable, friendly way, and I saw no one who appeared to be intoxicated. The beer was a weak mixture, which I should think would make one fall over from its weight rather than its intoxicating properties. Those sitting near me drank but little, and that principally to make or return compliments. One or two at the other end of the table were rather more boisterous, and more than one glass was overturned upon their legs. Leaves containing the songs for the evening lay at each seat, and at the head, where the President sat, were two swords crossed, with which he occasionally struck upon the table to preserve order. Our President was a fine, romantic-looking young man, dressed in the old German costume — black beaver and plume, and velvet doublet with slashed sleeves. I never saw in any company of young men so many handsome, manly countenances. If their faces were any index of their characters, there were many noble, free souls among them.

After some time passed in talking and drinking together, varied by an occasional air from the musicians, the President beat order with the swords, and the whole company joined in one of their glorious songs, to a melody at the same time joyous and solemn. Swelled by so many manly voices, it arose like a hymn of triumph; all other sounds were stilled. Three times during the singing all rose to their feet, clashed their glasses together around the tables, and drank to their Fatherland, a health and blessing to the patriot, and honor to those who struggle in the cause of freedom.

After this song the same order was continued as before, except that students from the different Societies made short speeches, accompanied by some toast or sentiment. One spoke of Germany; predicting that all her dissensions would be overcome, and that she would arise at last, like a phœnix, among the nations of Europe; and at the close gave, "Strong, united, regenerated Germany!" Instantly all sprang to their feet, and clashing their glasses together, gave a thundering "*Hoch!*" This

enthusiasm for their country is one of the strongest characteristics of the German students. They have ever been first in the field for her freedom, and on them mainly depends her future redemption.

Cloths were passed around, the tables wiped off, and preparations made to sing the *Landsfather,* or Consecration Song. This is one of the most important and solemn of their ceremonies; since by performing it the new students are made *Burschen,* and the bands of brotherhood continually kept fresh and sacred. All became still a moment, then commenced the lofty song:

"Silent bending, each one tending
To the solemn tones his ear.
Hark the song of songs is sounding—
Back from joyful choir resounding—
Hear it, German brothers, hear!

"Germans, proudly raise it, loudly
Singing of your Fatherland.
Fatherland! thou land of story,
To the altars of thy glory
Consecrate us, sword in hand!

"Take the beaker, pleasure-seeker,
With thy country's drink brimmed o'er!
In thy left the sword is blinking,
Pierce it through the cap, while drinking
To thy Fatherland once more!"

With the first line of the last stanza the Presidents, sitting at the head of the table, take their glasses in their right hands, and at the third line the sword in their left, at the end striking their glasses together, and drinking.

"In the left hand gleaming, thou art beaming,
Sword from all dishonor free!
Thus I pierce the cap, while swearing,
It in honor ever wearing,
I a valiant Bursch will be!"

They clash their swords together till the third line is sung, when each takes his cap, and piercing the point of the sword through the crown, draws it down to the guard. Leaving their caps on the swords, the Presidents stand behind the two next students, who go through the same ceremony; receiving the swords at the appropriate time, and giving them back loaded with their caps also. This ceremony is going on at every table at the same time. These two stanzas are repeated for every pair of students, till all have performed it, and the Presidents have arrived at the bottom of the table, with their swords strung full of caps. Here they exchange swords, while all sing: —

"Come, thou bright sword, now made holy,
Of free men the weapon free;
Bring it, solemnly and slowly,
Heavy with pierced caps to me!
From its burden now divest it;
Brothers, be ye covered all,
And till our next festival,
Hallowed and unspotted rest it!

"Up, ye feast-companions! ever
Honor ye our holy band!
And with heart and soul endeavor
E'er as high-souled men to stand
Up to feast, ye men united!
Worthy be your father's fame;
And the sword may no one claim
Who to honor is not plighted."

Then each President, taking a cap off each sword, reaches it to the student opposite; and they cross their swords, the ends resting on the two students' heads, while they sing the next stanza:

"Go take it back; thy head I will now cover,
And stretch the bright sword over.
Live then this Bursch, *Hoch!*
Whenever we may meet him,

Will we as Brother greet him;
Live also this our Brother, *Hoch!*"

This ceremony was repeated till all the caps were given back; and they then concluded with the following:

"Rest! the Burschen-feast is over,
Hallowed sword, and thou are free.
Each one strive a variant lover
Of his Fatherland to be!
Hail to him who, glory-haunted,
Follows still his fathers bold;
And the sword may no one hold
But the noble and undaunted!"

The *Landsfather* being over, the students were less orderly. The smoking and drinking began again; and we left, as it was already 11 o'clock, glad to breathe the pure cold air. — *Views Afoot.*

KILIMANDJARO.

Hail to thee, monarch of African mountains,
Remote, inaccessible, silent, and lone;
Who from the heart of the tropical fervors
Lifted to heaven thine alien snows,
Feeding forever the fountains that make thee
Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!
The years of the world are engraved on thy forehead;
Time's morning blushed red on thy first-fallen snows;
Yet lost in the wilderness, nameless, unnoted,
Of man unbeholden, thou wert not till now.
Knowledge alone is the being of Nature,
Giving a soul to her manifold features,
Lighting through paths of the primitive darkness
The footsteps of Truth and the vision of Song.
Knowledge has borne thee anew to Creation,
And long-baffled Time at thy baptism rejoices.
Take then a name, and be filled with existence;
Yea, be exultant in the sovereign glory,
While from the hand of the wandering poet
Drops the first garland of song at thy feet.

LIFE ON THE NILE.

Floating alone, on the flood of thy making,
Through Africa's mystery, silence, and fire,
Lo! in my palm, like the Eastern enchanter,
I dip from the waters a magical mirror,
And thou art revealed to my purified vision.
I see thee supreme in the midst of thy co-mates,
Standing alone 'twixt the earth and the Heavens,
Heir of the Sunset and herald of Morn.
Zone above zone, to thy shoulders of granite,
The climates of earth are displayed as an index,
Giving the scope of the Book of Creation.
There, in the gorges that widen, descending
From cloud and from the cold into summer eternal,
Gather the threads of the ice-'gendered fountains —
Gather to riotous torrents of crystal,
And, giving each shelvy recess where they dally
The blossoms of the north and its evergreen turfage
Leap to the land of the lion and lotus!
There in the wondering airs of the Tropics
Shivers the aspen, still dreaming of cold;
There stretches the oak, from the loftiest ledges,
His arms to the far-away lands of his brothers,
And the pine-tree looks down on his rival, the palm.
Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air,
Thy battlements hang o'er the slopes and the forests,
Seats of the gods in the limitless ether,
Looming sublimely aloft and afar,
Above them, like folds of imperial ermine,
Sparkle the snow-fields that furrow thy forehead;
Desolate realms, inaccessible, silent,
Chasms and caverns where Day is a stranger,
Garners where storeth his treasures the Thunder,
The Lightning his falchion, his arrows the Hail.

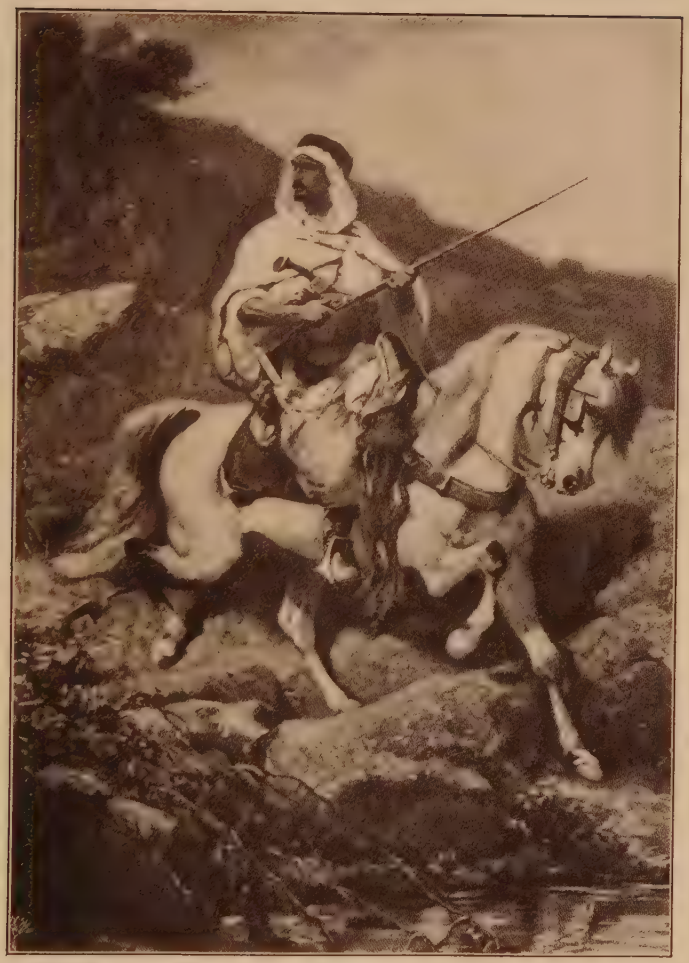
Sovereign Mountain! thy brothers give welcome;
They, the baptized and crowned of ages,
Watch-towers of Continents, altars of Earth,
Welcome thee now to their mighty assembly.
Mont Blanc, in the roar of his mad avalanches,
Hails thy accession; superb Orizaba,

Belted with beech and ensandalled with palm;
Chimborazo, the lord of the region of noonday —
Mingle their sounds in magnificent chorus
With greeting august from the Pillars of Heaven
Who, in the urns of the Indian Ganges,
Filter the snows of their sacred dominions,
Unmarked with a footprint, unseen but of God.
Lo! unto each is the seal of his lordship,
Nor questioned the right that his majesty giveth:
Each in his awful supremacy of forces,
Worship and reverence, wonder and joy,
Absolute all, yet in dignity varied,
None has a claim to the honors of story,
Or the superior splendors of song,
Greater than thou, in thy majesty mantled —
Thou, the sole monarch of African mountains,
Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

BEDOUIN SONG.

From the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire,
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment-Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,



THE BEDOUIN.

And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment-Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment-Book unfold!

AN INCIDENT IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the fort to-morrow;
Sing while we may; another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts from Severn, and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong —
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl! Her name he dared not speak;
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained from the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest,
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

THE BISON-TRACK.

Strike the tent! the sun has risen; not a cloud has ribbed the dawn.
And the frosted prairie brightens to the westward, far and wan.
Prime afresh the trusty rifle, sharpen well the hunting-spear,
For the frozen sod is trembling, and a noise of herds I hear.

See! a dusky line approaches; hark! the onward-surging
roar,
Like the din of wintry breakers on a sounding wall of
shore!
Dust and sand behind him whirling, snort the foremost
of the van,
And the stubborn horns are striking through the crowded
caravan.

Now the storm is down upon us; let the maddened horses
go!
We shall ride the living whirlwind, though a hundred
leagues it blow!
Though the surgy manes should thicken and the red eyes'
angry glare
Lighten round us as we gallop through the sand and
rushing air!

Myriad hoofs will scan the prairie in our wild and rest-
less race,
And a sound like mighty waters thunder down the desert
space;
Yet the rein may not be tightened, nor the rider's eye
look back;
Death to him whose speed should slacken on the mad-
dened bison's track!

Now the trampling herds are threaded, and the chase is
close and warm,
For the giant bull that gallops in the edges of the storm.
Hurl your lassos swift and fearless; swing your rifles as
we run!
Ha! the dust is red before him: shout, my brothers, he
is won!

Look not on him as he staggers; 'tis the last shot he will
need;
More shall fall among his fellows ere we run the bold
stampede:

Ere we stem the swarthy breakers: while the wolves, a hungry pack,
Howl around each grim-eyed carcass, on the bloody bison-track!

JENNY LIND'S GREETING TO AMERICA.

I greet, with a full heart, the Land of the West,
Whose banner of stars o'er the world is unrolled;
Whose empire o'ershadows Atlantic's wide breast,
And opes to the sunset its gateway of gold!
The land of the mountain, the land of the lake,
And rivers that roll in magnificent tide,—
Where the sons of the mighty from slumber awake,
And hallow the soil for whose freedom they died!

Thou cradle of empire! though wide be the foam
That severs the land of my fathers and thee,
I hear, from thy bosom, the welcome of home,
For song has a home in the hearts of the free!
And long as thy waters shall gleam in the sun,
And long as thy heroes remember their scars,
Be the hands of thy children united as one,
And peace shed her light on thy banner of stars.

THE GREAT SEWING-UNION AT PTOLEMY.*

Never before had the little society of Ptolemy known so animated a season. For an inland town, the place could not at any time be called dull, and, indeed, impressed the stranger with a character of exuberant life on being compared with the other towns in the neighborhood. Mulligansville on the east, Anacreon on the north, and Atauga City on the west, all fierce rivals of nearly equal size, groaned over the ungodly cheerfulness of its population, and held up their hands whenever its name was mentioned. But at the particular time whereof we write — November, 1852 — the ordinarily mild flow of life in Ptolemy was unusually quickened by the formation of the great Sewing-Union. . . . It was a social arrangement which substituted one large gathering, all the more

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lively and interesting, from its mixed constitution, in place of three small and somewhat monotonous circles.

It was the third meeting of the Union, and nearly all the members were present. Their session was held at the house of Mr. Hamilton Bue, agent of the "Saratoga Mutual" for the town of Ptolemy, and one of the directors of the bank at Tiberius, the county-seat. The parlor, large as it was (for Ptolemy), had been somewhat overcrowded during the afternoon; therefore, anticipating a large arrival of gentlemen in the evening, Mrs. Bue had the tables transferred from the sitting-room to the kitchen, locked the hall door, and thus produced a suite of three apartments, counting the hall itself as one. The guests were admitted at the side entrance, commonly used by the family. Two or three additional lamps had been borrowed, and the general aspect of things was so bright and cheerful that the Rev. Lemuel Styles whispered to Mrs. Hamilton Bue: "Really, I am afraid this looks a little like levity."

"But it's trying to the eyes to sew with a dim light," said she; "and we want to do a good deal for the Fund this evening."

"Ah! *that,* indeed!" he ejaculated, smiling blandly as he contemplated Miss Eliza Clancy and Miss Ann Parrott, who were comparing the dresses for their little brown namesakes. . . .

Again the clacking of tongues rose high and shrill, lessening only for a few minutes after the distribution of wedges of molasses-cake, offered by Mrs. Hamilton Bue's black-mitted hands. Mr. Hamilton Bue followed in her wake with a jingling tray, covered with glasses of lemonade, which the ladies sipped delicately. The four spinsters, observing that Mrs. Lemuel Styles drank but the half of her glass, replaced theirs, also half-filled, though it went to their hearts to do so. . . .

When the last guest had disappeared Mr. Hamilton Bue carefully closed and locked the doors, and then remarked to his wife, who was engaged in putting out the extra lamps: "Well, Martha, I think we've done very well, though I say it that shouldn't. Mr. Styles liked

your tea, and the cake must have been pretty good, judging from the way they stowed it out of sight."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bue; "I was afraid, at one time, there wouldn't be enough to go round. It's well I made up my mind, at the last minute, to bake five, instead of four. Molasses is so high."

"Oh, what's the odds of two shillings more or less," her husband consolingly remarked, "when you've got to make a regular spread? Besides, I guess I'll clear expenses by persuading Woodbury to insure his house in our concern. Dennisons always took the Etna."—*Hannah Thurston.*

FRIEND GULIELMA THURSTON AND HER DAUGHTER.*

Friend Gulielma Thurston, leaning back in the rocking-chair, had suffered her hands, with the knitting they held, to sink into her lap, and looked out upon the hazy valley. Her thin face, framed in the close Quaker cap, which barely allowed her gray hair to appear at the temples, wore a sweet, placid expression, though the sunken eyes and set lips told of physical suffering. The spotless book-muslin handkerchief, many-folded, covered her neck and breast, and a worsted apron was tied over her drab gown, rather from habit than use. As she basked in the balmy warmth of the day, her wasted fingers unconsciously clasped themselves in a manner that expressed patience and trust. These were the prominent qualities of her nature — the secret of her cheerfulness and the source of her courage.

Hannah Thurston was somewhat above the average height of women, though not noticeably tall, and a little too slender for beauty. Her hands were thin, but finely formed, and she carried them as if they were a conscious portion of herself, not an awkward attachment. Her face would have been a perfect oval, except that the forehead, instead of being low and softly rounded, was rather squarely developed in the reflective region, and the cheeks, though not thin, lacked the proper fulness of outline. Her hair was of a rich, dark brown, black in shadow,

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and the delicate arches of the eyebrows were drawn with a clear, even pencil, above the earnest gray eyes, dark and deep under the shadow of their long lashes. The nose was faultless, and the lips, although no longer wearing their maidenly ripeness and bloom, were so pure in outline, so sweetly firm in their closing junction, so lovely in their varying play of expression, that the life of her face seemed to dwell in them alone. Her smile had a rare benignity and beauty. The paleness of her face being, to some extent, a feature of her physical temperament, did not convey the impression of impaired health; a ruddy tint would not have harmonized with the spiritual and sensitive character of her countenance. No one would have dreamed of calling Hannah Thurston a beauty. In society nine men would have passed her without a thought; but the tenth would have stood still, and said: "Here is a woman 'to sit at a king's right hand in thunder-storms,'" and would have carried her face in his memory forever.— *Hannah Thurston.*

MAXWELL WOODBURY.*

An unusual stir in the sitting-room interrupted the conversation. There were exclamations — noises of moving chairs — indistinct phrases — and presently the strong voice of the Hon. Zeno Harder was heard: "Very happy to make your acquaintance, sir — *very* happy!" Mrs. Waldo slipped to the door and peeped in, telegraphing her observations in whispers to the little party behind the stairs. "There's Mr. Hammond — the lawyer, you know, from Tiberius, and another gentleman — a stranger. Tall and sunburnt, with a mustache, but I like his looks. Ah!" Here she darted back to her seat. "Would you believe it? — the very man we were talking about — Mr. Woodbury!" . . . Miss Thurston, looking up with a natural curiosity, encountered a pair of earnest brown eyes which happened, at the moment, to rest mechanically upon her. The stranger bowed with easy self-possession and a genial air which asserted his determination to enjoy the society.

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The introduction of a new element into a society so purely local as that of Ptolemy is generally felt as a constraint. Where the stranger is a man of evident cultivation, whose superiority, in various respects, is instinctively felt, but would be indignantly disclaimed if anyone dared to assert it, there is, especially, a covert fear of his judgment. His eye and ear are supposed to be intensely alert and critical; conversation becomes subdued and formal at his approach; the romping youths and maidens subside into decorous and tedious commonplaces until the first chill of his presence is overcome. Mr. Woodbury had tact enough to perceive and dissipate this impression. His habitual manners were slightly touched with reserve, but no man could unbend more easily or gracefully. . . .

Hannah Thurston felt that there was a germ of harsh, material truth in his words, besides which her aspirations lost somewhat of their glow. Again she was conscious of a painful, unwelcome sense of repulsion. "Is there no faith?" she asked herself; "are there no lofty human impulses, under this ripe intelligence?' The soft, liquid lustre faded out of her eyes, and the eager, animated expression of her face passed away like the sunshine from a cloud, leaving it cold and gray. . . .

"No," said Hannah Thurston, somewhat startled, "I cannot coldly dissect an author whom I so heartily admire."

Woodbury smiled very, very slightly, but her quick eye caught and retained his meaning. "Then I will not dissect him for you," he said; "though I think you would find a pleasure in the exercise of the critical faculty to counterbalance the loss of an indiscriminate admiration. I speak for myself, however. I cannot be content until I ascertain the real value of a man and his works, though a hundred pleasant illusions are wrecked in the process. A man who knows how to see, to think, and to judge, though he may possess but an average intellect, is able to get at all important truths himself, without taking them at second-hand."

There was no assumption of superiority — not the slightest trace of intellectual arrogance in Woodbury's

manner. He spoke with the simple frankness of a man who was utterly unconscious that he was dealing crushing blows on the mental habits of his listener — not seeming to recognize, even, that they were different from his own. It was a species of mental antagonism for which she was not prepared. To her mother, who judged men more or less by that compound of snow and fire who had been her husband, Woodbury's manner was exceedingly grateful. She perceived, as her daughter did not, the different mental complexion of the sexes; and moreover, she now recognized in him a man with courage enough to know the world without bitterness of heart. . . .

During this visit Hannah Thurston indulged without reserve in the satisfaction it gave to her. She always found it far more agreeable to like than to dislike. Woodbury's lack of that enthusiasm which in her soul was an ever-burning and mounting fire — his cold and dispassionate power of judgment — his tolerance of what she considered perverted habits of the most reprehensible character, and his indifference to those wants and wrongs of the race which continually appeal to the Reformer's aid, had at first given her the impression that the basis of his character was hard and selfish. She had since modified this view, granting him the high attributes of truth and charity; she had witnessed the manifestations of his physical and moral courage; but his individuality still preserved a cold, statuesque beauty. His mastery over himself, she supposed, extended to his intellectual passions and his affections. He would only be swayed by them so far as seemed to him rational and convenient. His words to her mother recalled to her mind, she knew not why, the description of her father's death. It was possible that an equal capacity for passion might here again be hidden under a cold, immovable manner. She began to suspect, now, that she had been mistaken in her judgment of Woodbury. Her strong sense of justice commanded her to rectify the mistake, while her recognition of it weakened her faith in herself. — *Hannah Thurston.*

TAYLOR, JANE, an English poet; born at London, September 23, 1783; died at Ongar, Essex, April 12, 1824. With her sister, Ann Taylor, she wrote *Poems for Infant Minds; Rhymes for the Nursery; Hymns for Infant Minds; Rural Scenes; City Scenes.* Besides the works produced in conjunction with her sister, Jane Taylor wrote *Display,* a novel (1815); *Essays in Rhyme* (1816); and *Contributions of Q. Q.* (1826).

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A slanting ray of evening light
  Shoots through the yellow pane;
It wakes the faded crimson bright,
  And gilds the fringe again;
The window's Gothic framework falls
  In oblique shadow on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new
  How many a cloudless day,
To rob the velvet of its hue,
  Has come and passed away!
How many a setting sun has made
  That curious interwork of shade!

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
  The cunning hand must be
That carved this fretted door, I ween —
  Acorn and fleur-de-lis;
And now the worm hath done her part
  In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore — that now we call —
  When James the First was king,
The courtly knight from yonder Hall
  His train did hither bring;

All seated round in order due,
With bordered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask-cushions, set in fringe,
All reverently they knelt;
Prayer-book with brazen hasp and hinge
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive at the priest's command.

Now, streaming down the vaulted aisle,
The sunbeam, long and lone,
Illumines the characters awhile
Of their inscription stone;
And there, in marble hard and cold,
The knight and all his train behold.

Outstretched together are expressed
He and my lady fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast,
In attitude of prayer.
Long-visaged, clad in armor, he,
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order as they died,
The numerous offspring bend;
Devoutly kneeling side by side,
As though they did intend
For past omissions to atone
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
But generations new,
In regular descent from him,
Have filled the stately pew;
And in the same procession go
To occupy the vault below.

And now the polished modern squire
And his gay train appear,
Who duly to the Hall retire
A season every year;

And fill the seats with belle and beau,
As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
The hollow-sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dead
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn receive to silent rest
Another and another guest —

The feathered hearse and sable train,
In all its wonted state,
Shall wind along the village lane,
And stand before the gate —
Brought many a distant county through
To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away
All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gaily o'er their heads;
While other faces, fresh and new,
Shall occupy the squire's pew.

THE TOAD'S JOURNAL.

[It is said that Belzoni, the traveler in Egypt, discovered a living toad in a temple which had been for ages buried in the sand.]

In a land for antiquities greatly renowned
A traveler had dug wide and deep under the ground,
A temple for ages entombed, to disclose —
When lo! he disturbed, in its secret repose,
A toad, from whose journal it plainly appears
It had lodged in that mansion some thousands of years.
The roll which this reptile's long history records
A treat to the sage antiquarian affords:
The sense, by obscure hieroglyphics concealed,
Deep learning, at length, with long labor, revealed.
The first thousand years as a specimen take —

The dates are omitted for brevity's sake:
"Crawled forth from some rubbish, and winked with one eye;
Half opened the other, but could not tell why;
Stretched out my left leg, as it felt rather queer,
Then drew all together and slept for a year
Awakened, felt chilly — crept under a stone;
Was vastly contented with living alone.
One toe became wedged in the stone like a peg,
Could not get it away,— had the cramp in my leg;
Began half to wish for a neighbor at hand
To loosen the stone, which was fast in the sand;
Pulled harder, then dozed, as I found 't was no use; —
Awoke the next summer, and lo! it was loose.
Crawled forth from the stone when completely awake;
Crept into a corner and grinned at a snake.
Retreated, and found that I needed repose;
Curled up my damp limbs and prepared for a doze;
Fell sounder to sleep than was usual before,
And did not awake for a century or more;
But had a sweet dream, as I rather believe:
Methought it was light, and a fine summer's eve;
And I in some garden deliciously fed
In the pleasant moist shade of a strawberry-bed.
There fine, speckled creatures claimed kindred with me,
And others that hopped, most enchanting to see.
Here long I regaled with emotion extreme; —
Awoke — disconcerted, to find it a dream;
Grew pensive — discovered that life is a load;
Began to get weary of being a toad;
Was fretful at first, and then shed a few tears."—
Here ends the account of the first thousand years.

MORAL.

It seems that life is all a void,
On selfish thoughts alone employed;
That length of days is not a good,
Unless their use be understood.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

A monk, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell with his stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain;
But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers
We know not; indeed, 'tis no business of ours.

Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last, that he brought his invention to bear.
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete he was wrinkled and gray;
But success is secure, unless energy fails;
And at length he produced THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

"What were they?" you ask. You shall presently see.
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea.
Oh, no; for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh,
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

Naught was there so bulky but there it would lay,
And naught so ethereal but there it would stay,
And naught so reluctant but in it must go:
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there.
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,
With the garment that Dorcas had made, for a weight;
And though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up and the garment went down.

A long row of almshouses, amply endowed
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale; while the other was pressed
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest:
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plough;
A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale;
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counsellors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense;
A first-water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato just washed from the dirt;
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice
One pearl to outweigh —'twas THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof!
When balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky;
While the scale with the soul in 't so mightily fell
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped. Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance

with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; and each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice, protested their innocence.

But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who spoke thus: "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was upon the very point of striking. "Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good!" replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! you, who have had nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backward and forward year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?" "For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and, although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened, this morning, to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some one of you above there can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand being quick at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times." "Exactly so," replied the pendulum. "Well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue any one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of

one day by those of months and years, really it was no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect. So, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been seized by this sudden weariness. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, although it may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion is at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?" "Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect that, although you may think of a million of strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in." "That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum." "Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "that we shall all return to our duty immediately; for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as if with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

MAN AND THE INFERIOR ANIMALS.

The chief difference between man and the other animals consists in this, that the former has reason, whereas the latter have only instinct; but, in order to understand what we mean by the terms reason and instinct, it will be necessary to mention three things in which the difference very distinctly appears.

Let us first, to bring the parties as nearly on a level as possible, consider man in a savage state, wholly occupied, like the beasts of the field, in providing for the wants of his animal nature; and here the first distinction that appears between them is the use of implements. When the savage provides himself with a hut or a wigwam for shelter, or that he may store up his provisions, he does no more than is done by the rabbit, the beaver, the bee, and birds of every species.

But the man can not make any progress in this work without tools; he must provide himself with an ax even before he can cut down a tree for its timber; whereas these animals form their burrows, their cells, or their nests, with no other tools than those with which nature has provided them. In cultivating the ground, also, man can do nothing without a spade or a plow; nor can he reap what he has sown till he has shaped an implement with which to cut down his harvest. But the inferior animals provide for themselves and their young without any of these things.

Now for the second distinction. Man, in all his operations, makes mistakes; animals make none. Did you ever hear of such a thing as a bird sitting on a twig lamenting over her half-finished nest and puzzling her little head to know how to complete it? Or did you ever see the cells of a bee-hive in clumsy, irregular shapes, or observe anything like a discussion in the little community, as if there were a difference of opinion among the architects?

The lower animals are even better physicians than we are; for when they are ill, they will, many of them, seek out some particular herb, which they do not use as food,

and which possesses a medicinal quality exactly suited to the complaint; whereas, the whole college of physicians will dispute for a century about the virtues of a single drug.

Man undertakes nothing in which he is not more or less puzzled; and must try numberless experiments before he can bring his undertakings to anything like perfection; even the simplest operations of domestic life are not well performed without some experience; and the term of man's life is half wasted before he has done with his mistakes and begins to profit by his lessons.

The third distinction is that animals make no improvements; while the knowledge, and skill, and the success of man are perpetually on the increase. Animals, in all their operations, follow the first impulse of nature or that instinct which God has implanted in them. In all they do undertake, therefore, their works are more perfect and regular than those of man.

But man, having been endowed with the faculty of thinking or reasoning about what he does, is enabled by patience and industry to correct the mistakes into which he at first falls, and to go on constantly improving. A bird's nest is, indeed, a perfect structure; yet the nest of a swallow of the nineteenth century is not at all more commodious or elegant than those that were built amid the rafters of Noah's ark. But if we compare the wigwam of the savage with the temples and palaces of ancient Greece and Rome, we then shall see to what man's mistakes, rectified and improved upon, conduct him.

"When the vast sun shall veil his golden light
Deep in the gloom of everlasting night;
When wild, destructive flames shall wrap the skies,
When ruin triumphs, and when nature dies;
Man shall alone the wreck of worlds survive;
'Mid falling spheres. immortal man shall live."

TAYLOR, JEREMY, an English theologian; born at Cambridge, August 15, 1613; died at Lisburn, Ireland, August 13, 1667. At thirteen he entered Caius College, Cambridge, as a poor student who performed humble services in the College. He soon attracted the notice of Archbishop Laud, who placed him at All Souls' College, Oxford, and subsequently nominated him to a Fellowship. In 1637 he was appointed to the rectory of Uppingham. During the civil wars he took the Royalist side; his living was sequestered, and he was obliged to keep a school as a means of support; he however wrote much and preached as he had opportunity. Upon the restoration of Charles II. he was made Bishop of Down and Connor, in Ireland, where the remaining seven years of his life were passed in the faithful exercise of his episcopal duties. Jeremy Taylor has been styled "the modern Chrysostom," and he is considered the most eloquent of all British theologians. Not only is his prose style highly poetical, but he wrote some poems, worthy of his prose. The best edition of his *Works* is that edited by Rev. C. P. Eden (10 vols., 1851). His earliest work was *Episcopacy Asserted* (1642); those by which he is best known are the *Rules and Exercises of Holy Living* and *Rules and Exercises of Holy Dying.*

RULES FOR EMPLOYING OUR TIME.

(1.) In the morning, when you awake, accustom yourselves to think first upon God, or something in order to His service; and at night also let Him close thine eyes; and let your sleep be necessary and healthful, not idle and expensive of time, beyond the needs and requirements

of nature. And sometimes be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chamber in the east.— (2) Let every man that hath a calling be diligent in pursuance of its employment, so as not lightly or without reasonable occasion to neglect it in any of those times which are usually, and by the custom of prudent persons and good husbands, employed in it.— (3.) Let all the intervals or void spaces of time be employed in prayers, reading, meditating works of nature, recreations, charity, friendliness, and neighborhood, and means of corporal and spiritual health; ever remembering so to work in our calling as not to neglect the work of our high calling; but to begin and end the day with God, with such forms of devotion as shall be proper to our necessities.— (4) The resting-days of Christians, and festivals of the Church, must in no sense be days of idleness; for it is better to plough upon holy days than to do nothing, or to do viciously. But let them be spent in the works of the day — that is, of religion and charity — according to the rule appointed. . . . (7.) In the midst of the work of thy calling often retire to God in short prayers and ejaculations. And those may make up the want of those larger portions of time which, it may be, thou desirest for devotion, and in which thou thinkest other persons have advantage of thee; for so thou reconcilest the outward work and thy inward calling — the Church and the Commonwealth, the employment of thy body and the interest of thy soul; for be sure that God is present at thy breathings and hearty sighs of prayer, as soon as at the longer offices of less busied persons. And thy time is as truly sanctified by a trade and devout though shorter prayers, as by the longer offices of those whose time is not filled up with labor and useful business.— (8.) Let your employment be such as may become a reasonable person; and not be a business fit for children or distracted people, but fit for your age and understanding. For a man may be very idly busy, and take great pains for so little purpose that in his labors and expense of time he shall serve no end but of folly and vanity. There are some trades that wholly serve the ends of idle persons and fools; and such as are fit to

be seized upon by the severity of laws, and banished from under the sun. And there are some people who are busy; but it is as Domitian was, in catching flies.— *Holy Living.*

THY KINGDOM COME.

Lord! come away!
Why dost Thou stay?
Thy road is ready; and Thy paths made straight,
With longing expectation wait
The consecration of Thy beauteous feet!
Ride on triumphantly! Behold we lay
Our lusts and proud wills in Thy way.
Hosanna! Welcome to our hearts! Lord, here
Thou hast a temple, too; and full as dear
As that of Sion, and as full of sin;
Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein.
Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor!
Crucify them, that they may never more
Profane that holy place
Where Thou hast chose to set Thy face;
And then, if our stiff tongues shall be
Mute in the praises of Thy Deity,
The stones out of the temple wall
Shall cry aloud, and call
Hosanna! and Thy glorious footsteps greet!
Amen!

OF HEAVEN.

O beauteous God! uncircumscribed treasure
Of an eternal pleasure!
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star,
Where Thou preparest a glorious place,
Within the brightness of Thy face,
For every spirit
To inherit,
That builds his hopes upon Thy merit,
And loves Thee with a holy charity.

What ravished heart, seraphic tongue or eyes,
Clear as the morning rise,
Can speak, or think, or see
That bright eternity
Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper stone?
There the eye
O' the chrysolite,
And a sky
Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase,
And, above all Thy holy face,
Makes an eternal charity.
When Thou thy jewels up dost bind, that day
Remember us, we pray,
That where the beryl lies
And the crystal 'bove the skies,
There Thou mayest appoint the place
Within the brightness of Thy face;
And our soul
In the scroll
Of life and blissfulness enroll
That we may praise Thee to eternity.
Allelujah!

MARRIAGE.

The dominion of a man over his wife is no other than as the soul rules the body; for which it takes a mighty care, and uses it with a delicate tenderness, and cares for it in all contingencies, and watches to keep it from all evils, and studies to make for it fair provisions, and very often is led by its inclinations and desires, and does never contradict its appetites, but when they are evil, and then also not without some trouble and sorrow; and its government comes only to this — it furnishes the body with light and understanding, and the body furnishes the soul with hands and feet; the soul governs, because the body cannot else be happy, but the government is no other than provision; as a nurse governs a child when she causes him to eat, and to be warm, and dry, and quiet. And yet even the very government itself is divided; for

man and wife in the family, are as the sun and moon in the firmament of heaven: he rules by day, and she by night — that is, in the lesser and more proper circles of her affairs, in the conduct of domestic provisions and necessary offices, and shines only by his light, and rules by his authority. And as the moon in opposition to the sun shines brightest: that is, then, when she is in her own circles and separate regions: so is the authority of the wife then most conspicuous, when she is separate and in her proper sphere; "in gynæceo," in the nursery, and offices of domestic employment. But when she is in conjunction with the sun, her brother, that is, in that place and employment in which his care and proper offices are employed, her light is not seen, her authority hath no proper business. But else there is no difference, for they were barbarous people, among whom wives were instead of servants: and it is a sign of weakness to force the camels to kneel for their load because thou hast not strength and spirit enough to climb; to make the affections and evenness of a wife bend by the flexures of a servant is a sign the man is not wise enough to govern when another is by. And as amongst men and women humility is the way to be preferred, so it is in husbands, they shall prevail by cession, by sweetness and counsel, and charity and compliance. So that we cannot discourse of the man's right without describing the measures of his duty.

ON PRAYER.

Prayer is an action of likeness to the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of gentleness and dove-like simplicity; an imitation of the holy Jesus, whose spirit is meek, up to the greatness of the biggest example: and a conformity to God, whose anger is always just, and marches slowly, and is without transportation, and often hindered, and never hasty, and is full of mercy. Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness: and he that prays to God

with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention, which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upward, singing as he rises, and hoping to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below: so is the prayer of a good man: when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up toward a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention, and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

ON CONTENT.

Since all the evil in the world consists in the disagreeing between the object and the appetite, as when a man

hath what he desires not, or desires what he hath not, or desires amiss, he that composes his spirit to the present accident hath variety of instances for his virtue, but none to trouble him, because his desires enlarge not beyond his present fortune; and a wise man is placed in the variety of chances, like the nave or centre of a wheel in the midst of all the circumvolutions and changes of posture, without violence or change, save that it turns gently in compliance with its changed parts, and is indifferent which part is up, and which is down; for there is some virtue or other to be exercised whatever happens — either patience or thanksgiving, love or fear, moderation or humility, charity or contentedness.

It conduces much to our content, if we pass by those things which happen to our trouble, and consider that which is pleasing and prosperous; that, by the representation of the better, the worst may be blotted out. . . .

I am fallen into the hands of publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me; what now? let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me, and I can still discourse; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; they still have left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of Heaven, and my charity to them too: and still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate, I can walk in my neighbor's pleasant fields, and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights — that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God himself.

TAYLOR, THOMAS, an English poet; born at London, May 15, 1758; died at Walworth, November 1, 1835. At an early age he was entered at St. Paul's School, where he became an accomplished Greek scholar, devoting himself especially to the more recondite authors. He translated all of the known Greek philosophers whose works had not before been rendered into English; and he found friends who expended not less than £10,000 in publishing his translations, although no one seems to have imagined that they would pay even the cost of printing. There is no reasonable ground to doubt that he really believed in the truth of the Grecian mythology. He possessed the poetic faculty in an eminent degree; and some of his *Hymns to the Gods* are fit companions to the best of those which have come down to us from the ancient Greeks.

ODE TO THE RISING SUN.

See! how with thundering, fiery feet
Sol's ardent steeds the barriers beat
  That bar their radiant way;
Yoked by the circling Hours they stand
Impatient at the god's command
  To bear the car of day.

See! led by Morn, with dewy feet,
Apollo mounts his golden seat,
  Replete with sevenfold fire;
While, dazzled by his conquering light
Heaven's glittering host and awful night
  Submissively retire.

See! clothed with majesty and strength,
Through sacred light's wide gates at length
The god exulting spring;
While lesser deities around
And demon powers his praise resound
And hail their matchless King.

Through the dark portals of the deep
The foaming steeds now furious leap,
And thunder up the sky;
The god to strains now tunes his lyre,
Which Nature's harmony to inspire
And ravish as they fly.

Even dreadful Hyle's sea profound
Feels the enchanting, conquering sound,
And boils with rage no more;
The World's dark boundary, Tartarus, hears,
And life-inspiring strains reveres,
And stills its wild uproar.

And while through heaven the god sublime
Triumphant rides, see reverend Time
Fast by his chariot run;
Observant of the fiery steeds,
Silent the hoary king proceeds,
And hymns his parent Sun.

See! as he comes, with general voice
All Nature's living things rejoice,
And own him as their King.
Even rugged rocks their heads advance,
And forests on the mountains dance,

And hills and valleys sing.
See! while his glittering, beauteous feet
In mystic measures ether beat —
Enchanting to the sight —
Pæan, whose genial locks diffuse
Life-bearing health, ambrosial dews,
Exulting springs to light.

Lo! as he comes, in heaven's array,
And scattering wide the blaze of day,
  Lifts high his scourge of fire,
Fierce demons that in darkness dwell —
Foes of our race, and dogs of hell —
  Dread its avenging ire.

Hail, crowned with light, creation's King!
Be mine the task thy praise to sing,
  And vindicate thy might;
Thy honors spread through barbarous climes,
Ages unborn, and impious times,
  And realms involved in night.

TAYLOR, Tom, an English dramatist and critic; born at Sunderland, Durham, October 19, 1817; died at Wandsworth, July 12, 1880. He was educated at Glasgow University and Trinity College, Cambridge, winning honors and a fellowship. For two years he was Professor of English Language and Literature in University College, London. He also held civil offices, such as the secretaryship of the Board of Health. He is chiefly known by his very successful plays, such as *Still Waters Run Deep* (1855); *The Fool's Revenge* (1859); *The Overland Route* (1860); *The Ticket-of-Leave Man* (1863); *'Twixt Axe and Crown* (1870); *Anne Boleyn* (1876), and numerous others. A few of these are collected in a volume, *Historical Dramas.* Other volumes are: *Birket Foster's Pictures of English Landscape* (1862); *Ballads and Songs of Brittany* (1865); *Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds.* He edited autobiographies of the painters Haydon and Leslie. He con-

tributed much to periodicals, and became editor of *Punch* in 1874.

'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.

Elizabeth.— Methinks I see my England, like the eagle,
Pruning her unchained wing for freer flight,
Fuller in focus of the glorious sun
Than e'er she flew till now. Great deeds, great words,
That make great deeds still greater! Poesy
Fired with new life; her soldiers conquering,
Her sailors braving unknown seas, to plant
The germ of a new England in the West —
Acorn it may be, of a daughter oak,
Broader and stronger than the parent tree!
But I speak wildly, yet speak what I think,
As friend may speak to friend, and not be chidden.

Paget.— Ashes of age are gray upon my head.
Methought they had smothered my heart's fires as well;
But something glows beneath them, hearing you.
May Heaven speed the good time, and guard you, madam,
To make our England great and glorious
In man's deeds, as your words. For what 'tis now
I lay most charge upon the Spanish match.
Pray Heaven your Highness lend no ear to those
That work on you to wed a foreign prince.

Eliz.— Elizabeth mates not — or she mates in England.
I have a vow for *that.*

Paget.— Heaven grant you keep it,
And me to bless your mating, when it come.
And now, farewell, sweet lady. I will take
Much comfort to our friends from this good news
Of your fair health and firm fix'd resolution.

[*He bows, kisses her hand, and exit.*

Eliz.— Fare you well!
Ah, Courtenay, he dreams not that 'tis love's vow
I hold, not policy's! Oh, my true lord,
How heavy drags the time, waiting for thee!
Three whole months, and no tidings! I am sick
Of longing for his letter — but this audience
Of Master Renard. I see in his coming

Ill omen to my peace; but I am armed,
I think, against him, and all enemies,
With love and loyalty for talisman.

Enter RENARD *and three of his suite.*

Ren. [*Kneeling.*] — Most gracious lady! . . .
There's nothing stands between the crown and you
But a few sad hours of a sick Queen's life —
Which, let's pray, may be mercifully shortened!
It is that crown Philip would help you bear
With strength of policy and stay of love.
Eliz. [*With bitter irony.*] — Even such love as he has showed my sister,
Turning from her untended bed of death
With this unnatural tender of his hand!
[*With withering contempt, rising to wrath.*
Say, did you take me for a fool or beast?
A monster without brains or without heart?
To come to me — you, and your worthy master,
With offers so accursed, and gifts so vile!
Out of my sight, lest I forget my sex
And strike thee!
Ren. — Have a care, my passionate madam.
The Queen still lives, and a Queen's dying arm
Can strike, when others guide. Even now a warrant
Of treason hangs suspended o'er your head.
Eliz. — Treason!
Ren. — Aye, treason. Courtenay is in England —
Has raised all Suffolk, in your name and his.
His treason is your treason; the first stroke
That Courtenay strikes finds echo in the fall
Of your head on the scaffold!
Eliz. — So be it!
When Courtenay strikes that blow, let my head fall.
My life upon his loyalty!
Ren. — You have staked
And lost! Without there! [*One of his suite advances.*
This to Lord Chandos! [*Gives warrant*

Enter SUSSEX, *and advances.*

Eliz.— My lord of Sussex! [*Sussex kneels.*
Rise, my good lord! Your face of gloom but tells
What we have heard already — the Queen's dead.
Sussex.— The Queen ne'er dies, and so, Long live the Queen!
Eliz.— You come in time; an hour, and you had met us
Escorted to the Tower.
Sussex.— The Tower?
Eliz.— For treason —
In aiding and abetting Edward Courtenay,
Who, Master Renard late declared, has landed
And risen in arms in Suffolk.
Sussex.— So 'twas bruited.
Eliz.— But 'tis not true?
Sussex.— No. 'Twas one Thomas Cleobury
Who took my Lord of Devonshire's arms and title.
His levies are dispersed, and himself ta'en.
Eliz.— Ha! said I not? Courtenay was *not* in England!
See a post straight dispatched to him at Padua.
We would he first had news of our accession.
Sussex.— My liege, no post can reach him now!
Eliz.— What mean you?
Sussex.— He is dead.
Eliz.— Dead! Nay, my lord,
Here's too much death: one death that crowns a queen,
And one that robs a woman's heart of more
Than crowns can give. Dead! When! Where? Tell me all.
Sussex.— He died at Padua. His servants brought
The tidings to the Court just as I left.
Eliz.— Dead! Was there naught — no word for me — no token?
Sussex.— Pardon, madam.
This ring and letter — [*Holds them out.*
Eliz. [*Passionately grasping them.*] — And thou keep'st them from me,
And let'st me prate and pule when I might hold
Something he has touched, and breathed upon,

And warmed with his last breath of dying love!
[*Looking at the letter.*
True friend! lost lord! sole love! 'tis thy dear hand;
And these blurred spots are tears methinks — or kisses.
Thus let me put my tears and kisses to them.
[*Kisses letter.*
Thus only are we fated to be joined.
[*Reads.*] *Dear love and lady,— when thou read'st these lines*
The hand that scarce can trace them will be cold.
My last breath went to pray all blessings on thee:
For thee my heart beat, till it beat no more.
They that severed hands have wedded souls:
We are one now and forever — aye, one now —
And ever — and no separation more!
[*Sinks into chair. Burst of trumpets.*
What's that?

Enter HARRINGTON.

Harr.— The Lords of the Council and the great ones
Of the City come to hail their gracious Queen, Elizabeth.
Eliz. [*Sadly*] — What love is left to me now
But their love? What to live for but to make
Them happier than their Queen can ever be?

Trumpets. Enter Procession. Tableau.

Omnes. [*Kneeling.*] — Long live Elizabeth! Long live the Queen!
Eliz. [*Rising with great emotion — lays her hand upon the crown.*] — Great King of Kings! 'tis Thou hast willed it me.
Guide me, that I may wear it, by Thy will.
[*Trumpets and cheering.*
— *Historical Dramas.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,

* Published in London *Punch*, which up to the assassination of Lincoln had viciously maligned and ridiculed him.

Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
  His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
  His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
  Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
  Judging each step as though the way were plain,
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
  Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain:

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
  The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
  Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
  To lame my pencil, and confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
  This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
  Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
  How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;
  How, in good fortune and in ill, the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
  Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work — such work as few
  Ever had laid on head and heart and hand —
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
  Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
  That God makes instruments to work His will,

If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights;

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the 'mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear —
Such were the deeds which helped his youth to train;
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years!
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.

The words of mercy were upon his lips.
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame:
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst. Strokes have been struck before
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown, crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

TAYLOR, William, an American missionary; born in Rockbridge County, Va., May 2, 1821; died at Palo Alto, Cal., May 18, 1902. He became a Methodist preacher in 1842; and in 1849 he was appointed missionary to California, where he organized the first Methodist Society in San Francisco. From 1850 to 1861 he traveled as an evangelist in Canada and the Eastern States. Thence he went to England, Ireland, Palestine, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Ceylon, Cape Colony, Kaffraria, Natal, and back to England; from which he visited the West Indies, Australia, and Ceylon, and crossed to India in 1872. Here he established many self-supporting missions and then went to Central America, and to Brazil, Peru and Chili. In 1884, as missionary Bishop of Africa, he began the establishment of a chain of missions along the west coast and about twelve hundred miles up the Congo; whence he revisited the United States several times in the interest of his African work. In 1889 he retired from active service and removed to California. His published works include *Seven Years' Street Preaching in San Francisco* (1856);

Address to Young America (1857); *California Life Illustrated* (1858); *The Model Preacher* (1860); *Reconciliation* (1867); *Infancy and Manhood of Christian Life* (1867); *Election of Grace* (1868); *Christian Adventures in South Africa* (1868); *Four Years in India* (1875); *Our South American Cousins* (1878); *Letters to a Quaker Friend* (1880); *Self-supporting Missions in India* (1882); *Pauline Methods of Missionary Work* (1889); *The Story of My Life* (1895).

THE HUMAN HEART.

The human heart may be compared to a jug, and why? Because we can only ascertain the character of its contents by what comes out of it. God is looking into your hearts now; but finite wisdom cannot penetrate the walls of that mysterious source of thought, and feeling, and action, which determines a man's character in the sight of God. But if we are allowed to judge of fountains by their streams, we have only to look at the foul streams of iniquity which continually flow through our streets to be assured of the character of their sources. See what profanity: what a desecration of God's holy day; what dreadful havoc is being made by that unrelenting slaughterer of human kind, the rum-seller; see what desolation is wrought in the city by the gambling fraternity; see the dreadful prostitution of female virtue; only behold the spirit of lasciviousness and covetousness, like the pall of death, spread over thirty thousand souls in this city! Our streets are thronged with God-hating, Christ-rejecting, pleasure-taking, sin-loving men and women. Remember, too, that these dreadful manifestations of the wickedness of the heart are but partial developments of its deep depravity, limited, First: By the restraints which are brought to bear on human conduct; social restraints, legal restraints, and religious restraints. Second: By the barriers of necessity, which circumscribe man's ability to execute the "devices of his heart." Look, for example, at that rum-seller. The house in which he lives, and from

which are the issues of death, once belonged to a man of property and respectability. He lived there with his happy family; but the wily "gentleman of the bar" took advantage of the moral imbecility of his victim, just as the highwayman takes advantage of the physical imbecility of the man he murders and robs.— *From a Sermon delivered in San Francisco, April 27, 1851.*

TAYLOR, William Mackergo, a Scottish-American clergyman; born at Kilmarnock, October 23, 1829; died at New York, February 8, 1895. He was educated at the University of Glasgow and the Theological Seminary of Edinburgh, preached two years in an Ayrshire parish, and in 1855 removed to Liverpool and founded another congregation. He was called to the Broadway Tabernacle of New York City in 1872. He was editor of the *Christian at Work* from 1876 to 1880. He has published numerous volumes, among them, *Life Truths* (1862); *The Miracles: Helps to Faith, Not Hindrances* (1865); *David, King of Israel* (1875); *Songs in the Night* (1877); *Daniel the Beloved* (1878); *Moses the Lawgiver* (1879); *The Limitations of Life and Other Sermons* (1880); *Contrary Winds* (1883); *Jesus at the Well* (1884); *John Knox* (1885); *Joseph the Prime-Minister* (1886); *The Parables of Our Saviour* (1886); *The Scottish Pulpit* (1887); *Ruth the Gleaner; Esther the Queen;* and *The Miracles of Our Saviour Expounded* (1890); *The Boy Jesus and Other Sermons* (1893).

OPENING DOORS.

The full discharge of duty on the lower level opens the passage up into the higher. We see that illustrated in secular departments, if I may call them so, every day. If the school-boy wishes to gain a high and honorable position as a man, he must be content, so long as he is at school, to perform in the best possible manner its common duties.

The better he is as a scholar, the more surely will the door into eminence open for him as a man. But if he trifle away his time, if he neglects his work, if he despise what he calls the "drudgery" of education, and so leaves school without having learned those things which he was sent thither to acquire, then there will be nothing for him in after days but humiliation and failure. Doors enow may be open to him, but he will never be ready to enter one of them, and will be to the last, unless he go back and make up for what he has lost, a useless hanger-on to the skirts of society. In the same way, if a servant would seek to be a master, the shortest way to that end is for him to accept his present lot and be in it the very best of servants.

He who is always scheming for a sudden elevation, as if he would vault at one leap into the chair of his ambition, never reaches it in that way; or if he do, he cannot keep in it.

But the wise plan is to be content for the time with the place we have, and show the highest excellence in filling that; for in the long run the door always opens before character. The "candidating minister" who is forever gadding about among vacant churches seeking a suitable sphere, until at length he becomes known as the "solicitor-general," never gets one to his mind. But the man who is conspicuously diligent where he is, and is doing there his utmost for the honor of the Lord, will be sought for by others without any agency of his own, and will receive the recognition of the Master in a nobler opportunity.

Now it is not otherwise in every other department.

The first thing we have to do, if we would pass from a lower to a higher post of usefulness, is to adapt ourselves thoroughly to our present sphere, and set ourselves diligently to perform its duties.

If we are conscious of its limitations, then let us not rebel against them, but accept them and make the best possible work with them. Then when we have turned our little strength to good account, we shall find the door opened to us by the Master's hand.

Fretting over our weakness will not make things better, but will prevent us from bringing anything out of the little strength we have. He who is constantly complaining that he has no more, makes little or no use of that which he has; whereas the man who is reconciled for the moment to his position, and deliberately seeks to serve God in the best way there, is already in the sure and safe way to promotion. This is a most important consideration, for it brings all the hopes of the future and focuses them on the duties of the present, making the commendation of the Judge at last depend upon even so small a thing as the giving of a cup of cold water to a disciple in His name, or the visiting for His sake of one of His imprisoned brethren.

Here, then, is comfort as well as direction for the weak.

Present fidelity is the door through which we pass to future eminence. The disciple of the Lord is content with the sphere in which he is placed; but he seeks to fill that thoroughly, in order that he may rise the sooner to something better. Nor does he seek in vain, for the Lord does not overlook the faithfulness of the feeble, but opens for them a door of opportunity which all the sticklers for ecclesiastical propriety, and all the votaries of intellectual culture, and all the influences of fashionable society, will not be able to shut.— *Contrary Winds.*

TEGNER, Esaias, a Swedish poet; born at Kyrkerud, Wermland, November 13, 1782; died at Wexio in 1846. He entered the university at Lund in 1799, and was graduated in philosophy in 1802, at the age of twenty. He continued at the university, first as a tutor, then as a lecturer in Greek, and after 1812 as a professor until 1824, when he was made Bishop of Wexio, where he afterward lived until his death. In 1808, during the great war with Russia, he wrote a war-song, which proved immediately popular. In 1811 another patriotic poem entitled *Svea* (Sweden), won the great prize of the Swedish Academy and made him famous. In 1811, also, there was founded at Stockholm a club, known as Götiska Forbundet (The Gothic League), and composed of young literary men who acknowledged a strong national and racial impulse. Tegner was foremost in this group, which took up the investigation, among other things, of the early traditions of the Scandinavian peoples. The club published a magazine called *Iduna,* in which the researches of its members were made known and much literary material published. Several of Tegner's most famous lyrics appeared in this journal; among these his *Song to the Sun* deserves especial mention. While still at Lund, he also wrote and published two longer poems of great merit, entitled *Axel* and *Nattvärdsbarnen* (The First Communion). The latter has been translated by Longfellow. In 1820 parts of his famous romantic poem, *Frithjof's Saga,* began to appear. This poem or collection of epic poems is a paraphrase upon the old saga of Frithjof, which is the common heritage of the Scandinavian peoples, and

which was preserved in isolated Iceland in a form perhaps most closely resembling the original. In 1822 five additional cantos were published. Before the remaining cantos appeared in 1825, those which had already appeared had been translated into nearly every language of Europe, and the poet was famous throughout the world. No less than nineteen complete translations have been made into English, besides numerbered translations of single poems selected from the cycle. More thorough antiquarian research has revealed numerous inaccuracies in Tegner's conception of the saga, but his version is so poetical that it retains its popularity everywhere.

Tegner's style is varied. In his earlier work it was by no means elegant. Even in his first successful poems, it was not a polished instrument. The patriotic verses which he employed to win his first laurels are rather eloquent than classic. But his study of the ancient models, previous to his paraphrase of *Frithjof's Saga,* was valuable to him, not merely as supplying him a subject closely allied to patriotism, but also as supplying him hints for poetic expression. The critics also consider that in forming his style he was indebted to Oehlenschläger's masterpiece, *Helge.* In any case, from about the time when he began to interest himself in the ancient lore of Scandinavia, he acquired a style which for sententious clearness and idiomatic picturesqueness is exceeded by no writer of Swedish.

THE VETERAN OF CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

I love the old heroic times
  Of Charles the Twelfth, our country's glory
And deem them fittest for the scenes
  Of stern or tender story;

For he was blithe as Peace may be,
And boisterous as Victory.
Even now, on high there glide,
Up and down at eventide,
Mighty men like those of old,
With frocks of blue and belts of gold.
Oh, reverently I gaze upon
Those soldier spirits clad in light,
And hold as things most wonderful
Their coats of buff and swords of giant height.

One of his oldest veterans
I knew before my boyhood's prime.
He seemed like some gigantic pillar
Undermined by Time.
The scars along his forehead were
Like sculptures on a sepulchre;
There flowed behind that old man's ears
The silver of a hundred years:
'Twas all the old man had.
The stranger gazing on his door,
Might sigh to think on one so poor;
But Time had trained his soul, and he
Had shaken hands with Poverty;
He was not sick nor sad.
With two possessions, all his pride,
Yet dearer than the world beside —
The sword that earned his soldier fame,
A Bible with King Charles's name —
He lived, beneath a forest's shade,
Within a hut himself had made,
And fancied like a tent.

And all that Swedish hero did,
Of valor praised or craven chid,
Or Cossack foeman bent:
That now the child who runs may read
(For Fame, the Eagle, flew with speed),
Were stored within that hero's mind.
Each in their own heroic kind,
Like monumental urns beneath

A burrow on the fields of death.
Oft as he told of toils gone through,
For Charles and his dragoons of blue,
That soldier seemed to rise in height,
Flashed from his eyes unwonted light,
And all his gestures, all his words,
Sprang out like flame from Swedish swords.
Why say that, in the winter nights,
He loved to tell his former fights;
And, grateful, only spoke to praise
King Charles; and never failed to raise,
When mention of his name was made,
His rimless hat and torn cockade?

My infant height scarce reached his knees,
And yet I loved his histories.
His sunken cheek and wrinkled brow
Have lived with me from then till now;
And, with his stories strange and true,
Keep rising in my mind anew,
Like snowdrop bells that wait to blow
Beneath the winter's shielding snow.

— *From Axel; translation of* LATHAM.

FRITHJOF AT CHESS.

Beneath a chess-board's checkered frame
Frithjof and Björn pursued their game.
Silver was each alternate plane,
And each alternate plane of gold.
Aged Hilding came. To throne of beech
The chieftain led with courteous speech:
"Sire, when the mead's bright horn shall wane,
The field be won, thy tale unfold."

The sage began: "From Bele's high heirs
I come with courteous words and prayers.
Disastrous tidings rouse the brave;
On thee a nation's hope relies."
"Check to thy king!" then Frithjof cried;
"Prompt means of rescue, Björn, provide;

His crown a yeoman's life may save,
And who would heed the sacrifice?"

"Naught 'gainst a King, my son, presume;
Strong the young eagle's beak and plume;
Measured with King's, the weaker power
Were adamant, opposed to thine."
"My Castle, Björn, thou threat'st in vain,
My yeomen rout thy royal train,
'Twill cost thee much to win its tower,
Shielded secure in bastion-line."

"In Balder's fane, grief's loveliest prey,
Sweet Ing'borg weeps the livelong day;
Say, can her tears unheeded fall,
Nor call her champion to her side?"
"Thy fruitless quest, good Björn, forbear!
From earliest youth I held her dear;
The noblest piece — the queen of all,
She must be saved, whate'er betide!"

"Is brief rejoinder yet deferred?
And must thy foster-sire, unheard?
Or quit this hall, or menial wait
Thy sport's predestinated close?"
Then Frithjof moved, approached his guest,
The old man's hand he kindly pressed:
"I have replied," he said, elate,
"My soul's resolve my father knows.

"Haste! tell the sons of royal Bele
I wear not a retainer's steel;
For wounded honor bids divide
The sacred bond it once revered."
"Well, tread thy path," the answer came;
"Thy wrath 'twere chance unmeet to blame.
May Odin all in mercy guide!"
This Hilding said, and disappeared.
— *From Frithjof's Saga; translation of* STRONG.

A SABBATH MORNING IN SWEDEN.

Pentecost, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village
Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry,
Decked with a brazen cock, the friendly flames of the Spring-sun
Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles aforetime.
Clear was the heaven and blue; and May, with her cap crowned with roses,
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields; and the wind and the brooklet
Murmured gladness and peace, God's peace! with lips rosy-tinted
Whispered the race of the flowers; and merry on balancing branches
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the highest.

Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned with a leaf-woven arbor
Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron
Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands of affection.
Even the dial, that stood on a mound among the departed
(There full a hundred years had it stood), was embellished with blossoms.
Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and his hamlet,
Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's children,
So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron
Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and its changes,

While all around at his feet an eternity slumbered in quiet.

Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season
When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved ones of Heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.
Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleansed, and the dust was
Blown from the walls and the ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches.
There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions
Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church wall
Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood
Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron.
Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove, washed with silver,
Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace of wild-flowers.
But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Hörberg,
Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling tresses of angels
Peeped like the sun from a cloud from out the shadowy leaf-work.
Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the ceiling,
And for lights were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging crowd was assembled
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.
Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones of the organ,
Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.

Like Elias in Heaven, when he cast from off him his mantle,
So cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with one voice
Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal
Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the Northland,
Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its mighty pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to Heaven,
And each face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.

Lo! there entered then into the church the reverend teacher,
Father he hight and he was in the parish; a Christianly plainness
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur
Lay on his forehead, as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a sunbeam.
As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)
Th' Artist, the friend of Heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos.
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to Heaven, so seemed then the old man;
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.
All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered.
But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old man
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in innermost chancel.

— *The Children of the Lord's Supper; translation of* LONGFELLOW.

TELLEZ, GABRIEL ("TIRSO DE MOLINA"), a Spanish dramatist; born at Madrid about 1570; died at Soria in 1648. He entered the Church prior to 1613 and became the head of the convent of Soria. Between 1616 and 1636 he published five volumes of plays under his pseudonym. Of these the best known outside of Spain is *The Seville Deceiver,* the earliest distinct exhibition of that Don Juan now so familiar to play-goers the world over. In his own land the best liked of Tellez's works is *Don Gil de las Calzas Verdes* (Don Gil in the Green Pantaloons). Among his other plays are *Vergonzoso en Palacio* (A Bashful Man at Court); *La Lealtad Contra la Envidia; Por el Sotano y el Torno;* and *Escarmientos Para Cuerdos. Cigarrales de Toledo* (1624) is an account of a series of entertainments given by a wedding-party at a cigarral or small country-seat resorted to for recreation in summer. The work is modelled after the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, though Tellez makes his characters not only tell stories but recite poetry and enact plays, and he has provided a theatrical framework to connect the separate parts of the narrative. His style has been imitated by later writers. *Pleasure and Profit* (1635) is a work of graver tone.

THE BULL WILL NOT LISTEN TO COURTEOUS SPEAKING.

Two friends, Felip and Pastrana, are watching a bull-fight. Felip banters Pastrana over his confession that, though a skilled swordsman and frequent duelist, he would fear to fight a bull. Pastrana replies:

Wonder at my opinion as you may,
To fight with two men or with three men oft

Is valor rather than temerity,
Since courtesy or valor furnish means
Of safety more sure than the skilled art,
Taught by Caranza, of the dexterous thrust.
For one may say, if he be fiercely pressed:
"Sir, my experience shows me that your worship
Is an epitome of human valor;
So I will never haunt this street again,
Nor speak with Donna Mencia any more;
And if you will accept me as a friend,
My services attend you from this day."
Words soft as these control the gentleman —
Money the robber. If your foe be brave,
He must to greater pride and courage yield.
In short, there's always hope, however fierce
His wrath and keen his passion for revenge,
To soothe the fury of the incensed *man,*
If he be one whom gold or breeding win.
But when a *bull* has rent your cloak to shreds,
And bellows at the shoulders of its owner
In hot pursuit, then try your time — advance,
And whisper in the yelling monster's ear:
"Sir Bull, a gentle breeding sets off valor;
Put some restraint upon your boiling rage.
Indeed, that constant tossing of the head
Can only suit a madman or a fool;"
And you will see the fruit of your advice!
Offer your friendship to him, turn your head,
You'll find the light at once shine through your back,
Through two clear holes, each half a yard in length.

— *The Pious Martha.*

TEMPLE, Sir William, an English statesman; born at London, 1628; died at Moor Park, Surrey, January 27, 1699. He studied at Cambridge; traveled for six years on the Continent; then went to Ireland, where his father, Sir John Temple, was Master of the Rolls. In 1665 he was sent to Germany on a diplomatic mission, and upon his return was made a baronet, and appointed English Resident at Brussels. In 1668 he negotiated the "Triple Alliance" between England, Holland and Sweden, against Louis XIV. of France; and was made English Ambassador to Holland. He subsequently performed important diplomatic services, and in 1679 was urged by Charles II. to accept the position of Secretary of State. But he preferred to live in elegant retirement at his seat of Moor Park, occupying his leisure in horticulture and composition, having Jonathan Swift for awhile as his private secretary. Temple's writings are of a miscellaneous character. The most important of them are *Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands,* and *Essays on the Origin and Nature of Government.* Among his essays are *On Ancient and Modern Learning; On Gardening; On Heroic Virtue; On Popular Discontents; On Health and Long Life.*

The *Memoirs of the Life and Works of Temple,* by Thomas P. Courtenay (1836), furnished occasion for an elaborate essay by Macaulay, who characterized Temple as "a man of lively parts and quick observation; a man of the world among men of letters, a man of letters among men of the world."

THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IN RELIGION.

Whosoever designs the change of religion in a country or government by any other means than that of a general conversion of the people, or the greatest part of them, designs all the mischief to a nation that use to usher in or attend the two greatest distempers of a state — civil war or tyranny; which are violence, oppression, cruelty, rapine, intemperance, injustice; and, in short, the miserable effusion of human blood, and the confusion of all laws, orders, and virtues among men. Such consequences as these, I doubt, are something more than the disputed opinions of any man, or any particular assembly of men, can be worth, since the great and general end of all religion — next to man's happiness hereafter — is their happiness here. . . .

Now the way to our future happiness has been perpetually disputed throughout the world, and must be left at last to the impressions made upon every man's belief and conscience, either by natural or supernatural means; which impression men may disguise or dissemble, but no man can resist. For belief is no more in a man's power than his stature or his feature; and he that tells me I must change my opinion for his, because 'tis the truer and the better — without other arguments that have to me the force of conviction — may as well tell me I must change my gray eyes for others like his that are black, because these are lovelier or more in esteem. . . .

A man that tells me my opinions are absurd or ridiculous, impertinent or unreasonable, because they differ from his, seems to intend a quarrel instead of a dispute; and calls me fool or madman, with a little more circumstance, though perhaps I pass for one as well in my senses as he, as pertinent in talk, and as prudent in life. Yet these are the common civilities, in religious arguments, of sufficient and conceited men, who talk much of right reason and mean always their own, and make their private imagination the measure of general truth. But such language determines all between us, and the dispute comes to an end in these words at last, which

it might as well have ended in at first — that he is in the right, and I am in the wrong.

The other end of religion — which is our happiness here — has been generally agreed upon by all mankind, as appears in the records of all their laws, as well as their religions, which come to be established by the concurrence of men's customs and opinions; though in the latter case that concurrence may have been produced by divine impressions or inspirations. For all agree in teaching and commanding, in planting and improving, not only those moral virtues which conduce to the felicity and tranquillity of every man's private life, but also those manners and dispositions that tend to the peace, order, and safety of all civil societies and governments among men. Nor could I ever understand how those who call themselves, and the world usually calls, "religious men," come to put so great weight upon those points of belief which men never have agreed in, and so little upon those of virtue and morality, in which they hardly ever disagreed. Nor why a state should venture the subversion of their peace and their order, which are certain goods, and so universally esteemed, for the propagation of uncertain or contested opinions.

TENNANT, WILLIAM, a Scottish poet; born at Anstruther, Fifeshire, May 15, 1584; died February 15, 1848. In 1812 appeared his poem *Anster Fair,* and in the following year he received an appointment as parish school-master, with a salary of £40 a year. He was subsequently employed as a teacher of classical and Oriental languages in the Dollar Institution; and he was made Professor of Oriental Languages in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. Besides *Anster Fair* he wrote a tragedy founded on the story of Cardinal Beaton; *The Thane of Fife;*

Dinging Down of the Cathedral; and *Hebrew Dramas* (1845).

Anster Fair is a mock-heroic in the measure and manner of Berni, which he was the first to employ in the English language, and which was subsequently popularized by Frere in the *Whistlecraft Poems,* and by Byron in *Beppo* and *Don Juan.* The nominal theme of *Anster Fair* is the marriage of Maggie Lander, a noted beauty of her day; but a great part of it consists of graphic sketches of the various visitors to the fair at Anster.

A SUMMER MORNING AT ANSTER.

The fair earth laughs through all her boundless range,
  Heaving her green hills high to greet the beam;
City and village, steeple, cot, and grange,
  Gilt as with Nature's purest leaf-gold seem;
The heaths and upland muirs and fallows change
  Their barren brow into a ruddy gleam;
And on ten thousand dew-bent leaves and sprays
Twinkle ten thousand suns, and fling their pretty rays.

Up from their nests and fields of tender corn
  Full merrily the little skylarks spring,
And on their dew-bedrabbled pinions borne,
  Mount to the heaven's blue keystone flickering.
They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the morn
  And hail the genial light, and cheerily sing;
Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round
As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the sound.

For when the first up-sloping ray was flung
  On Anster steeple's swallow-harboring top,
Its bells and all the bells around were rung
  Sonorous, jangling, loud, without a stop;
For tollingly each bitter beadle swung,
  Even till he smoked with sweat, his greasy rope,

And almost broke his bell-wheel ushering in
The morn of Anster Fair, with tinkle-tankling din.

And from our steeple's pinnacle outspread
  The town's long colors flare and flop on high,
Whose anchor, blazoned fair in green and red,
  Curls, to each breeze that whistles by;
Whilst on the bowsprit, stern, and topmast head
  Of brig and sloop that in the harbor lie,
Streams the red gaudery of flags in air,
All to salute and grace the morn of Anster Fair.

VISITORS TO ANSTER FAIR.

Comes next from Ross-shire and from Sutherland
  The horny-knuckled Highlandman;
From where upon the rocks of Caithness strand
  Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began,
And where Loch Fyne from her prolific sand
  Her herrings brings to feed each bordering clan,
Arrive the brogue-shod men of generous eye,
Plaided and breechless all, with Esau's hairy thigh.

They come not now to fire the Lowland stacks,
  Or foray on the banks of Fortha's firth;
Claymore and broadsword and Lochaber-axe
  Are left to rust above the smoky hearth;
Their only arms are bagpipes now and sacks;
  Their teeth are set most desperately for mirth;
And at their broad and sturdy backs are hung
Great wallets, crammed with cheese and bannocks and
    cold tongue.

Nor stayed away the Islanders, that lie
  To buffet of the Atlantic surge exposed;
From Jura, Arran, Uist, and Skye,
  Piping they come, unshaved, unbreeched, unhosed;
And from that Isle whose Abbey structured high,
  Within its precincts holds dead kings enclosed,
Where Saint Columba oft is seen to waddle,
Crowned round with flaming fire, upon the spire a-strad-
    dle.

Next, from the far-famed ancient town of Ayr —
  Sweet Ayr! with crops of ruddy damsels blest,
That, shooting up, and waxing fat and fair,
  Shine on thy braes, the lilies of the west! —
And from Dumfries, and from Kilmarnock — where
Are nightcaps made, the cheapest and the best —
Blithely they ride on ass and mule, with sacks,
In lieu of saddles, placed upon their asses' backs.

ODE TO PEACE.

Daughter of God! that sit'st on high
Amid the dances of the sky,
And guidest with thy gentle sway
The planets on their tuneful way;
  Sweet Peace! shall ne'er again
The smile of thy most holy face,
From thine ethereal dwelling-place,
Rejoice the wretched, weary race
  Of discord-breathing men?
Too long, O gladness-giving Queen!
Thy tarrying in Heaven has been;
Too long o'er this fair, blooming world
The flag of blood has been unfurled,
  Polluting God's pure day;
Whilst, as each maddening people reels,
War onward drives his scythèd wheels,
And at his horses' bloody heels
Shriek Murder and Dismay.

Oft have I wept to hear the cry
Of widow wailing bitterly;
To see the parent's silent tear
For children fallen beneath the spear;
  And I have felt so sore
The sense of human guilt and woe,
That I, in Virtue's passioned glow,
Have cursed (my soul was wounded so)
  The shape of man I bore!
Then, come from thy serene abode,
Thou gladness-giving child of God!

And cease the world's ensanguined strife.
And reconcile my soul to life;
For much I long to see,
Ere I shall to the grave descend,
Thy hand its blessed branch extend,
And to the world's remotest end
Wave Love and Harmony!

TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD, an English poet; born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, August 6, 1809; died at Aldworth House, near Haslemere, Surrey, October 6, 1892. The family seems originally to have been Danish. The father of Alfred was the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, rector of Somersby, a man of high accomplishments and strong character. At seven Alfred was sent to the grammar school at Louth, where he was harshly treated. At eight he wrote his first verses, modelled on Thomson's *Seasons*. Between the age of twelve and thirteen he wrote an epic, on the Walter Scott model, of some 6,000 lines (now lost), and at fourteen a blank-verse drama. In March, 1827, *Poems by Two Brothers* appeared, confessedly written by Charles and Alfred, though it is now known that the eldest brother Frederick also had a hand in the composition. On February 28, 1828, Alfred and Charles matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where Frederick had been for nearly a year. On June 6, 1829, it was announced that Alfred had won the prize medal for his poem in blank verse, *Timbuctoo*. Next year appeared his first serious volume, *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*. It was favorably, but not enthusiastically, received. The same year

he, with Arthur Hallam and other Cambridge men, went to the Pyrenees to carry aid to the Spanish insurgent Torrijos. One of the party was caught and executed, but the others escaped into France. In February, 1831, Alfred left Cambridge on account of the illness of his father, who died in the following March. The Tennysons continued to live at the rectory, however, until 1837. At the end of 1832 appeared the volume known as *The Poems of 1833*. September 15, 1833, Hallam, Alfred's nearest friend, and betrothed to Emily, the poet's sister, died in Vienna. The severity of the blow to the poet was such that for a time he meditated suicide. *The Two Voices,* or as it was originally called, *Thoughts of a Suicide,* is a record of his mood during a part of this time. A ten-years' silence was broken in 1842 by the publication of two volumes. With these came the assurance of his fame, for the literary world echoed with praise of them. He was now living in London. In 1845 Sir Robert Peel was induced by Richard Monckton Milnes to read *Ulysses,* and the result was a Government pension of $1,000 per year. From this time the poet's path was one of steadily growing fame, wealth and honors. In 1847 appeared *The Princess.* In June, 1850, appeared *In Memoriam,* an elegy on Hallam, and in the same month he was married to Miss Sellwood. In November he was appointed Poet Laureate, through Prince Albert's admiration for *In Memoriam.* After a trip to the Continent he lived for a time at Twickenham, then he bought an estate at Farringford, Isle of Wight, making that his home until about 1870, when he built the Aldworth House, in which he died, dividing his residence between Surrey and his island home. He

was buried in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer.

His principal other poems were published in the following order: *Maud* (1855); *The Idylls of the King* (1859–72); *Enoch Arden* (1864); *The Window* (1867); *Ballads and Other Poems* (1880); *Tiresias and Other Poems* (1885); *Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After* (1886); *Demeter and Other Poems* (1889); *The Death of Œnone* (1892). He also wrote the following dramas: *Queen Mary* (1875); *Harold* (1877); *The Cup* (acted 1881; published 1884); *The Falcon* (acted 1881; published 1884); *The Promise of May* (acted 1882; published 1886); *Becket* (1884); *The Foresters* (1892).

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

I.

On either side of the river lie
Long folds of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever,
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent sea imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd
Slide the heavy barges, trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth, silken-sail'd,
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement, seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly
Down to tower'd Camelot;
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

II.

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near,
Winding down to Camelot;
There the river-eddy whirls,
And there the surly village churls
And the red cloaks of market-girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot or an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding, two and two;
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights;
For often, thro' the silent nights,
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
And music, went to Camelot;
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed:
"I am half-sick of shadows," said
The Lady of Shalott.

III.

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves;
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight forever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden galaxy;
The bridle-bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazoned baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armor rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue, unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad, clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods are waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse —
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance —
With a glassy countetnance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right —
That leaves upon her falling light —
Thro' the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willow hills and fields among
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot;
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
A corse between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharves they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer:
And they crossed themselves for fear,
All the knights of Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face:
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush reeds, and clutched the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirlèd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur.
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.
Then spake King Arthur, drawing quicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done;
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor yet shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not though I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, whirling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh: 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."
So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded through his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words.
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him through the place of tombs.
But as he walk'd King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sighed the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die!"
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath and looking as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills. . . .
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.
Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were 'ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream. By these
Three Queens with crowns of gold; and from them rose
A cry that shivered to the tingling stars;
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.
Then murmured Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. There these three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his hands,

And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves, and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls,
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne — were parched with dust
Or clotted into points, and hanging loose,
Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King.
Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere;
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light hath led
The Holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved,
Which was an image of the mighty world.
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."
And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself; what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way

Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest — if indeed I go —
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail nor rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan,
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure, cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

— *English Idyls.*

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK!

Break, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor-lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean:
Tears from the depths of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under-world;
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange the days that are no more,

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild as all regret;
O death in life! the days that are no more.

— *The Princess.*

BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin, how clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!

Blow let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
And answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

— *The Princess.*

PRELUDE TO IN MEMORIAM.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest life in man and brute;
Thou madest death; and lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou are just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our will are ours to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
  But more of reverence in us dwell;
  That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
  We mock Thee, when we do not fear;
  But help Thy foolish ones to bear;
Help Thy vain world to bear Thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
  What seemed my worth since I began;
  For merit lives from man to man;
And not from man, O Lord, to Thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
  Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
  I trust he lives in Thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
  Confusions of a wasted youth;
  Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in Thy wisdom make me wise.

THE HERE AND THE HEREAFTER.

LIV.

O yet we trust that somehow good
  Will be the final goal of ill,
  To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
  That not one life shall be destroy'd,
  Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
  That not a moth with vain desire

Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything.
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last — far off — at last to all,
And every Winter change to Spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

The wish that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature tends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I considering everywhere
Her secret moaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

—*In Memoriam.*

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

CVI.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife:
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the time;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes.
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*In Memoriam.*

GARDEN SONG.

XXII.

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, Night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone,
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves,
To faint in his light and die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night hath the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune,
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay;
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away. . . .

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dancers are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;

Shine out, little head, running over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near,"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear,"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

— *Maud*

ENOCH ARDEN'S DYING MESSAGE.

As the woman heard
Fast flowed the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
But awed and promise-bounden she forebore,
Saying only: "See your bairns before you go!
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied:
"Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again; mark me and understand
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her

As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him, too:
He never meant us anything but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe, in bliss. Wherefore, when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it will comfort her;
It will moreover be a token to her
That I am he. . . ."
  The third night after this,
While Enoch slumbered, motionless and pale,
And Miriam watched and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea
That all the houses of the harbor rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice, "A sail! a sail!
I am saved!" and so fell back and spoke no more.

—*Enoch Arden.*

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
  And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
  When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
  Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
  Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—*Demeter and Other Poems.*

ULYSSES.

It little profits that, an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea; I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honor'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use?
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were

For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
  This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle —
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
  There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me —
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and, sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,

Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

COME DOWN, O MAID.

"Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),
In height and cold, the splendor of the hills?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide, a sunbeam, by the blasted pine,
To sit, a star, upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for love is of the valley, come,
For love is of the valley; come thou down
And find him; by the happy threshold he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirited purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the Silver Horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That, huddling, slant in furrow-cloven falls,
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:
But follow: let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild,
Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That, like a broken purpose, waste in air:
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I,
Thy shepherd, pipe, and sweet is every sound.
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

TITHONUS.

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapors weep their burthen to the ground;

Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.
Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man —
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God.
I ask'd thee, "Give me immortality,"
Then didst thou grant mine asking, with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
But thy strong hours indignant work'd their wills,
And beat me down and marred and wasted me,
And, tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart: there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old, mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo, ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
"The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me, ay me, with what another heart,
In days far off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch — if I be he that watch'd —
The lucid outline, forming round thee; saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
Thy presence and they portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd,
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While Ilion, like a mist, rose into towers.

Yet hold me not forever in thine East:
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground:
Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave:
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
I, earth in earth, forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

THE OLD HOME.

We loved the well-belovéd place
  Where first we gazed upon the sky;
  The roofs that heard our earliest cry
Will shelter one of stranger race.

We go, but ere we go from home,
  As down the garden-walks I move,
  Two spirits of a diverse love
Contend for loving masterdom.

One whispers, "Here thy boyhood sung
  Long since its matin song, and heard
  The low love-language of the bird,
In native hazels tassel-hung."

The other answers, "Yea, but here
  Thy feet have strayed in after hours
  With thy best friend among the bowers,
And this hath made them trebly dear."

These two have striven half the day,
  And each prefers his separate claim,
  Poor rivals in a losing game,
That will not yield each other way.

I turn to go: my feet are set
  To leave the pleasant fields and farms;
  They mix in one another's arms
To one pure image of regret.

THE MAY QUEEN.

Part First.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new year;

Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh, and green, and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad new year;
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Part Second — New Year's Eve.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear;
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year;

It is the last new year that I shall ever see;
Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set; he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the new year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

There's not a flower on all the hills; the frost is on the pane;
I only wish to live till the snow-drops come again;
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on high;
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy, tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more in the long, gray fields at night;
When from the dry, dark wold the summer airs blow cool,
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother; I shall hear you when you pass
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting
place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your
face;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you
say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far
away.

Good night, good night; when I have said good night
forevermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the
door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing
green;
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

Good night, sweet mother; call me before the day is born;
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year;
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

Part Third — Conclusion.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the
lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year;
To die before the snow-drop came and now the violet's
here.

O, sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies;
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me, that can
not rise;
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that
blow;
And sweeter far is death than life to me, that long to go.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death watch
beat;

There came a sweeter token when the night and morning
meet;
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was
over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my
soul.

For lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I prayed for both, and so I felt
resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed,
And then did something speak to me — I know not what
was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my
mind,
And up the valley came again the music of the wind.

But you were sleeping, and I said, "It's not for them;
it's mine."
And if it comes three times, I thought, I'd take it for a
sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-
bars,
Then seemed to go right up to Heaven, and die among
the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessèd music went that way my soul will love to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day;
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am passed away.

O, look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know;

And there I move no longer now, and there his light may
shine,
Wild flowers in the valley, for other hands than mine.

O, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is
done,
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun —
Forever and forever with those just souls and true:
And what is life, that we should moan? Why make we
such ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blesséd home,
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come —
To lie within the light of God as I lie upon your breast,
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are
at rest.

TERENCE (Publius Terentius Afer), a Roman dramatist; born at Carthage about 185 B.C.; died probably about 158 B.C. He was the slave of a Roman Senator, Terentius Lucanus, whose name he assumed, adding to it that of Afer, "the African." His master caused him to receive the best education of his time, and manumitted him at an early age. Of his comedies only six have come down to us: The *Andria; Hecyra; Heauton-timoroumenos; Eunuchus; Phormio;* and *Adelphi.* He is said to have written many others, but it is not certain that any of them were published — that is, produced upon the stage. The *Heauton-timoroumenos* (The Self-Tormentor) is based upon a comedy of Menander, bearing the same title. We are told by St. Augustine that, at the first representation of the play, when in the first scene Chremes uttered the words "*Homo sum:*

humani nihil a me alienum puto — I am a man: what man concerns must me concern," the whole audience rose, and made the theatre resound with their applause. From Rome Terence went to Athens in his thirty-fifth year. It is not certain how long he remained there, but we are told that he set sail on his return, taking with him more than a hundred plays which he had written. The vessel was lost, and with it all these dramas. One account states that Terence himself was lost with the vessel; according to another account he escaped, and died in Arcadia, from grief occasioned by the loss of his manuscripts. It is certain that he never reached Rome.

The works of Terence and Plautus are all that remain to us of Roman dramatic poetry. Terence has always been held in the highest esteem for the purity and elegance of his diction. During the Middle Ages and down to the seventeenth century he was more generally read than any other Latin author. No man could lay claim to classical scholarship unless he was well up in his Terence. The first known printed edition of his works — of which it is supposed that only a single copy exists — was printed in 1469, only twenty years after the art of printing was made available. Subsequent editions — not mere reprints of former ones, but editions prepared and annotated by the foremost scholars of their times — are almost innumerable. Among these editors are Melanchthon and Erasmus. In his Preface Melanchthon says: "Terence, without doubt, surpasses all others in purity of language. I exhort all teachers to advise the young to study that author with great attention." Erasmus says: "From no other writer can the Roman tongue be learned with

greater purity; nor is there any writer more delightful to the reader or more suitable for the young."

The *Heauton-timoroumenos* turns mainly upon the penance inflicted upon himself by Menedemus, who has driven his only son from home in consequence of some supposed misconduct. We present, in the translation of Frederick W. Ricord, the opening scene of this comedy.

CHREMES AND MENEDEMUS.— ACT I., SCENE I.

Chre.— Acquaintance, sir, between us, though of recent date,
Beginning when you bought some land near mine of late;
And though, as ground for friendship, there be nothing more,
Yet either your stout heart, or that you live next door —
Which is, in my esteem, to friendship close allied —
Constrains me boldly and familiarly to chide
Your toiling thus in what, it seems to me, your age
As well as your great wealth, must bid you not engage.
Now, by both gods and men, wherefore yourself so hate?
Or what's your wish, with sixty years upon your pate —
And more, as I believe; possessor, too, of lands
Whose worth exceeds what any neighbor here commands;
With troops of slaves, midst whom you live alone,
And for them trudge and haul, and 'neath their burdens groan,
Whene'er I go abroad at morn, or homeward bound,
However late I come, I see you on your ground,
With plough or rake in hand, hard delving in the soil,
Without a moment's rest, intent upon your toil;
And ne'er can I believe such work real pleasure yields.
But you will say: if, in the culture of your fields,
Your slaves can at their tasks be willingly retained
As long as you engage, so much the more you've gained.
Men.— Pray, Chremes, have you then so little work to do
That you can care for things nowise concerning you?

Chre.— I am a man; what man concerns must me concern.
'Tis mine to warn you now, or mine from you to learn.
If right, I'll copy you; if wrong, I must defer.
Men.— It suits me thus to live; please do what you prefer.
Chre.— E'er pleased it man to rack himself?
Men.— Yes, me, dear sir.
Chre.— If you had grief, I'd hold. 'Tis crime!
Is not that so,
I pray? What merits punishment so great?
Men.— Oh! Oh!
Chre.— Pray, do not weep! Make known your secret; speak, sir, speak!
Withhold it not; be not afraid. Believe I seek
Your goodby cheerful words; by counsel; aught I have.
Men.— My story would you know?
Chre.— For reason which I gave.
Men.— It shall be told.
Chre.— But lay this heavy mattock by,
And weary not yourself.
Men.— Not so.
Chre.— Nay, tell me why.
Men.— Return it, please. I would not through a moment's flight
Repose.
Chre.— I'll not, I say.
Men.— Ah, sir, you do not right.
Chre.— Oh, what a weight it is!
Men.— For me too light a one.
Chre.— Well, then, proceed.
Men.— My friend, a young and only son
I have — Ah, said I *have?* 'Twere truer, *had,* to say,
For that I *have,* there's doubt.
Chre.— Why so?
Men.— Attend, I pray:
A dame from Corinth, old and poor, hard by us dwells,
Whose daughter this my son adored, till through her spells
He took her as a wife, and kept unknown to me.
This having learned — inhumanly, as now I see,

And not in love so fit in ailments of the mind —
I used that force, with parents common, though unkind,
And daily scolded him: "What! do you hope to thrive
While living thus, and, with a father still alive,
Pay worship to a jade, when you should love a wife?
You err, if this be so, nor know me, by my life!
Now learn that 'tis my will to own you as a son
So long as you do right; if wrong howe'er be done,
Mine then 'twill be to find what's right from me to you.
Your conduct, sir, is bred from having naught to do.
When at your age my time was not in idling spent;
But with an empty purse to Asia far I went,
On gaining wealth and fame by feats of arms intent."—
Thus, Chremes, thus I railed, till, conquered by appeals
So oft and rudely made, the youth no more conceals
Conviction that my age and love enabled me,
Far better than himself, his future good to see
To Asia and the wars he went to serve his Prince.

Chre.— What's that?

Men.— That secretly he went, now three months since.

Chre.— And you are both to blame; and yet in him I find
The marks of worth and sense of honor well refined.

Men.— Oh, when from friends the story of his flight was heard,
I homeward went at once, my soul profoundly stirred.
Uncertain what to do, and sick from wounded love,
I lay me down. My slaves approach, my clothes remove;
I see them run; some hastily the board to spread,
While others viands bring; and each, by ardor sped,
His utmost does to strengthen me, half-dead.
And seeing this, I ask, Why should so many be
Constrained to serve one man, so many wait on me?
Servants to make my clothes? Such cost for one alone —
That one myself — why should I make? But he, my son,
Has need thereof as much as I — nay, more than I;
For these well fit his age, and he has tastes to gratify.
Ah, him from home have I unjustly forced to fly.
Myself I'd worthy deem on all earth's woes to feed
Could I thus live while he, my son, remains in need,

In banishment from home, by fault of mine alone.
Meantime to him, for this great wrong that I have done,
By toil and starving e'en I shall somewhat atone.—
And thus resolved, I stripped my floors and walls
Of all that could be sold; my servants from my halls
I sent; retaining only those to whom the field,
In recompense for work, a due return would yield.
Aye, all I sold. Upon the home where he was reared
I wrote, "This house for sale," and fifteen talent cleared.
Then hither came, where now I plant and sow.
In hope that for the pains I daily undergo,
My son will in degree find easement for his woe.
In fact, I claim henceforth no right to any joy
Until 'tis granted me together with my boy.

Chre.— Your heart is kind toward your son, it seems to me:
And doubtless none could be more kind to you than he,
If rightly led. Yet him you must but ill conceive,
While he knows you but ill; and 'tis no way to live.
You never showed to him your love by word or deed;
To you, as parent, never dared he trust or plead.
Had this been otherwise, of grief you'd known no need.

Men.— 'Tis so, I must confess; my sin is very great.

Chre.— Aye, neighbor; but I hope the day will come not late
When his return in safety home you'll gladly greet.

Men.— The gods so grant!

Chre.— They will. Now if
To you 'tis meet, upon this festal day, come home with me, I pray.

Men.— It cannot be.

Chre.— Why not? For once I'm sure you may
From torments take a rest. Your son bids you refrain,

Men.— Unseemly would it be in me who gave him so much pain,
To fly from it myself.

Chre.— Is this your feeling still?

Men.—It is.

Chre.— Farewell.

Men.— Adieu. [*Exit.*

Chre.— With tears mine eyes now fill.
I pity him indeed; but time goes on apace,
And I must bid my neighbor Phania do me grace
To feast with me to-day. I'll go and bid him come.
[*Knocks at the door.*]
There was no need, I find; long since he left his home,
And waits at mine, they say. My guests now think me late;
I'll therefore hasten home But who thus moves the gate?
Has some one left my house? I'll step aside and wait.

TERHUNE, MARY VIRGINIA HAWES ("MARION HARLAND"), an American novelist and domestic economist; born in Amelia County, Va., December 31, 1831. In 1856 she was married to Edward P. Terhune, who was for a time American Chaplain at Rome. Her novels are wholesome, popular reading — such as *Alone,* a *Tale of Southern Life* (1853); *The Hidden Path* (1855); *Moss Side; Miriam; Nemesis* (1860); *Husks; Husbands and Homes; Sunny Bank; Helen Gardner's Wedding; The Christmas Holly; Ruby's Husband,* etc. *A Gallant Fight* (1888) is vigorous in its portrayals. In 1877 she published *Common Sense in the Household,* and in 1888 established the *Home-Maker Magazine.* She also published *With the Best Intentions; A Midsummer Episode* (1890); *The Story of Mary Washington* (1892); *His Great Self* (1892); *More Colonial Homesteads* (1899); and *Dr. Dale* (1900).

After donning velvet jacket and slippers, he sat down, and lighting his cigar, leaned back to watch the fire and dream of Salome and their real home.

Not until the weed was half consumed, did he observe an envelope on the table at his elbow. It was sealed and addressed to him, in a "back hand" he did not recognize. Without a thought of Mrs. Phelps's warning, so far afield had his musings wandered, he opened it and drew out a letter written on thick business paper, and several pages in length. From within it, a half-sheet, folded once slipped to the floor. This he picked up and unfolded. Upon it was pasted a smaller sheet of note-paper that had been torn and then fitted together. There were three lines of pencil-writing, but so blurred by crosses and joins that the cursory glance he cast upon it did not decipher a single word. Laying it aside, he turned to the letter for explanation. . . .

"In the Library. Nine o'clock P.M.

"My own Love — You say in your better (burned as soon as I had committed the contents to memory) that I must never call you that again. There is a higher law than that of man's appointment, binding our hearts together, stronger even than that of your sweet, wise lips. Until you are actually married to the man whom you confess you do not love, you will, according to that divine law, be my own Marion —"

With a violent start, the young man shook the sheet from his fingers, as he would a serpent.

This was what he had promised not to read, or so much as to touch! The veins stood out high and dark on his forehead; he drew in the air hissingly. Had a basilisk uncoiled from his bosom and thrust a forked tongue in his face, the shock would not have been greater. This was "the letter written to Marion!" He had thrown away six of the best years of his life upon the woman whom another man called his "own love;" the

man to whom she had confessed that she did not love her betrothed husband! Who was he?

"If they are genuine, respect for the dead, and mercy to the living require that they should be suppressed and destroyed," Mrs. Phelps had said of "papers written *a little while* before Marion's death." His word was pledged. But what name would he see if he reversed the sheet before destroying it? With a bound of the heart that would have assured him, had proof been needed, what his bonnie living girl-love was to him, he put away all tender memories of the dead, false betrothed. He had worshipped and mourned the thinnest of shadows. He might owe respect — abstractly — to the dead, but no reverence to a wild dream from which he had awakened. Who was the "living" to whom he was entreated to show mercy? Where was the man who had first robbed him, then let him play the sad-visaged dupe and fool, while the hey-day of youth slipped forever beyond his reach?

To learn that — to remember the name with execration — to despise with the full force of a wronged and honest soul — perhaps to brand him as a cur and blackguard, should be ever cross his path — would not break his word. Was it not his right — the poor rag of compensation he might claim for the incalculable, the damnable, evil the traitor had wrought? He would confess to Salome's mother to-morrow — but this one thing he *would* do!

He stooped for the letter.

> "Peace! let him rest! God knoweth best!
> And the flowing tide comes in!
> And the flowing tide comes in!"

It was only his beloved step-mother on her nightly round of nursery and Gerald's chamber, singing to her guileless self in passing her step-son's door to prove her serenity of spirit; but Rex staggered back into his seat, put his elbows on his knees, and covered his face with his hands.

He smelled the balsam-boughs slanting to the water;

the trailing arbutus Salome wore in her belt; heard the waves lapping the prow and sides of the bounding boat. God's glorious heaven was over them, and the sun was rising, after a long, long night, in his heart. The fresh, tender young voice told the tale of love and loss and patient submission. . . .

Aye! and could not he — affluent in heaven's best blessings, loving and beloved by the noble, true daughter of the Christian heroine who expected her "son" to stand fast by his plighted word — the almost husband of a pure, high-souled woman — afford to spare the miserable wretch whose own mind and memory must be a continual hell? . . .

He pitied — he almost forgave him, as he took up the sheets from the floor, the scrap of paper from the table, and averting his eyes lest the signature might leap out at him from the twisting flame, laid them under the forestick, and did not look that way again until nothing was left of them but tinder and ashes.— *A Gallant Fight.*

AN OLD VIRGINIA GHOST-STORY.

Madam did a singular thing (for her), yet it was the most sensible step she could have taken. She took us into her confidence.

"It was within six months after I came to Selma to live that I had the first intimation that all was not right with the house," she said. "Colonel Trueheart was not at home, and I had gone to bed rather early one night, leaving the fire burning as brightly as it does now. I was not drowsy, but the firelight was too strong to be comfortable to my eyes, and I shut them, lying quietly at ease among the pillows, my thoughts busy and far away. There was no sound except the crackling of the blaze, but suddenly I felt the pressure of two hands on the bedclothes covering my feet. They rested there for a moment, were lifted and laid upon my ankles, moving regularly upward until I felt them lie more heavily on my chest. I was sure that a robber had found his way into the house and wanted to convince himself that I was really asleep before beginning to plunder. My one hope

of life was to remain perfectly still, to breathe easily, and keep my eyes shut. This I did, the sense of hearing made more acute by intense excitement, but my reason singularly steady. When the hands reached my chest, something looked close into my face. There was no breath or audible movement, but I felt the gaze. Then the pressure was removed, the Presence was gone. I lay still until I counted deliberately fifty, to assure myself that I was in full possession of my senses, and sat up. The fire showed every object distinctly. I was alone in the chamber. I arose, looked under the bed, and in the wardrobe, but found nobody. The windows and shutters were bolted fast, the door was locked. Yet, so strong was my persuasion that the visitation was not a trick of the imagination, that I sat up for the rest of the night, keeping the fire and candle burning.

"When Colonel Trueheart returned, I told him what had happened. He laughed heartily, and 'hoped the like might occur when he was at home.' Three months later I felt the same pressure in the same order of movement. It was on a warm night in spring, and through the lighter coverings I fancied I could discern that the hands were small, the fingers slight, like those of a child or a little woman. I tried to call the Colonel, but could not speak until the Presence had stooped, as before, to look in my face, and departed. Colonel Trueheart awoke at my voice, was greatly amazed at what I told him, and insisted upon making just such a tour of the house as you have just instituted, Captain Macon. This over, he tried to convince me that I had been dreaming, or that the sensation was caused by some obstruction of circulation. I did not argue the point; but when, some weeks afterward, I had a similar experience, I asked him seriously if he had ever heard that anyone else was disturbed in this way. He hesitated, tried to put me off, and finally owned that his first wife had declared to him privately her belief that the house was haunted: that she complained of hearing unaccountable noises at night; that Things passed and touched her in the halls after dark; and once, in the daytime, when she was sitting alone in her room, Something had plucked her by the elbow with such force as almost to

pull her from her chair. She was delicate and nervous, and he had attached no importance to her fancies.

"'If sickly women and superstitious negroes are to be believed, half the country-houses in Virginia are haunted,' he said.

"He cautioned me to say nothing on the subject, else 'there would be no such thing as keeping a servant on the premises, and the house would not sell for the worth of the bricks should it ever come into the market.'

"Two years went by without further disturbance. Then it came in a different form. One night, as I was locking the back-door, holding a candle in my left hand, I heard a slight sound, like a sigh or long breath, and looking up, saw a woman moving past and away from me, just as Betsey has described. She was dressed in a misty, yellow-gray or grayish-yellow gown, as Betsey saw her, but with a white handkerchief or cap on her head. I had time to notice that she was small of stature, and that she glided along noiselessly. At the closed Venetian blinds she vanished. Colonel Trueheart entered the front door the next instant, and I made known to him what I had witnessed. He ridiculed the theory that it was supernatural, evidently suspecting some malicious or mischievous prank on the part of one of the servants. After a second thorough search of the house, he loaded his pistols and put them under his pillow, 'to be ready,' he said, 'for the next scare.' He always slept with them under his head afterward.

"Again, for months, nothing unusual occurred. Then the pressure of the hands became frequent. From that night up to the night preceding Colonel Trueheart's death scarcely a fortnight elapsed without my feeling them. Always beginning at my feet — always ending at my chest; always that long-felt gaze into my face; then it was gone. Sometimes I strained my eyes in the darkness to catch some outline or shadow; again and again I opened them abruptly in the firelight or moonlight, to surprise whatever it might be into revealing itself. I never beheld the face or shape or any visible token of living thing. Once I succeeded in arousing the Colonel at the first touch upon my feet. He struck a light immediately, but al-

though the regular movement continued up to the fixed gaze, the room was apparently free of everybody but ourselves. We had a long consultation then. I was hurt and angry that he remained sceptical as to the reality of the visitations. When all my assertions failed to convince him that I was not the victim of a nervous hallucination, I said:

"'I shall never allude to this subject again, whatever I may see or hear.'

"'I hope you will keep your word,' he replied.

"Neither of us ever mentioned the matter again to one another. Sometimes, when my pallor or heavy eyes told that I had not slept well, he would look at me anxiously, as if longing to question me; but I was proud and so was he, and neither would lead the way.

"On the night before he died he had retired in his usual health, and I sat up late, writing. My desk stood at one side of the fireplace, my back being toward that window. About twelve o'clock I was startled by a rustling behind me, and turned quickly, but saw nothing. Something swept right by me, with a sound like the waving of silk drapery, and passed toward the bed. I followed it, looked under the valance, behind the curtains, all through the room, but found nobody. I said aloud, to reassure myself, 'It must have been the wind,' and returned to my desk. In perhaps fifteen minutes I heard the same sound going by me as before toward the bed. In just half an hour more by my watch, which I had laid on the desk, It came again. Carlo, then hardly more than a puppy, howled and ran behind my chair. I felt then that I could bear it no longer; I moved toward the bed to awaken my husband. He was sleeping so soundly that, although I passed the candle close before his eyes, he did not stir. I thought I would wait to see or hear something more before arousing him. Nothing came. Carlo went back to his place on the rug, and I sat up all night, listening and watching.

"Colonel Trueheart arose next morning, to all appearance perfectly well. At nine o'clock he had an apoplectic stroke. At twelve, he died. His will, executed two years before, directed that I should continue to live here and take care of the place for his children. I have done so

at less cost of feeling and health than I anticipated. But once in five years have I had any reason to believe that the uneasy spirit — if spirit it was — still walked the premises. One night, in the second year of my widowhood, as I was coming downstairs, soon after supper, with a light in my hand, I heard the sweeping of a gown, the tap of high heels behind me. On the lower landing I stopped, wheeled short around, held up my light, and looked back. The steps had been close on my track, but the staircase was empty and now silent.

"I had flattered myself that there would never be a return of ghostly sights or sounds after four years of exemption. Least of all did I dream that anyone not connected with the family would be visited by such apparitions, should they come."

This was the story. If Madam guessed at anything else, if she had any theory as to the cause of the visitation, she never intimated it. Captain Macon privately instituted inquiries, at a later period, respecting the past history of the house, but without striking any trail that promised to unravel the mystery. It had been built by a Trueheart, and the estate had descended in the direct line to the Colonel. We pledged our word voluntarily to Madam never to speak of what we had seen while the truth could affect the value of the property, or cast imputation upon the character of those who had owned it. We kept silent until Madam had been fifteen years in her grave. Then Captain Macon rode over one day to show me a paragraph in a Richmond newspaper. I have it safe upstairs in my reliquary, but I can repeat it, word for word:

"The march of improvement, westward has condemned to demolition, among other fine old mansions, Selma, the ancestral home of the Trueheart's. It passed out of the family at the demise of Mrs. Augusta Harrison Trueheart, relict of the late Colonel Elbert Trueheart. In order to effect an equitable division of the estate, the residence and contiguous plantation were sold. The extensive grounds have been cut up into building lots, and the mansion — a noble one in its day, although sadly neglected of late years — standing directly in the line of the extension

of —— Street, has been bought by the city to be pulled down and carted away. In grading the sidewalk of the proposed thoroughfare, it was necessary to dig down six feet below the present level, laying bare the foundations of the building. At the depth of four feet from the surface, directly under the windows, and distant scarcely three feet from the drawing-room, the workmen disinterred the skeleton of a woman of diminutive stature, which had evidently lain there for years. There were no signs of a coffin or coffin-plate. A high tortoise-shell comb, richly wrought, was found by the head. The oldest inhabitant of our city has no recollection of any interment near this spot, nor would decent burial have been made so close to the surface. The whole affair is wrapped in mystery."

Another prolonged pause. Then "Harry" raised both hands to push up her hair from her forehead, as if the weight oppressed the teeming brain.

"How the storm roars," she said. "Heaven have mercy upon the homeless souls wandering between sky and earth to-night. Papa told me that the secret is a secret still, the tragedy unexplained. Have you suspicions of your own?"

"I know nothing beyond what you have heard. But — women who die natural deaths and have Christian burial do not wear expensive combs, such as belong to party-dresses, when they are shrouded for the grave. Nor are they thrust into the ground uncoffined."— *From Judith.*

TERTULLIAN (QUINTUS SEPTIMIUS FLORENS TERTULLIANUS), an ecclesiastical writer of the Latin Church; born at Carthage about A.D. 150; died about 230. He was the earliest and, after Augustine, the greatest of the ancient Church writers of the West. He is recognized as the creator of Chris-

tian Latin literature. Before his time the only Christian books in the Latin language were the Bible, the *Octavius* of Minucius Felix, and the so-called Muratorian fragment, books recognized as canonical. Cyprian polished the language that Tertullian had made and turned his words and thoughts into current coin. St. Augustine built upon the foundations laid by Cyprian and Tertullian, and these three may be deemed the fathers of the Latin Church. He received a good education in Greek and Latin, and became familiar with the old historians, from Herodotus to Tacitus. He earnestly studied the Greek philosophers, Plato in particular, and he had full command of the writings of the Stoics. He became one of the most able jurists at Rome or Carthage. While at Rome he became converted to Christianity. Having fortified the Roman Catholic Church against Gnosticism, he was none the less anxious to protect it from becoming a political organization. Unable to reconcile incompatibles he left the Church and became the most powerful representative of Montanism in the West.

His chief works are his *Apologeti-Montanist,* a defence of Christianity called forth by the persecution under Septimius Severus; *Ad Martyres; De Baptismo; De Pœnitentia; De Spectaculis; De Patientia; De Præscriptione Adversus Marcionem; De Virginibus Velandis;* and *Adversus Praxean.*

IDOLATRY CONSIDERED IN ITS MORE LIMITED SENSE.

But let the universal names of crimes withdraw to the specialties of their own works; let idolatry remain in that which it is itself. Sufficient to itself is a name so inimical to God, a substance of crime so copious, which reaches forth so many branches, diffuses so many veins, that from

this [name], for the greatest part, is drawn the material for all the modes in which the expansiveness of idolatry has to be foreguarded against by us, since in manifold wise it subverts the servants of God; and this not only when unperceived, but also when cloaked over. Most men simply regard idolatry as to be interpreted in these senses alone, viz.: if one burn incense, or immolate [a victim], or give a sacrificial banquet, or be bound to some sacred functions or priesthoods; just as if one were to regard adultery as to be accounted in kisses, and in embraces, and in actual fleshly contact; or murder as to be reckoned only in the shedding forth of blood, and in the actual taking away of life. But how far wider an extent the Lord assigns to those crimes we are sure: when He defines adultery [to consist] even in concupiscence, "if one shall have cast an eye lustfully on [a woman]" and stirred his soul with immodest commotion; when He judges murder [to consist] even in a word of curse or of reproach, and in every impulse of anger, and in the neglect of charity toward a brother: just as John teaches that he who hates his brother is a murderer. Else, both the devils ingenuity in malice, and God the Lord's in the Discipline by which he fortifies us against the devil's depths, would have but limited scope, if we were judged only in such faults as even the heathen nations have decreed punishable. How will our "righteousness abound above that of the Scribes and Pharisees," as the Lord has prescribed, unless we shall have seen through the abundance of that adversary quality, that is, or unrighteousness? But if the head of our unrighteousness is idolatry, the first point is, that we be fore-fortified against the abundance of idolatry, while we recognize it not only in its palpable manifestations.

TESSELSCHÆDE, a Dutch poet, the younger daughter of Rœmer Visscher, a Dutch merchant-prince of the sixteenth century who delighted in playing the part of a munificent patron of the arts, and who, as the writer of some witty and coarse epigrams, gained from his friends and admirers the title of the Dutch Martial. Visscher had three daughters. The charms of Anna, wife of Dominicus Booth van Wesel, are celebrated in the poems of Heinsius, who had conceived a lively attachment for her. Triutjen married Nikolaas van Buyl, a rich brewer, and sheriff of Amsterdam. The lovely Tesselschæde owed her name to a whim of her father; who, in the year of her birth, having experienced severe losses from storms and inundations at the Texel, in a fit of ill-humor, to perpetuate the memory of the circumstance, arbitrarily called her "Texel's Wreck"— Tesselschæde. She was born at Amsterdam, March 25, 1594; and died in that city, June 20, 1649. She was married, November 1, 1623, to a sailor, a middle-aged widower, Alart Krombalgh, of Alkmaar. He seems to have played the modest part of *le mari de ma femme,* as we hear nothing of him, except that he lived happily with his wife at Alkmaar, where he died in 1634, leaving her with one daughter with whom to mourn his loss. Having lost her elder daughter and her husband almost at one blow, she left the old house at Alkmaar, and dwelt for eight years at Belvidere with the young Tesselschæde, a child in every way worthy of so beautiful and distinguished a mother. In 1642 she returned to Amsterdam: where, her daughter having died, she quickly followed her to the grave. The

reader is referred, under HUYGENS, to one of the many touching poems which were written upon the death of this excellent woman; who was known to her contemporaries as "our fair morality," "the mirror of all intelligent minds," "the queen of all-surpassing wits," "the glory of our country." It is more as the friend of writers, perhaps, than as a writer herself, that Tesselschæde is accorded the high position she holds in Dutch literary history. She was the intimate friend of the four greatest and most original poets of Holland, Vondel, Hooft, Brederoò and Huygens. She had original lyric genius; and some of her poems are worthy of any one of the greatest poets of her day. Among her works was a translation of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, which was never printed, and the manuscript of which has been lost. In 1630 she was awarded the prize for a poem written upon the occasion of the merging of the Chamber of the White Lavender and Coster's Academy. In 1639 she translated into Dutch the *Adonis* of Marini; but this work, like her Tasso, has been lost. She may be said to have written poetry all her life. The following translations are from originals, as found in *Het Amsterdamsch Minnebeeckje* and *Verscheidene Gedichten*.

THE COMPLAINT OF PHYLLIS.

My sheep, who hunger satisfied
With fragrant thyme, now turn aside
To these rose-petals, from my crown;
They brought their scent to sacrifice,
And ravished heart and soul with spice,
Whene'er to dance I was led down.

'Tis better that the blossoms feed
My lambkins which I, dying, lead,
Than that, undone, dishonorèd,

Between my groans and sighs of woe,
Bathed in my hot tears' burning flow,
They, faultless, wither on my head.

Ah! chew them small with little nips,
Innocent flock! but when your lips
Are weary, and you fall on sleep,
Muse on the death of my delight,
That bids me toss in sad despite
My rosy garland to my sheep.

For you were near when faith and troth
Philandre swore, who breaks them both,
And lewdly courts another lass!
For you were near, when his sweet words
Bound my weak heart, and heaven records
How tender and how false he was!

Yet health, and not revenge be found!
Give balsam for my aching wound,
Give balsam from the heavenly store!
But if revenge you will decree,
O gods, chastise, but let it be
The prick of conscience, and no more.

My sorrow, sure, will make him burn,
My passion to his passion turn,
His passion turn again to me;
And so, once more, as one hath been,
No happier pair on earth be seen
Than Phyllis and Philander be.

— *Translation of* EDMUND GOSSE.

THE WILD SONGSTER.

Prize thou the nightingale,
Who soothes thee with his tale,
And wakes the woods around;
A singing feather he — a winged and wandering sound;

Whose tender carolling
Sets all ears listening
Unto that living lyre,
Whence flow the airy notes his ecstasies inspire;

Whose shrill, capricious song
Breathes like a flute along,
With many a careless tone —
Music of thousand tongues, formed by one tongue alone.

O charming creature rare!
Can aught with thee compare?
Thou art all song — thy breast
Thrills for one month o' the year — is tranquil all the rest.

Thee wondrous we may call —
Most wondrous this of all,
That such a tiny throat
Should wake so loud a sound, and pour so loud a note.
— Sir John Bowring's *translation.*

THE TAME SONGSTER.

But wild-wood songster, cease!
Draw breath and hold thy peace!
Thy notes make no sweet noise
That can compete for tone with Rosamunda's voice,

Who hath so dear an art
Of whispering to the heart
In measured, plaintive sobs,
That, bound in friendship's net, like a snared bird it throbs.

Whose cunning voice instills
Deep wisdom, while it fills
The minds of those who hear,
And makes the soul leap up into the listening ear.

In moanings low she dies,
And then with tender sighs,
In amorous, soft conceits
A world of various tongues she nimbly counterfeits.

No weariness we know,
Though from her throat may flow
Much song; new pleasures high
Still charm the insatiate ear with each fresh harmony.

Here rarer rapture lives
That fitful music gives;
No feathered song so gay
As this, that summer gives nor winter takes away.

— Gosse's *translation.*

TEUFFEL, Blanche Willis Howard, Baroness von, an American novelist; born at Bangor, Maine, July 21, 1847; died at Munich, Germany, October 7, 1898. She was educated in New York, and in 1878 removed to Stuttgart, Germany, where she conducted a school for young ladies and edited a magazine printed in English. She was married to Baron von Teuffel in 1890. Her works include *One Year Abroad,* a book of travel sketches (1877); and the novels *One Summer* (1875); *Aunt Serena* (1886); *No Heroes* (1893); *Seven on the Highway* (1897); and the posthumous stories *The Weaver's Heart* (1899), and *Garden of Eden* (1900).

TWO AMERICANS ABROAD.

In August our pilgrims sailed for Germany. Curiously enough Rose had no longing for England. She said one

day, as they were lazily discussing their route, "We must go there of course,— afterwards. England is beautiful, but one half knows it all. Now, I want to go where I shall understand neither the language nor the ways, and where things will be entirely strange. I am sure England will be too homelike and respectable. Ah! if we could only begin with Egypt!"

"Or South Africa," sighed Miss Lennox, "where there would be still greater possibilities of strangeness." But she heroically abandoned her lingering hope that Rose might enjoy a quiet, comfortable stay in the revered land of her forefathers; and while she could not force herself to feel the wild thirst for novelty and adventure which seemed to be consuming her neice, at least the girl's extravagancies met with indulgence if not with encouragement. "It is Rose's own journey,— Rose's flight out into the world," she reasoned. "She shall go where she will, and she shall not find me a weight on her neck."

England having been promptly vetoed, France was proposed with enthusiasm by Rosamond. Now, Miss Lennox had a simple, old-fashioned notion that France was "wicked." She could not have told why, but she looked aghast when this fair land was mentioned as the very gateway to their foreign wanderings; and they finally compromised the matter by cordially agreeing upon Germany.

"I am sure I shall like Germany," said Miss Lennox cheerfully, but with extremely vague ideas of what they two were going to do over there.

"Like it? I shall adore it!" exclaimed Rose. "I am glad that I never studied a word of German. We shall have so many more experiences."

The conversations which took place previous to their departure, in the shady porch of the old cottage, would have excited pity, if not contempt, in the mind of the practical tourist. There was no studying of maps, no apportioning of time, no delirious cramming of geographical and historical facts. In spite of Miss Lennox's inherent distrust of any kind of nomadic life, and although Rose was over-charged with eagerness to her very fingertips, there was still a great restfulness in their way of

contemplating the journey. It may have been somewhat "American"; it may have been peculiar to themselves that two women, inexperienced travelers, without even the feeble protection of a maid, should have embarked upon the *Aspasia,* knowing nothing of their course except the name of the city to which she was bound, and should have felt themselves prepared, with perfect tranquillity of mind, to spend an indefinite time in unknown places. Yet their beautiful confidence in the goodness of their fellow-creatures met with no betrayal. At least, wherever the two came in all their journeyings, civility and kindness smoothed their path. If a man's eye lingered on the fresh face of the girl, creamy and pure as the heart of a tea-rose, it never seemed to Miss Lennox that it was with impertinence; and indeed it would have been strange if even coarseness had not hung its head abashed before the gentle dignity of those watchful eyes, looking out beneath the coronet of soft, white hair. Miss Lennox was a better guardian than she knew. Since force rouses force, even a strong man might in some instances have fared worse than she. But goodness wedded with grace being strong, silent powers in the woman, at least when, as in this instance, she who has them is too old to arouse envy, rough places were everywhere made smooth for aunt Serena; and she would often say gratefully, "How kind people are! How easy traveling is, after all!" not realizing that they who are ready to fight with a wild beast will shelter a wandering dove. And Rose, happy Rose, unreproached for being tall and conspicuous, no longer in disgrace for the changing glow of her young cheek or the varying tones of her rich voice, never knew that her fresh, beautiful girlhood was a delight to many as she passed, that others paid her the unconscious tribute of envious criticism; and so she went on her innocent way rejoicing.

They passed through the perils of the deep with the experiences which usually attend a first voyage. The facetious young man was on the *Aspasia.* Also the girl who sings. The person who, when seasick, begs piteously to be thrown overboard, was there, as well as the jovial gentleman who has never felt the faintest symptom

of seasickness, and who walks up and down the deck, slapping his broad breast, all ignorant of qualms and misery, and in an insultingly robust manner proclaims his views before the pale ghosts of their former selves, lying about in steamer-chairs. "It is all a matter of will, a simple matter of will, don't you know?" he would say, with conviction in his tone; but he never convinced the silent, nerveless phantoms.

Once fairly on the other side, Miss Lennox and Rose were simple, whole-souled travelers. They did not belong to the weakly, demonstrative order of tourists, nor yet were they characterized by that paucity of approval which many regard as the strongest evidence of extremely refined taste. It was perhaps a matter of temperament with them that they could not become weary of what they had not yet known. And as they formed their opinions honestly for themselves, there was at least one worthy element in their modest art-criticisms, and one rare in the madding crowd of sight-seers,— truth. They would even have preferred to nobly admire the wrong thing, rather than to meanly admire the right; but then, in apology for this ecccentricity, it must be remembered that they were as unsophisticated as they were independent, and that they came from Northbrooke, Me.

In an old cathedral, monument of art and history, epitome of ages of toil and endeavor, they stood silent, watching the kneeling, foreign throng, yet knew themselves akin to it. With tender reverence they heard, soaring above the anthem of to-day, the innumerable pleading voices of the past,— the murmur of the mighty human tide that had surged and broken there,— and felt the one great heart-throb of the yearning, loving, suffering mass of mortals, whose prayers still floated through the lofty vaults, whose spirits still haunted the dim aisles.

It did not occur to Aunt Serena and Rosamond to regard the structure with condescension. They were so simple as to lose themselves in its actual and suggested vastness. Their minds never assumed attitudes of cold caution and stern reserve. Their critical powers did not saunter idly about, awarding supercilious approval to a perfect arch, faint praise to a massive shaft, and viewing

with languid tolerance the flaming glories of old stained glass. Nor did they ascend to an impossible intellectual height, and look down with commiseration on the loftiest spire. Happily we do not all reach this height, for its summit is giddy and its base insecure.

They liked castles, too,— castles in veritable ruins, and even castles in good repair, with new frescos telling old tales,— and with apparently well-oiled automatic guides, warranted to go in three languages,— destroying every possibility of idly dreaming within those ancient walls.

Their devious course would be no model route for a guide-book. They were unlimited as to time, and led only by their own, or rather Rose's own, pleasure; and her chief desire was to go wherever her father and mother had gone twenty years before. They loitered a few days in sedate Holland, and liked the ships and the barges, the sleepy canals, the stately trees, the queer, leaning houses, the thrift, the pictures, and the people.

They observed much not mentioned in guide-books, and failed to see much recommended by those necessary evils. There was no one to reproach them, to hurry them, to thrust objects of interest upon their notice. Better still, they met no one who asked, "You, of course, saw such a thing at such a place? No? Really, what a pity!" in a tone of commiseration that implied their whole misguided wanderings, their trip across the Atlantic, their very lives indeed, had been in vain. They saw many pictures, and carried away in their hearts the dear remembrance of a few. One wild, dark night they stood on the beach at Scheviningen, and listened to the chattering, noisy crowd sitting at little tables eating and drinking, and gently stepped aside to avoid the rows of bold, curiously clad fisherwomen striding up and down with noisy laughter and coarse jest. They heard the thunder of the giant breakers upon the shore, and watched the sea-gulls flying low over the gleaming white caps, and thought, "It is the same sea that softly washes the tangled banks of our Nest. How small the world is, after all!" They wandered about drowsy Ghent, and heard the carillon at Bruges, and dreamed many hours away in the beautiful churches of

Antwerp; and so, without haste, came on to Cologne, to rest a while in the shadow of its cathedral.

They sailed slowly up the Rhine, stopping here and there as the whim seized them, wandering among the vineyards in the pleasant September sunshine, finding it good to be alive and gaze upon such fairness. They looked upon all things with happy, grateful eyes, not feeling too strongly the necessity of committing every thing to memory. The proud husband, who boasted that his wife had been in a hundred and fifty hotels in Italy, and could remember their names and those of most of their owners, would have had small respect for our indolent friends. It was a mild, long autumn, so warm, indeed, that Swiss hotel-keepers were rejoicing in what they called a "second season;" and the world lingered, loath to leave its pleasure-ground, which seemed to gain loveliness each day in the tender autumn hazes.

"I like every thing better with a haze, people as well as mountains," remarked Aunt Serena, as they were sailing in one evening toward the towers of Lucerne. "That is, with a few exceptions. I have known, it is true, one or two beings who did not need the softening illusory veil."

"I would rather the haze would lift once in a while," said Rosamond with decision. "Fancy seeing it always before one's eyes, and never knowing what lies beneath."

"But if ugly sights lie beneath, scurred rocks, gloomy chasms?" said Miss Lennox.

"Still, I should want to see them once as they are," persisted the young girl; "then your pretty mists and hazes might roll in, and beautify as much as they like. But the naked truth I must have, or be miserable;" and she nodded her spirited head conclusively, as if the truth were something always to be found if courage and energy go in pursuit.

Aunt Serena shook her head doubtfully. "You are very young, my dear," she said. The two grew silent, and gazed off over waves tinged deep with the sunset glow. They saw sleeping forests, golden and violet lights trembling and fleeing at the approach of the strong, dark night, remote white, shining peaks, and all the lofty love-

W. M. Thackeray

liness of the mountains. Rose grew dreamy and wondering before the vastness of the eternal hills, and the unknown future stretching out beyond her; while the sweet old eyes looked gently back upon the heights and depths, the sunshine and the snows, of more than sixty years.

So they went on in their uneventful course, in the traveling world, yet not of it; and after a few days on the lake of Geneva, where they went only because simple Rose had actually expressed a desire to see the castle of Chillon,— being uninstructed by late authorities, and not knowing that she would be doing that venerable old pile a favor by visiting it,— they turned their faces toward South Germany; and the last of October found them established in a family *pension* of unquestionable standing, to which unsuspecting Miss Lennox had been led by the letters and recommendations of friends.— *Aunt Serena.*
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THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE, an English novelist, critic and satirist; born at Calcutta, July 18, 1811; died at London, December 24, 1863. He was placed in the Charterhouse School at London, whence, at about eighteen, he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where, however, he did not remain long enough to take his degree. He had resolved to be a painter, and went to Rome and Paris for the purpose of studying art; but beyond natural deftness in throwing off hasty outline sketches, he never acquired any tolerable artistic skill. He never attempted anything except figure-pieces, and these he never drew with accuracy. He became a somewhat frequent contributor to *Fraser's Magazine,* and in 1841 to *Punch,* which had just been established. He wrote

anonymously or under assumed signatures, such as "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," "George Fitz-Boodle," "Charles James Fitzroy Yellowplush." For ten years and more he wrote tales, burlesques, satires, descriptive sketches, critical essays and verses, some of which were clever hits at the follies and foibles of the time; but none of them had more than ephemeral value, and few of them gave promise that the author would ever take a permanent place as a writer of fiction, unless *The Great Hoggarty Diamond* may be reckoned an exception. *Vanity Fair,* the first of his five great novels, was begun early in 1847. It was published in monthly parts, running through a year and a half; and long before its completion, in the summer of 1848, Thackeray's place as a novelist had come to be an assured one. He soon afterward began his *Pendennis,* also published serially, and running through the years 1849 and 1850. In 1851 Thackeray appeared as a lecturer, with his *English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century,* which were delivered throughout Great Britain and subsequently in America. In 1852 appeared his novel *Henry Esmond,* the only one of his important works which was not published serially. He himself regarded this as his best work. In 1854 he broke off his long connection with *Punch.* In 1853–55 appeared *The Newcomes,* the best of all his novels. The next year he made a second tour in the United States, where he delivered his lectures on *The Four Georges,* which were afterward delivered and then published in Great Britain. In 1857–59 appeared his novel, *The Virginians,* which perhaps did not lessen, although it certainly did not increase, his reputation. In 1860 he became editor of the new *Cornhill Magazine,* which he conducted for two years. For each number he

furnished one of the *Roundabout Papers,* touching upon a great variety of topics. In this magazine also appeared his novels, *Lovel the Widower,* and *The Adventures of Philip on His Way Through the World,* a kind of continuation of the *Shabby-Genteel Story,* of which a few chapters had been written as early as 1840. After his retirement from the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine,* Thackeray commenced in it the novel *Denis Duval,* of which only four numbers had been written at the time of his sudden death, at the age of fifty-two, when he was meditating a *History of England* commencing with the reign of Queen Anne. The other works of Thackeray consist mainly of his contributions to *Fraser's* and the *Cornhill,* several volumes of foreign sketches, small Christmas books, and a volume of clever *Ballads.* Among these works are *The Book of Snobs; The Yellowplush Papers; The Fitz-Boodle Papers; The Paris Sketch Book; The Irish Sketch Book; A Journey from Cornhill to Cairo; Cox's Diary; The Second Funeral of Napoleon; A Legend of the Rhine; The Kickleburys on the Rhine; Mrs. Perkins's Ball; Our Street; Dr. Birch and His Young Friends; The Rose and the Ring.* In 1887 was published a *Collection of the Letters of Thackeray,* written between 1847 and 1855, to his close friends, Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield. These present our best picture of the noble and lovable character of the man.

In the January number of *Fraser's Magazine,* 1844, were begun the *Memoirs of Barry Lyndon.* The central figure of this story is as great a scoundrel as the mind of a novelist ever conceived, but Thackeray handles him in a way that makes him and his class ridiculous to the mind of the reader.

THE GAMBLER'S ART.

We always played on parole with anybody — any person, that is, of honor and noble lineage. We never pressed for our winnings, or declined to receive promissory notes in lieu of gold. But woe to the man who did not pay when the note became due! Redmond de Balibari was sure to wait upon him with his bill, and I promise you there were very few bad debts. On the contrary, gentlemen were grateful to us for our forbearance, and our character for honor stood unimpeached. In latter times, a vulgar national prejudice has chosen to cast a slur upon the character of men of honor engaged in the profession of play; but I speak of the good old days of Europe, before the cowardice of the French aristocracy (in the shameful revolution, which served them right) brought discredit upon our order. They cry fie now upon men engaged in play; but I should like to know how much more honorable *their* modes of livelihood are than ours. The broker of the Exchange, who bulls and bears, and buys and sells, and dabbles with lying loans, and trades upon state-secrets — what is he but a gamester? The merchant who deals in teas and tallow, is he any better? His bales of dirty indigo are his dice, his cards come up every year instead of every ten minutes, and the sea is his green-table. You call the profession of the law an honorable one, where a man will lie for any bidder — lie down poverty for the sake of a fee from wealth; lie down right because wrong is in his brief. You call a doctor an honorable man — a swindling quack who does not believe in the nostrums which he prescribes, and takes your guinea for whispering in your ear that it is a fine morning. And yet, forsooth, a gallant man, who sits him down before the baize and challenges all comers, his money against theirs, his fortune against theirs, is proscribed by your modern moral world! It is a conspiracy of the middle-class against gentlemen. It is only the shopkeeper-cant which is to go down nowadays. I say that play was an institution of chivalry. It has been wrecked, along with other privileges of men of birth.

When Seingalt engaged a man for six-and-thirty hours without leaving the table, do you think he showed no courage? How have we had the best blood, and the brightest eyes, too, of Europe throbbing round the table, as I and my uncle have held the cards and the bank against some terrible player, who was matching some thousands out of his millions against our all, which was there on the baize! When we engaged that daring Alexis Kossloffsky, and won seven thousand louis on a single coup, had we lost we should have been beggars the next day; when *he* lost, he was only a village and a few hundred serfs in pawn the worse. What at Töplitz the Duke of Courland brought fourteen lackeys, each with four bags of florins, and challenged our bank to play against the sealed bags, what did we ask? "Sir," said we, "we have but eight thousand florins in bank, or two hundred thousand at three months. If your highness's bags do not contain more than eighty thousand we will meet you." And we did; and after eleven hours' play, in which our bank was at one time reduced to two hundred and three ducats, we won seventeen thousand florins of him. Is *this* not something like boldness? Does this profession not require skill, and perseverance, and bravery? Four crowned heads looked on at the game, and an imperial princess, when I turned up the ace of hearts and made Paroli, burst into tears. No man on the European Continent held a higher position than Redmond Barry then; and when the Duke of Courland lost, he was pleased to say that we had won nobly. And so we had, and spent nobly what we won.

When the critics — the talking critics as well as the writing critics — began to discuss *Vanity Fair,* there had already grown up a feeling as to Thackeray as an author — that he was one who had taken up the business of castigating the vices of the world. Scott had dealt with the heroics, whether displayed in his Flora MacIvor or Meg Merrilies, in his Ivanhoe or Ochiltree. Miss Edgeworth had been moral; Miss Austen

conventional; Lytton had been poetical and sentimental; Marryatt and Lever had been funny and pugnacious, always with a dash of gallantry, displaying funny naval and funny military life; and Dickens had already become great in painting the virtues of the lower orders. But by all these some kind of virtue had been sung, though it might be only the virtue of riding a horse or fighting a duel. Even Eugene Aram and Jack Sheppard, with whom Thackeray found so much fault, were intended to be fine fellows, though they broke into houses and committed murders. The primary object of all those writers was to create an interest by exciting sympathy. To enhance our sympathy personages were introduced who were very vile indeed — as Bucklaw, in the guise of a lover, to heighten our feelings for Ravenswood and Lucy; as Wild, as a thief-taker, to make us more anxious for the saving of Jack; as Ralph Nickelby, "to pile up the pity for his niece Kate." Thackeray's method was quite the contrary. There can be no doubt that the heroic had appeared contemptible to him as being untrue. *Vanity Fair* is especially declared by the author to be "a novel without a hero."

REBECCA SHARP.

Miss Sharp's father was an artist, and in that quality had given lessons of drawing at Miss Pinkerton's school. He was a clever man; a pleasant companion, a careless student; with a great propensity for running into debt, and a partiality for the tavern. When he was drunk he used to beat his wife and daughter; and the next morning, with a headache, he would rail at the world for its neglect of his genius, and abuse, with a good deal of cleverness, and sometimes with perfect reason, the fools, his brother painters. As it was with the utmost difficulty

that he could keep himself, and as he owed money for miles about Soho, where he lived, he thought to better his circumstances by marrying a young woman of the French nation, who was by profession an opera-girl. The humble calling of her female parent Miss Sharp never alluded to, but used to state subsequently that the Entrechats were a noble family of Gascony, and took great pride in her descent from them. And curious it is that as she advanced in life this young lady's ancestors increased in rank and splendor.

Rebecca's mother had had some education somewhere, and her daughter spoke French with purity, and a Parisian accent. It was in those days rather a rare accomplishment, and led to her engagement with the orthodox Miss Pinkerton. For the mother being dead, her father finding himself not likely to recover after his third attack of delirium tremens, wrote a manly and pathetic letter to Miss Pinkerton, recommending the orphan child to her protection; and so descended to the grave, after two bailiffs had quarrelled over his corpse. Rebecca was seventeen when she came to Chiswick, and was bound over as an articled pupil; her duties being to talk French, and her privileges to live scot-free, and with a few guineas a year to gather scraps of knowledge from the professors who attended the school.

She was small and slight in person; pale, sandy-haired, and with eyes habitually cast down; when they looked up, they were very large, odd, and attractive; so attractive, that the Reverend Mr. Crisp, fresh from Oxford, and curate to the Vicar of Chiswick, Reverend Mr. Flowerdew, fell in love with Miss Sharp, being shot dead by a glance from her eyes, which were fired all the way across Chiswick Church from the school pew to the reading-desk. This infatuated young man used sometimes to take tea with Miss Pinkerton, to whom he had been presented by his mamma, and actually proposed something like marriage in an intercepted note, which the one-eyed apple-woman was charged to deliver. Mrs. Crisp was summoned from Buxton, and abruptly carried off her darling boy: but the idea even of such an eagle in the Chiswick dove-cot caused a great flutter in the breast of

Miss Pinkerton, who would have sent away Miss Sharp but that she was bound to her under a forfeit; and who never could thoroughly believe the young lady's protestations that she had never exchanged a single word with Mr. Crisp, except under her own eyes on the two occasions when she had met him at tea.

By the side of many tall and bouncing young ladies in the establishmnet, Rebecca Sharp looked like a child. But she had the dismal precocity of poverty. Many a dun had she talked to, and turned away from her father's door; many a tradesman had she coaxed and wheedled into good-humor, and into the granting of one meal more. She sat commonly with her father, who was very proud of her wit, and heard the talk of many of his wild companions — often ill-suited for a girl to hear. But she had never been a girl, she said; she had been a woman since she was eight years old. Oh, why did Miss Pinkerton let such a dangerous bird into her cage?

The fact is, the old lady believed Rebecca to be the meekest creature in the world; so admirably, on the occasions when her father brought her to Chiswick, used Rebecca to perform the part of an *ingénue,* and only a year before the arrrangement by which Rebecca had been admitted into her house, and when Rebecca was sixteen years old, Miss Pinkerton majestically, and with a little speech, made her a present of a doll — which was, by the way, the confiscated property of Miss Swindle, discovered surreptitiously nursing it in school-hours.

How the father and daughter laughed as they trudged home together after the evening-party; and how Miss Pinkerton would have raged had she seen the caricature of herself which the little mimic, Rebecca, managed to make out of her doll. Becky used to go through dialogues with it; it formed the delight of Newman Street, Gerard Street, and the artists' quarter; and the young painters, when they came to take their gin-and-water with their lazy, dissolute, clever, jovial senior, used regularly to ask if Miss Pinkerton was at home. Once Rebecca had the honor to pass a few days at Chiswick, after which she brought back Jemima, and erected another doll as Miss Jemmy; for though that honest creature had made and

given her jelly and take enough for three children, and a never-failing piece of pudding, the girl's sense of miserable was far stronger than her gratitude, and she scorched Miss Jemmy quite as privately as her sister—Vanity Fair.

Sir Pitt Crawley is a baronet, a man of large property, and in Parliament, to whom Becky Sharp goes as a governess at the end of a delightful year with her friend Amelia Sedley, on leaving Miss Pinkerton's school. The Sedley carriage takes her to Sir Pitt's door.

SIR PITT CRAWLEY.

When the bell was rung a head appeared between the interstices of the hedge-row shutters, and the door was opened by a man in drab breeches and gaiters, with a dirty old coat, a foul old neckcloth knotted round his bristly neck, a shaggy bald head, a leering red face, a pair of twinkling gray eyes, and a mouth perpetually on the grin.

"This Sir Pitt Crawley's?" says Jim, from the box.

"Eh," says the man at the door with a nod.

"Hand down these 'ere trunks there," said Jim.

"Hand 'em down yourself," said the porter.

But Jim on the box declined to do this, as he cannot leave the horses.

The bald-headed man, taking his hands out of his breeches pockets, advanced on the premises, and throwing Miss Sharp's trunk over his shoulder, carried it into the house. Then Becky in, and a disagreeable young man is described, who winds one to bet by the dirty man with the trunk.

Two hair-cushions and a round table, and an extremely old poker and tongs, were however gathered round the fire-place, as was a saucepan over a feeble, spluttering fire. There was a bit of cheese and bread and a tin candlestick on the table, and a little black porter in a pint pot.

"Had your dinner, I suppose?" This was said by his

of the bald head. "It is not too warm for you? Like a drop of beer?"

"Where is Sir Pitt Crawley?" said Miss Sharp, majestically.

"He, he! *I'm* Sir Pitt Crawley. Rek-lect you owe me a pint for bringing down your luggage. He, he! ask Tinker if I ain't."

The lady addressed as Mrs. Tinker at this moment made her appearance, with a pipe and a paper of tobacco, for which she had been despatched a minute before Miss Sharp's arrival; and she handed the articles over to Sir Pitt, who had taken his seat by the fire.

"Where's the farden?" said he. "I gave you three half-pence; where's the change, old Tinker?"

"There,' replied Mrs. Tinker, flinging down the coin. "It's only baronets as cares about farthings."

Becky Sharp goes to Sir Pitt Crawley as governess for his second family, and is taken down to Queen's Crawley, in the country. There her cleverness prevails, even with the baronet. She keeps his accounts, and writes his letters, and helps him to save money; she reads with the elder sister books they ought not to have read; she flatters the sanctimonious son. In point of fact, she becomes all in all at Queen's Crawley, so that Sir Pitt himself falls in love with her — for there is reason to think that Sir Pitt may soon become again a widower. But there also comes down to the baronet's house, on an occasion of general entertaining, Captain Rawdon Crawley. Of course Becky sets her cap at him, and of course succeeds. She always succeeds. Though she is only the governess, he insists upon dancing with her, to the neglect of all the young ladies of the neighborhood. They continue to walk together by moonlight — or starlight — the great, heavy, stupid, half-

tipsy dragoon, and the intriguing, covetous, altogether unprincipled, young woman.

Lady Crawley dies down in the country, while Becky is staying with Rawdon's sister, who will not part with her. Sir Pitt at once rushes up to town, before the funeral, looking for consolation where only he can find it. Becky brings him down word from his sister's room that the old lady is too ill to see him.

SIR PITT'S PROPOSAL.

"So much the better," Sir Pitt answered; "I want to see you, Miss Sharp. I want you back at Queen's Crawley, miss," the baronet said. His eyes had such a strange look, and were fixed upon her so steadfastly that Rebecca Sharp began almost to tremble. Then she half promises, talks about the dear children, and angles with the old man. "I tell you I want you," he says; "I'm going back to the funeral. Will you come back? — yes or no?"

"I daren't. I don't think — it wouldn't be right — to be alone — with you, sir," Becky said, seemingly in great agitation.

"I say again, I want you. I can't get on without you. I didn't see what it was till you went away. The house all goes wrong. It's not the same place. All my accounts has got muddled again. You must come back. Do come back. Dear Becky, do come?"

"Come — as what, sir?" Rebecca gasped out.

"Come as Lady Crawley, if you like. There, will that satisfy you? Come back and be my wife. You're fit for it. Birth be hanged. You're as good a lady as ever I see. You've got more brains in your little finger than any baronet's wife in the country. Will you come? Yes or no?" Rebecca is startled, but the old man goes on. "I'll make you happy; see if I don't. You shall do what you like, spend what you like, and have it all your own way. I'll make you a settlement. I'll do everything regular. Look here," and the old man fell down on his knees and leered at her like a satyr.

But Rebecca, though she had been angling, angling for favor and love and power, had not expected this. For once in her life she loses her presence of mind, and exclaims: "Oh, Sir Pitt; oh, sir; I — I'm married already!" She has married Rawdon Crawley, Sir Pitt's younger son, Miss Crawley's favorite among those of her family who are looking for the maiden aunt's money. But she keeps her secret for the present, and writes a charming letter to the Captain: "Dearest, something tells me that we shall conquer. You shall leave that odious regiment. Quit gaming, racing, and be a good boy, and we shall all live in Park Lane, and *ma tante* shall leave us all her money." *Ma tante's* money has been in her mind all through, but yet she loves him.

"Suppose the old lady doesn't come to," Rawdon said to his little wife as they sat together in the snug little Brompton lodgings. She had been trying the new piano all the morning. The new gloves fitted her to a nicety. The new shawl became her wonderfully. The new rings glittered on her little hands, and the new watch ticked at her waist.

"*I'll* make your fortune," she said; and Delilah patted Samson's cheek.

"You can do nothing," he said, kissing the little hand. "By Jove, you can! and we'll drive down to the Star and Garter and dine, by Jove!"

Though *Henry Esmond* deals with the times of Queen Anne, and "copies the language" of the time, the story is not supposed to have been written till the reign of George II. Esmond in his narrative speaks of Fielding and Hogarth, who did their best work under George II.

THE FOTHERINGAY OFF THE STAGE.

As Pen followed his companion up the creaking old stairs his knees trembled under him. He could hardly see when he entered, following the Captain, and stood in the room — in her room. He saw something black before him, and waving as if making a courtesy; and heard, but quite indistinctly, Costigan making a speech over him, in which the Captain, with his habitual magniloquence, expressed to "me child" his wish to make her known to "his dear and admirable young friend, Mr. Arthur Pindinnis, a young gentleman of property in the neighborhood, a person of refoined moind and amiable manners, a sincere lover of poethry; and a man possest of a feeling and affectionate heart."

"It is very fine weather," Miss Fotheringay said, in an Irish accent, and with a deep, rich, melancholy voice.

"Very," said Mr. Pendennis.

"And very warm," continued this Empress and Queen of Sheba.

In this romantic way the conversation began; and he found himself seated on a chair and having leisure to look at the young lady. She looked still handsomer off the stage than before the lamps. All her attitudes were naturally grand and majestic. If she went up and stood before the mantel-piece, her robe draped itself classically round her; her chin supported itself on her hand; the other lines of her form arranged themselves in full harmonious undulation. She looked like a muse in contemplation. If she sat down on a cane-bottomed chair, her arm rounded itself over the back of the seat; her hand seemed as if it ought to have a sceptre put into it; the folds of her dress fell naturally around her in order; all her movements were graceful and imperial.

The conversation thus begun rolled on. She asked Costigan whether he had had a pleasant evening at the George, and he recounted the supper and the tumblers of punch. Then the father asked her how she had been employed during the morning.

"Bows came," said she, "at ten, and we studied Ophay-

lia. It's for the twenty-fourth, when I hope, sir, we shall have the honor of seeing ye."

"Indeed you will," Mr. Pendennis cried; wondering she should say "Ophaylia," and speak with an Irish inflection of voice naturally, who had not the least Hibernian accent on the stage.

"I've secured 'um for your benefit, dear," said the Captain, tapping his waistcoat-pocket, wherein lay Pen's sovereigns, and winking at Pen with one eye, at which the boy blushed.

"Mr. —— the gentleman's very obleeging," said Mrs. Haller.

"My name is Pendennis," said Pen, blushing. "I — I — hope you'll — you'll remember it." His heart thumped so as he made this audacious declaration, that he almost choked in uttering it.

"Pendennis," she answered slowly, and looking him full in the eyes, with a glance so straight, so clear, so bright, so killing, with a voice so sweet, so round, so low, that the word transfixed him with pleasure.

"I never knew the name was so pretty before," Pen said.

"'Tis a very pretty name," Ophelia said. "Pentweazle's not a pretty name. Remember, papa, when we were on the Norwich circuit, young Pentweazle, who used to play second old man, and married Miss Raney, the Columbine? They're both engaged in London now, at the Queen's and get five pounds a week. Pentwaezle wasn't his real name. 'Twas Jedkin gave it him, I don't know why. His name was Harrington; that is, his real name was Potts; fawther a clergyman very respectable. Harrington was in London, and got into debt. Ye remember, he came out in Falkland, to Mrs. Bunce's Julia."

"And a pretty Julia she was," the Captain interposed; "a woman of fifty, and a mother of ten children. 'Tis you who ought to have been Julia, or my name's not Jack Costigan."

"I didn't take the leading business then," Miss Fotheringay said, modestly. "I wasn't fit for 't till Bows taught me."

"True for you, my dear," said the Captain; and bending

to Pendennis, he added, "Rejuiced in circumstances, sir, I was for some time a fencing-master in Dublin; (there's only three men in the empire could touch me with the foil once, but Jack Costigan's getting old and stiff now, sir) and my daughter had an engagement at the thayater there; and 'twas there that my friend, Mr. Bows, gave her lessons, and made her what ye see. What have ye done since Bows went, Emily?"

"Sure, I've made a pie," Emily said, with perfect simplicity. She pronounced it *poy*.

"If ye'll try it at four o'clock, sir, say the word," said Costigan gallantly. "That girl, sir, makes the best veal and ham pie in England; and I think I can promise ye a glass of punch of the right flavor."

Pen had promised to be home at dinner at six o'clock; but the rascal thought he could accommodate pleasure and duty in this point, and was only too eager to accept this invitation. He looked on with wonder and delight whilst Ophelia busied herself about the room, and prepared for dinner. She arranged the glasses, and laid and smoothed the little cloth, all which duties she performed with a quiet grace and good-humor which enchanted her guest more and more. The "poy" arrived from the baker's at the proper hour; and at four o'clock Pen found himself at dinner — actually at dinner with the handsomest woman in creation — with his first and only love, whom he had adored ever since when? ever since yesterday, ever since forever. He ate a crust of her making; he poured her out a glass of beer; he saw her drink a glass of punch — just one wineglassful out of the tumbler which she mixed for her papa. She was perfectly good-natured, and offered to mix one for Pendennis, too. It was prodigiously strong: Pen had never in his life drunk so much spirits-and-water. Was it the punch or the punch-maker who intoxicated him?

Pen tried to engage her in conversation about poetry and about her profession. He asked her what she thought of Ophelia's madness, and whether she was in love with Hamlet or not. "In love with such a little ojus wretch as that stunted manager of a Bingley!" She bristled with indignation at the thought. Pen explained that it

was not her of whom he spoke, but of the Ophelia of the play. "Oh, indeed, if no offence was meant, none was taken; but as for Bingley, indeed, she did not value him — not that glass of punch!"

Pen next tried her on Kotzebue. "Kotzebue? Who was he?" "The author of the play in which she had been performing so admirably." "She did not know that — the man's name at the beginning of the book was Thompson," she said. Pen laughed at her adorable simplicity. He told her of the melancholy fate of the author of the play, and how Sand had killed him. It was the first time in her life that Miss Costigan had ever heard of Mr. Kotzebue's existence; but she looked as if she was very much interested, and her sympathy sufficed for honest Pen.

In the midst of this conversation the hour and a quarter which poor Pen could afford to allow himself passed away only too quickly; and he had taken leave; he was gone, and away on his rapid road homeward on the back of Rebecca. She was called upon to show her mettle in the three journeys which she made that day. . . .

"What was that he was talking about, the madness of Hamlet, and the theory of the great German critic on the subject?" Emily asked of her father.

"'Deed then, I don't know, Milly dear," answered the Captain. "We'll ask Bows when he comes."

"Anyhow, he's a nice, fair-spoken, pretty young man," the lady said. "How many tickets did he take of you?"

"Faith, then, he took six, and gev me two guineas, Milly," the Captain said. "I suppose them young chaps is not too flush of coin."

"He's full of book-learning," Miss Fotheringay continued. "Kotzebue! He, he, what a droll name, indeed, now; and the poor fellow killed by sand, too! Did ye ever hear such a thing? I'll ask Bows about it, papa dear."

"A queer death, sure enough," ejaculated the Captain, and changed the painful theme. "'Tis an elegant mare the young gentleman rides," Costigan went on to say, "and a grand breakfast intirely, that young Mister Foker gave us."

"He's good for two private boxes, and at least twenty tickets, I should say," cried the daughter.

"I'll go bail of that," answered the papa. And so the conversation continued for a while, until the tumbler of punch was finished; and their hour of departure soon came, too; for at half-past six Miss Fotheringay was to appear at the theatre again, whither her father always accompanied her; and stood, as we have seen, in the side-scene watching her, and drinking spirits-and-water in the green-room with the company there. . . .

"How beautiful she is," thought Pen, cantering homeward. "How simple and how tender! How charming it is to see a woman of her genius busying herself with the humble offices of domestic life, cooking dishes to make her old father comfortable, and brewing him drink! How rude it was of me to begin to talk about professional matters, and how well she turned the conversation! By-the-way, she talked about professional matters herself; but then with what fun and humor she told the story of her comrade, Pentweazle, as he was called! There is no humor like Irish humor. Her father is rather tedious, but thoroughly amiable; and how fine of him giving lessons in fencing, after he quitted the army, where he was the pet of the Duke of Kent! Fencing! I should like to continue my fencing, or I shall forget what Angelo taught me. Uncle Arthur always liked me to fence; he says it is the exercise of a gentleman. Hang it! I'll take some lessons of Captain Costigan. Go along, Rebecca — up the hill, old lady! Pendennis, Pendennis — how she spoke the word! Emily, Emily, how good, how noble, how beautiful, how perfect she is!"

Now the reader, who has had the benefit of hearing the entire conversation which Pen had with Miss Fotheringay, can judge for himself about the powers of her mind, and may perhaps be disposed to think that she has not said anything astonishingly humorous or intellectual in the course of the *above* interview.— *Pendennis.*

THOMAS NEWCOME ANSWERS.

So, weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Florac; at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed and he was a youth again: a youth all love and hope — a stricken old man with a beard as white as snow covering his noble, care-worn face. At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady. Anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained in it; no guile tainted it; only peace and good-will dwelt in it. . . .

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fall. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by his bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket-match with the St. Peter's boys on the green, and the Gray Friars were in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited. Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out.

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command; spoke Hindustanee, as if to his men. Then he spoke French rapidly, seizing a hand that was

near him, and crying, "*Toujours, toujours!*" But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him. The nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there with my wife and Bayham. At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. "He is very bad; he wanders a great deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterward Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for you again, dear lady," she said to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling; "and said just now he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot. The old man within it talked on rapidly for a while; then he would sigh and be still. Once more I heard him say, hurriedly, "Take care of him while I am in India," and then with a heart-rending voice he called out "Léonore, Léonore!" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar, sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said "*Adsum!*" and fell back. It was the word we used at school when the names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master.— *The Newcomes.*

THE VIRGINIANS.

Mr. Esmond called his American house Castlewood, from the patrimonial home in the old country. The whole usages of Virginia, indeed, were fondly modeled after the English customs. It was a loyal colony. The Virginians boasted that King Charles the Second had been king in Virginia before he had been king in England.

English king and English church were alike faithfully honored there.

The resident gentry were allied to good English families. They held their heads above the Dutch traders of New York, and the money-getting Roundheads of Pennsylvania and New England. Never were people less republican than those of the great province which was soon to be foremost in the memorable revolt against the British Crown.

The gentry of Virginia dwelt on their great lands after a fashion almost patriarchal. For its rough cultivation, each estate had a multitude of hands — of purchased and assigned servants — who were subject to the command of the master. The land yielded their food, live stock, and game.

The great rivers swarmed with fish for the taking. From their banks the passage home was clear. Their ships took the tobacco off their private wharves on the banks of the Potomac or the James River, and carried it to London or Bristol, — bringing back English goods and articles of home manufacture in return for the only produce which the Virginian gentry chose to cultivate.

Their hospitality was boundless. No stranger was ever sent away from their gates. The gentry received one another, and traveled to each other's houses, in a state almost feudal. The question of Slavery was not born at the time of which we write. To be the proprietor of black servants shocked the feelings of no Virginia gentleman; nor, in truth, was the despotism exercised over the negro race generally a savage one. The food was plenty; the poor black people lazy and not unhappy. You might have preached negro emancipation to Madam Esmond of Castlewood as you might have told her to let the horses run loose out of her stables; she had no doubt but that the whip and the corn-bag were good for both.

Her father may have thought otherwise, being of a skeptical turn on very many points, but his doubts did not break forth in active denial, and he was rather disaffected than rebellious. At one period, this gentleman had taken a part in active life at home, and possibly might have been eager to share its rewards; but in latter

days he did not seem to care for them. A something had occurred in his life, which had cast a tinge of melancholy over all his existence.

He was not unhappy,— to those about him most kind, — most affectionate, obsequious even to the women of his family, whom he scarce ever contradicted; but there had been some bankruptcy of his heart, which his spirit never recovered. He submitted to life, rather than enjoyed it, and never was in better spirits than in his last hours when he was going to lay it down.

When the boy's grandfather died, their mother, in great state, proclaimed her eldest son George her successor and heir of the estate; and Harry, George's younger brother by half an hour, was always enjoined to respect his senior. All the household was equally instructed to pay him honor: the negroes, of whom there was a large and happy family, and the assigned servants from Europe, whose lot was made as bearable as it might be under the government of the lady of Castlewood.

In the whole family there scarcely was a rebel save Mrs. Esmond's faithful friend and companion, Madam Mountain, and Harry's foster-mother, a faithful negro woman, who never could be made to understand why her child should not be first, who was handsomer, and stronger, and cleverer than his brother, as she vowed; though, in truth, there was scarcely any difference in the beauty, strength, or stature of the twins.

In disposition, they were in many points exceedingly unlike; but in feature they resembled each other so closely that, but for the color of their hair, it had been difficult to distinguish them. In their beds, and when their heads were covered with those vast, ribboned nightcaps, which our great and little ancestors wore, it was scarcely possible for any but a nurse or a mother to tell the one from the other child.

Howbeit, alike in form, we have said that they differed in temper. The elder was peaceful, studious, and silent; the younger was warlike and noisy. He was quick at learning when he began, but very slow at beginning. No threats of the ferule would provoke Harry to learn in

an idle fit, or would prevent George from helping his brother in his lesson. Harry was of a strong military turn, drilled the little negroes on the estate, and caned them like a corporal, having many good boxing-matches with them, and never bearing malice if he was worsted; — whereas George was sparing of blows, and gentle with all about him.

As the custom in all families was, each of the boys had a special little servant assigned him: and it was a known fact that George, finding his little wretch of a black-amoor asleep on his master's bed, sat down beside it, and brushed the flies off the child with a feather-fan, to the horror of old Gumbo, the child's father, who found his young master so engaged, and to the indignation of Madam Esmond, who ordered the young negro off to the proper officer for a whipping. In vain George implored and entreated — burst into passionate tears, and besought a remission of the sentence. His mother was inflexible regarding the young rebel's punishment, and the little negro went off beseeching his young master not to cry.

On account of a certain apish drollery and humor which exhibited itself in the lad, and a liking for some of the old man's pursuits, the first of the twins was the grandfather's favorite and companion, and would laugh and talk out all his infantile heart to the old gentleman, to whom the younger had seldom a word to say.

George was a demure, studious boy, and his senses seemed to brighten up in the library, where his brother was so gloomy. He knew the books before he could well-nigh carry them, and read in them long before he could understand them. Harry, on the other hand, was all alive in the stables or in the wood, eager for all parties of hunting and fishing, and promised to be a good sportsman from a very early age.

At length the time came when Mr. Esmond was to have done with the affairs of this life, and he laid them down as if glad to be rid of their burden. All who read and heard that discourse, wondered where Parson Broadbent of James Town found the eloquence and the Latin which adorned it. Perhaps Mr. Dempster knew, the boys' Scotch tutor, who corrected the proofs of the ora-

tion, which was printed, by the desire of his Excellency and many persons of honor, at Mr. Franklin's press in Philadelphia.

No such sumptuous funeral had ever been seen in the country as that which Madam Esmond Warrington ordained for her father, who would have been the first to smile at that pompous grief.

The little lads of Castlewood, almost smothered in black trains and hat-bands, headed the procession and were followed by my Lord Fairfax, from Greenway Court, by his Excellency the Governor of Virginia (with his coach), by the Randolphs, the Careys, the Harrisons, the Washingtons, and many others; for the whole country esteemed the departed gentleman, whose goodness, whose high talents, whose benevolence and unobtrusive urbanity, had earned for him the just respect of his neighbors.

When informed of the event, the family of Colonel Esmond's step-son, the Lord Castlewood of Hampshire in England, asked to be at the charges of the marble slab which recorded the names and virtues of his lordship's mother and her husband; and after due time of preparation, the monument was set up, exhibiting the arms and coronet of the Esmonds, supported by a little, chubby group of weeping cherubs, and reciting an epitaph which for once did not tell any falsehoods. — *The Virginians.*

LADY BEATRIX'S DEATH.

Harry's aunt, Madame de Bernstein, after a week or two, began to tire of Castlewood and the inhabitants of that mansion, and the neighbors who came to visit them. This clever woman tired of most things and people sooner or later. So she took to nodding and sleeping over the chaplain's stories, and to doze at her whist and over her dinner, and to be very snappish and sarcastic in her conversation with her Esmond nephews and nieces, hitting out blows at my lord and his brother the jockey, and my ladies, widowed and unmarried, who winced under her scornful remarks, and bore them as they best might. The cook, whom she had so praised on first coming, now gave

her no satisfaction; the wine was corked; the house was damp, dreary, and full of draughts; the doors would not shut, and the chimneys smoked. She began to think that the Tunbridge waters were very necessary for her, and ordered the doctor, who came to her from the neighboring town of Hexton, to order those waters for her benefit.

. . . . . .

'Tis needless to relate the progress and termination of the malady, or watch that expiring flame of life as it gasps and flickers. Her senses would remain with her for a while (and then she was never satisfied unless Theo was by her bedside), or again her mind would wander, and the poor, decrepit creature, lying upon her bed, would imagine herself young again, and speak incoherently of the scenes and incidents of her early days. Then she would address me as Henry again, and call upon me to revenge some insult or slight, of which (whatever my suspicions might be) the only record lay in her insane memory. "They have always been so," she would murmur: "they never loved man or woman but they forsook them. *Je me vengerai, O oui, je me vengerai!* I know them all: I know them all: and I will go to my Lord Stair with the list. Don't tell me! His religion can't be the right one. I will go back to my mother's, though she does not love me. She never did. Why don't you, mother? Is it because I am too wicked? *Ah! pitié, pitié. O mon père!* I will make my confession"—and here the unhappy, paralyzed lady made as if she would move in her bed.

Let us draw the curtain round it. I think with awe still of those rapid words, uttered in the shadow of the canopy, as my pallid wife sits by, her prayer-book on her knee; as the attendants move to and fro noiselessly; as the clock ticks without, and strikes the fleeting hours; as the sun falls upon the Kneller picture of Beatrix in her beauty, with the blushing cheeks, the smiling lips, and the waving auburn tresses, and the eyes which seem to look toward the dim figure moaning in the bed.—*From The Virginians.*

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright, and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knick-knacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crooked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed,
A two-penny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best:
For the finest of cochees that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms!

I looked and I longed and I wished in despair:
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place;
She'd a scarf on her neck and a smile on her face;
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet, I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night, as I sit here alone —
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair —
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did — all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair —
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

— *Ballads.*

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming.
They've hushed the minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell;
She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening thither,

With modest eyes downcast;
She comes, she's here, she's past!
May heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits, who wait,
And see, through heaven's gate,
Angels within it.

THAXTER, CELIA LAIGHTON, an American poet; born at Portsmouth, N. H., June 29, 1835; died at the Isle of Shoals, August 26, 1894. When she was five years of age her father removed to one of the Isles of Shoals, nine miles from the nearest coast, to be keeper of the light-house. Her poems are full of the shimmer and dash of the sea — many of them exquisite marine paintings as well as glowing utterances of the heart. Her collected poems were published in 1871 and 1876; *Driftweed* (1878); *Poems for Children* (1884); *The Cruise of the Mystery and Other Poems* (1886); *Idyls and Pastorals* (1887). *Among the Isles of Shoals* (1873) is a series of charming prose sketches.

NOVEMBER MORNING.

With clamor the wild southwester
  Through the wide heaven is roaring,
Ploughing the ocean, and over
  The earth its fury pouring.

Lo, how the vast gray spaces
  Wrestle and roll and thunder,
Billow piled upon billow,
  Closing and tearing asunder.

As if the deep raged with anger
  Of hosts of the fabulous kraken!
And the firm house shudders and trembles,
  Beaten, buffeted, shaken.

Battles the gull with the tempest,
  Struggling and wavering and faltering,
Soaring and striving and sinking,
  Turning, its high course altering.

Down through the cloudy heaven
  Notes from the wild geese are falling;
Cries like harsh bell-tones are ringing,
  Echoing, clanging, and calling.

Plunges the schooner landward,
  Swiftly the long seas crossing,
Close-reefed, seeking the harbor,
  Half lost in the spray she is tossing.

A rift in the roof of vapor:
  And stormy sunshine is streaming
To color the gray, wild water
  Like chrysoprase, green and gleaming.

Cold and tempestuous ocean,
  Ragged rock, brine-swept and lonely,

Grasp of the long, bitter winter —
These things to gladden me only!

. . . . . .

Love, dost thou wait for me in some rich land
Where the gold orange hangs in odorous calm;
Where the clear waters kiss the flowery strand,
Bordered with shining sand and groves of palm?

And while this bitter morning breaks for me,
Draws to its close thy warm, delicious day;
Lights, colors, perfumes, music, joy for thee,
For me the cold, wild sea, the cloudy gray!

Rises the red moon in thy tranquil sky,
Plashes the fountain with its silver talk,
And as the evening wind begins to sigh,
Thy sweet girl's shape steals down the garden walk.

And through the scented dusk a white robe gleams,
Lingering beneath the starry jasmine sprays,
Till where thy clustered roses breathe in dreams,
A sudden gush of song thy light step stays.

That was the nightingale! O Love of mine,
Hear'st thou thy voice in that pathetic song,
Throbbing in passionate cadences divine,
Sinking to silence with its rapture strong?

I stretch my arms to thee through all the cold,
Through all the dark, across the weary space
Between us, and thy slender form I fold,
And gaze into the wonder of thy face.

Pure brow the moonbeam touches, tender eyes
Splendid with feeling, delicate smiling mouth,
And heavy silken hair that darkly lies
Soft as the twilight clouds in thy sweet South.

O beautiful my Love! In vain I seek
To hold the heavenly dream that fades from me.

I needs must wake with salt spray on my cheek,
Flung from the fury of this northern sea.

THE SANDPIPER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
And up and down the beach we flit —
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach —
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet, mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

COURAGE.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every rain-drop kissed
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all?
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And each one of these rebellious tears
Kept bravely back, He makes a rainbow shine;
Grateful I take His slightest gift, no fears
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound His voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with childing. Let me be.
I must be glad and grateful to the end.
I grudge you not your cold and darkness — me
The powers of light befriend.

THE WATCH OF BOON ISLAND.

They crossed the lonely and lamenting sea;
Its moaning seemed but singing. "Wilt thou dare,"

He asked her, "brave the loneliness with me?"
"What loneliness," she said, "if thou art there?"

Afar and cold on the horizon's rim
Loomed the tall light-house, like a ghostly sign;
They sighed not as the shore behind grew dim,
A rose of joy they bore across the brine.

They gained the barren rock, and made their home
Among the wild waves and the sea-birds wild;
The wintry winds blew fierce across the foam,
But in each other's eyes they looked and smiled.

Aloft the light-house sent its warnings wide,
Fed by their faithful hands, and ships in sight
With joy beheld it, and on land men cried,
"Look, clear and steady burns Boon Island light."

And, while they trimmed the lamp with busy hands,
"Shine far and through the dark, sweet light," they cried;
"Bring safely back the sailors from all lands
To waiting love — wife, mother, sister, bride."

No tempest shook their calm, though many a storm
Tore the vexed ocean into furious spray;
No chill could find them in their Eden warm,
And gently Time lapsed onward day by day.

Said I no chill could find them? There is one
Whose awful footfalls everywhere are known,
With echoing sobs, who chills the summer sun,
And turns the happy heart of youth to stone;

Inexorable Death, a silent guest
At every hearth, before whose footsteps flee
All joys, who rules the earth, and, without rest,
Roams the vast, shuddering spaces of the sea;

Death found them; turned his face and passed her by,
But laid a finger on her lover's lips.

And there was silence. Then the storm ran high,
  And tossed and troubled sore the distant ships.

Nay, who shall speak the terrors of the night,
  The speechless sorrow, the supreme despair?
Still, like a ghost she trimmed the waning light,
  Dragging her slow weight up the winding-stair.

With more than oil the saving lamp she fed,
  While lashed to madness the wild sea she heard;
She kept her awful vigil with the dead,
  And God's sweet pity still she ministered.

O sailors, hailing loud the cheerful beam,
  Piercing so far the tumult of the dark,
A radiant star of hope, you could not dream
  What misery there sat cherishing that spark.

Three times the night, too terrible to bear,
  Descended, shrouded in the storm. At last
The sun rose clear and still on her despair,
  And all her striving to the winds she cast,

And bowed her head and let the light die out,
  For the wide sea lay calm as her dead love.
When evening fell, from the far land, in doubt,
  Vainly to find that faithful star men strove.

Sailors and landsmen look, and women's eyes,
  For pity ready, search in vain the night,
And wondering neighbor unto neighbor cries,
  "Now what, think you, can ail Boon Island light?"

Out from the coast toward her high tower they sailed;
  They found her watching, silent, by her dead,
A shadowy woman, who nor wept nor wailed,
  But answered what they spake, till all was said.

They bore the dead and living both away.
  With anguish time seemed powerless to destroy

She turned, and backward gazed across the bay —
Lost in the sad sea lay her rose of joy.

A MUSSEL-SHELL.

Why art thou colored like the evening sky
Sorrowing for sunset? Lovely dost thou lie,
Bared by the washing of the eager brine,
At the snow's motionless and wind-carved line.

Cold stretch the snows, cold throng the waves, the wind
Stings sharp — an icy fire, a touch unkind —
And sighs as if with passion of regret,
The while I mark thy tints of violet.

O beauty strange! O shape of perfect grace!
Whereon the lovely waves of color trace
The history of the years that passed thee by,
And touched thee with the pathos of the sky.

The sea shall crush thee; yea, the ponderous wave
Up the loose beach shall grind, and scoop thy grave,
Thou thought of God. What more than thou and I,
Both transient as the sad wind's passing sigh.

THEOCRITUS, a Greek idyllic poet; born at Syracuse, about 240 B.C. The details of his personal history are very meagre, and he seems sometimes to be confounded with another writer of the same name. At thirty-five he was drawn to Alexandria, in Egypt, where he rose into favor with King Ptolemy Philadelphus, the founder of the famous Alexandrian Library, whom he has extolled in one of his best poems. Subsequently he returned to his native island, where he is supposed to have passed

the remainder of his life. Theocritus was the creator of what is styled "idyllic" poetry; but none of his imitators, from Virgil downward, have equalled their master, whom Elizabeth Barrett Browning characterizes as him "with glittering locks dropt sideway, as beneath the rocks he watched the visionary flocks;" and whose free version of the idyl of *The Cyclops* perhaps best represents the courtly poet who sang mainly of rustic scenes. The extant works of Theocritus consist of thirty idyls and twenty-two epigrams. The best translations into English are those of Creech (1681); Fawkes (1767); Polwhele (1786); Chapman (1836); Calverly (1869). Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in her *Paraphrase on Theocritus's Idyl XI.*, has best caught the tone of Theocritus.

IDYL VIII.— MENALCAS AND DAPHNIS.

Menalcas met, while pasturing his sheep,
The cow-herd Daphnis on the higher steep:
Both yellow-tressed, and in their life's fresh spring;
Both skilled to play the pipe, and both to sing.
Menalcas, with demeanor frank and free,
Spoke first: "Good Daphnis, will you sing with me?
I can outsing you whenso'er I try,
Just as I please." Then Daphnis made reply:
"Shepherd and piper, that may never be,
Happen what will, as you on proof will see."
"Ah, will you see it, and a wager make?"
"I will to see this and to pledge a stake."
"And what the wager worthy fame like ours?"
"A calf my pledge, a full-grown lamb be yours."
"At night my cross-grained sire and mother use
To count the sheep; that pledge I must refuse."
"What shall it be, then? what the victor's prize?"
"I'll pledge a nine-toned pipe that even lies
In the joined reeds, with whitest wax inlaid,

The musical sweet pipe I lately made,
This will I pledge, and not my father's things."
"I, too, have got a pipe that nine-toned sings,
Compact with white wax, even-jointed, new,
Made by myself. A split reed sudden flew,
And gashed this finger; it is painful still.
But who shall judge which has the better skill?"
"Suppose we call that goatherd hither? see!
A young white dog at his kids barks lustily."
He came when called; and, hearing their request,
Was willing to decide which sang the best.
Clearly their rival notes responsive rung,
Each in his turn; but first Menalcas sung.

Menalcas.

Ye mountains, vales, and rivers! race divine!
If aught Menalcas ever sang was sweet,
Feed ye these lambs, and feed no less his kine,
When Daphnis drives them to this dear retreat.

Daphnis.

Fountains and herbs, growth of this budding year,
If Daphnis sings like any nightingale,
Fatten this herd; and if Menalcas here
Conduct his flock, let not their pasture fail.

Menalcas.

Pastures and springs, and milk-full udders swelling,
And fatness for the lambs is everywhere
At her approach; but if the girl excelling
Depart, both herbs and shepherd wither there.

Daphnis.

The sheep and goats bear twins, the bees uplay
Full honey-stores; the spreading oaks are higher,
Where Milto walks; but if she goes away,
The cowherd and his cows themselves are drier.

Menalcas.

Uxorious ram, and flat-nosed kids, away
For water to that wilderness of wood;
There, ram without a horn, to Milto say
Proteus — a god too — fed the sea-calf brood.

Daphnis.

Not Pelops' realm be mine, nor piles of gold,
Nor speed fleet as the wind; but at this rock
To sing, and clasp my darling, and behold
The sea's blue reach, and many a pasturing flock.

Menalcas.

To forest beast the net, to bud the noose,
Winter to trees, and draught to springs, is bad;
To man the sting of beauty. Mighty Zeus!
Not only I — thou, too, art woman-mad.

Their sweet notes thus in turns they did prolong;
Menalcas then took up the closing song.

Menalcas.

Spare, wolf, my sheep, nor injure me,
Because I may tend, though small I be.
Sleepest, Lamprinus? Up! no dog should sleep
That with the shepherd-boy attends his sheep.
Be not to crop the tender herbage slow;
Feed on, my sheep; the grass again will grow;
Fill ye your udders, that your lambs will have
Their share of milk — I some for cheese may save.

Then Daphnis next his tones preluding rung,
Gave to his music voice, and sweetly sung:

Daphnis.

As yesterday I drove my heifers by,
A girl, me spying from a cavern nigh,

Exclaimed, "How handsome!" I my way pursued
With downcast eyes, nor made her answer rude.
Sweet is the breath of cows and calves, and sweet
To bask by running streams in summer heat.
Acorns the oak, and apples on the bough
Adorn the apple-tree; her calf the cow;
His drove of kine, depasturing the field,
His proper honor to the cow-herd yield.

The admiring goatherd then his judgment spake:
"Sweet is thy mouth, and sweetest tones awake
From thy lips, Daphnis. I would rather hear
Than suck the honeycomb, I swear.
Take thou the pipe, for thine the winning song.
If thou wilt teach me, here my goats among,
Some song, I will that hornless goat bestow
That ever fills the pails to overflow."
Glad Daphnis clapped his hands, and on the lawn
He leaped, as round her mother leaps the fawn.
But sad Menalcas fed a smouldering gloom,
As grieves a girl betrothed to unknown groom;
And first in song was Daphnis from that time,
And wived a naiad in his blooming prime.

— *Translation of* J. M. CHAPMAN.

IDYL XI.— THE CYCLOPS.

And so an easier life our Cyclops drew —
The ancient Polyphemus, who in youth
Loved Galatea — while the manhood grew
Adown his cheeks, and darkened round his mouth,
No jot he cared for apples, olives, roses;
Love made him mad; the whole world was neglected;
The very sheep went backward from their closes,
From out the fair green pastures self-directed.
And, singing Galatea thus, he wore
The sunrise down along the weedy shore,
And pined alone and felt the cruel wound
Beneath his heart, which Cypris' arrow bore,
With a deep pang; but so the cure was found;
And sitting on a lofty rock, he cast
His eyes upon the sea, and sang at last:

"O wicked Cyclops! rave in thy
That thou shouldst spurn me off, who love thee so?
More white-pale curds, my girl, than are to me,
More mark than lambs more full of leaping glee
Than kids, and to greet thee the early glow
Of grapes that swell to ripen—sour like these!
Thou comest to me when the fragrant sleep
And calm the fragrant sleep thou greet'st from me;
Thou flee'st from me as a frightened sheep
Fled the gray wolf!—yet Love did overcome me
So long. I found thee, maiden, first of all
When down the hills my mother led her herds
I saw thee stay to pluck the summer fall
Of hyacinth-bells, and were myself to guide thee;
And since my eyes have seen thee, may not leave thee
No more from that day's light! For thee, by Pan!
Thou will not care for that, to let it grieve thee."

"I know thee, fair one, why thou ageth love
From my arm round thee. Why? I tell thee, dear,
One straggly eyebrow drawn in unsightly mat
Straight through my ample front, from ear to ear
One eye with underneath, and yawning, broad,
Flat nostrils, and the bulging lip no peer
Yet be, am I—whatever I appear—
In, lead a thousand cows, and drink the milk that's best;
I taste no cheese, while summer keeps the sun;
And after, in the cold, it's ready pressed.
And then I know to sing—as there is none
Of all the Cyclops can—a song of thee,
Sweet apple of my soul, on Love's fair tree,
And of myself who love thee, till the west
Forgets the light, and all but I have rest.

"I feed for thee, besides, eleven fair does,
And all in fawn; and four tame wheips of bears:
Come to me, sweet! thou shalt have all of these
In change for love! I will not halve the shares
Leave the blue sea, with pure white arms upraised
To the dry shore; and in my cave's recess

Thou shalt be gladder for the moonlight ended;
For here be laurels, spiral cypresses,
Dark ivy, and a vine whose leaves enfold
Most luscious grapes; and here is water cold,
That wooded Ætna pours down through the trees
From the white snows — which gods were scarce too bold
To drink in turn with nectar. Who with these
Would choose the salt wave of the lukewarm seas?

"Nay, look on me! If I am hairy and rough,
I have an oak's heart in me; there's a fire
In these gray ashes which burns hot enough;
And when I burn for *thee* I grudge the pyre
No fuel: not my soul, nor this one eye —
Most precious thing I have, because thereby
I see thee, fairest! Out, alas! I wish
My mother had borne me finny, like a fish,
That I might plunge down in the ocean near thee
And kiss thy glittering hand between the weeds,
If still thy face were turned; and I would bear thee
Each lily white, and poppy fair that bleeds
Its red heart down its leaves! one gift for hours
Of summer — one for winter; since to cheer thee
I could not bring at once all kinds of flowers.
Even now, girl, now, I fain would learn to swim,
If stranger in a ship sailed nigh, I wis,
That I may know how sweet a thing it is
To live down with you in the Deep and Dim.
Come up, O Galatea, from the ocean,
And having come, forget again to go!
As I, who sing out here my heart's emotion,
Could sit forever. Come up from below!
Come, keep my flocks beside me, milk my kine;
Come, press my cheese; destrain my whey and curd!

"Ah, mother! she alone — that mother of mine —
Did wrong me sore! I blame her! — Not a word
Of kindly intercession did she address
Thine ear with for my sake; and ne'ertheless
She saw me wasting, wasting, day by day!

Both head and feet were aching, I will say,
  All sick for grief, as I myself was sick!
O Cyclops, Cyclops, whither hast thou sent
Thy soul on fluttering wings? If thou wert bent
  On turning bowls, or pulling green and thick
The sprouts to give thy lambkins, thou wouldst make thee
A wiser Cyclops than for what we take thee.
  Milk dry the present! Why pursue too quick
That future which is fugitive aright?
    Thy Galatea thou shalt haply find,
    Or else a maiden fairer and more kind;
For many girls do call me through the night,
    And as they call, do laugh out silverly:
    I, too, am something in the world, I see!"

While thus the Cyclops love, and lambs did fold,
Ease came with song he could not buy with gold.
  — *Translation of* ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

A few detached passages of description or reflection are here given in the quite literal prose translation of Crawford Tait Ramage:

A SUMMER SCENE.

And from aloft, overhead were waving to and fro poplars and elms; and near by a sacred stream kept murmuring as it flowed from a cavern of the Nymphs, and the bright cicalas on the shady branches kept laboriously chirping; while in the distance, amidst the thick thornbushes, the thrush was warbling. Tufted larks and goldfinches were singing; the turtle-dove was cooing; tawny bees were humming round about the fountains. Everything was redolent of golden summer, and redolent of fruit-time. Pears were at our feet and by our sides; apples were rolling for us in abundance; and the boughs hung plentifully weighed down to the ground with damsons.

THE JOYS OF PEACE.

And oh, that they might till rich fields, and that unnumbered sheep and fat might bleat cheerfully through the plains, and that oxen coming in peace to the stalls should urge on the traveler by twilight. And oh, that the fallow lands might be broken up for sowing, when the cicala, sitting on his tree, watches the shepherd in the open day, and chirps on the topmost twig; that spiders may draw their fine webs over warlike arms, and not even the name of the battle-cry be heard. . . . In truth, the day will come when the sharp-toothed wolf, having seen the kid in his lair, shall not wish to harm it.

A LONGED-FOR PRESENCE.

As much as spring is more delightful than winter; as much as the apple than the sloe, as much as the sheep is more woolly than the lambkin, as much as a virgin is better than a thrice-wed dame, as much as a fawn is nimbler than a calf, as much as a nightingale surpasses in song all feathered kind — so much does thy longed-for presence cheer my mind; to thee I hasten as the traveler to the shady beech when the fierce sun blazes.

THEOGNIS, a Greek poet; born at Megara about 570 B.C.; died in Sicily about 500 B.C. He acted a busy part in the political affairs of his native state, and was finally driven into exile. His poems were originally composed as elegies or songs for convivial entertainments. But they abound in apothegms and moral maxims, and came to be a kind of hand-book for instruction. The selections here given are in the translation of Hookham Frere.

TRAINING IN MORALS AND MANNERS.

To rear a child is easy, but to teach
Morals and manners is beyond our reach;
To make the foolish wise, the wicked good,
That science yet was never understood.
The sons of Esculapius, if their art
Could remedy a perverse and wicked heart,
Might earn prodigious wages. But in fact
The mind is not compounded and compact
Of precept and example; human art,
In human nature has no share or part.
Hatred of vice, the fear of shame and sin,
Are things of native growth, not grafted in;
Else wise and worthy parents might correct
In children's hearts each error and defect;
Whereas we see them disappointed still.
No scheme nor artifice of human skill
Can rectify the passions or the will.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

For human nature Hope remains alone
Of all the deities; the rest are flown.
Faith is departed, Truth and Honor dead;
And all the Graces, too, my friend, are fled.
The scanty specimens of living worth
Dwindled to nothing, and extinct on earth.
Yet while I live and view the light of heaven
(Since Hope remains, and never hath been driven
From the distracted world), the single scope
Of my devotion is to worship Hope.
Where hectacombs are slain, and altars burn,
With all the deities adored in turn,
Let Hope be present And with Hope, my friend,
Let every sacrifice commence and end.

SOME DETACHED THOUGHTS.

The generous and the brave in common fame
From time to time encounter praise or blame;
The vulgar pass unheeded. None escape
Scandal or insult in some form or shape.
Most fortunate are those — alive or dead —
Of whom the least is thought, the least is said.

The largest company you could enroll
A single vessel could embark the whole!
So few there are — the noble, manly minds,
Faithful and firm; the men that honor binds;
Impregnable to danger and to pain,
And low seduction in the shape of gain.

Learning and wealth the wise and wealthy find
Inadequate to satisfy the mind;
A craving eagerness remains behind.
Something is left for which we cannot rest,
And the last something always seems the best:
Something unknown, or something unpossest.

I envy not these sumptuous obsequies,
The stately car, the purple canopies:
Much better pleased am I, remaining here,
With cheaper equipage, and better cheer.
A couch of thorns, or an embroidered bed,
Are matters of indifference to the dead.

THEOPHRASTUS, a Greek philosopher; born at Eresus, in Lesbos, about 372 B.C.; died 288 or 287 B.C. His original name was Tyrtamus. He studied at Athens, first under Plato and afterward under Aristotle. He became a great favorite with the

latter, who by the terms of his will directed that Theophrastus should succeed him as President of the Lyceum. He was an able successor to the head of the Peripatetic school, and, with a design to explain the system of Aristotle and supplement his works, he wrote several books on philosophy and natural history. His principal works which have come down to us are two botanical works, *Researches About Plants,* in nine books, and *Principles of Vegetable Life,* in six books, which show him to have been a thorough and acute inquirer; *Moral Characters,* thirty short sketches of character, such as *The Flatterer; The Grumbler; The Boastful Man; The Man of Petty Ambition.* These characters are much admired for the subtlety of thought, Attic wit, and elegance of style displayed in their composition. They have been translated into French and English and served as models for La Bruyère and some of the English writers of the seventeenth century, as Hall (*Characterismes and Vertues and Vices*), Overbury (*Properties of Sundry Persons*), Earle (*Microcosmographie*).

THE UNSEASONABLE MAN.

Unseasonableness consists in a chance meeting disagreeable to those who meet. The unseasonable man is one who will go up to a busy person and open his heart to him. He will serenade his mistress when she has a fever. He will address himself to a man who has been cast in a surety suit and request him to become his security. He will come to give evidence when the trial is over. When he is asked to a wedding he will inveigh against womankind. He will propose a walk to those who have just come off a long journey. He has a knack also of bringing a higher bidder to him who has already found his market. He loves to rise and go through a long story to those who have heard it and know it by heart; he is

zealous, too, in charging himself with offices which one would rather not have done, but is ashamed to decline. When people are sacrificing and incurring expense he will come to demand his interest; or, assisting at an arbitration, he will persist in embroiling the parties when they both wish to be reconciled And when he is minded to dance he will seize upon another person who is not yet drunk.— *The Characters; translation of* R. C. JEBB.

THE SURLY MAN.

Surliness is discourtesy in words. The surly man is one who, when asked where So-and-so is, will say, "Don't bother me;" or when spoken to will not reply. If he has anything for sale, instead of informing the buyers at what price he is prepared to sell it, he will ask them what he is to get for it. He cannot forgive a person who has besmirched him by accident, or pushed him, or trodden upon his foot. Then if a friend asks him for a subscription he will say that he cannot give one; but will come with it by and by and remark that he is losing this money also. He will not endure to wait long for anyone; nor will he consent to sing, recite, or dance. He is apt also not to pray to the gods.— *The Characters; translation of* R. C. JEBB.

THEURIET, CLAUDE ANDRÉ, a French novelist and poet; born at Marly-le-Roi, October 8, 1833. Descended of a family of Lorraine, he was educated at the College of Bar-le-Duc, studied law, and received his licentiate at Paris in 1857. About this time he entered the office of the Minister of Finance; but turning to literature, he published in the same year (1857), in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* a poem entitled *In Memoriam.* To the same review, and

to the *Revue de Paris,* he contributed numerous little poems, which met with the most happy success, and which were issued in 1867 under the collective title *Chemin des Bois.* This collection established his reputation as a poet, and was crowned by the Academy in 1868. Ten years later Theuriet received the decoration of the Legion of Honor. His later poetical works include *Les Paysans de l'Argonne* (1871); *Le Bleu et le Noir* (1873), a poem of real life; *Les Nids* (1879), in folio, illustrated by Giacomelli; *Le Livre de la Payse* (1882); *Nos Oiseaux* (1885), illustrated; *La Ronde des Saisons et des Mois* (1891). His novels are numerous; the first being *Nouvelles Intimes,* published in 1870. Among these may be included his *Sous Bois,* being the "impressions of a forester;" and his "autobiographical impressions and remembrances," entitled *Le Journal de Tristan* (1883). *La Chanoinesse* was published in 1893. He has also given to the stage a few plays taken from his novels; and as an art-critic he is known by his *Jules Bastien-Lepage, l'Homme et l'Artiste.*

It ought to be explained that in the following selection, the word "king" is used in allusion to the French *roitelet.*

THE WREN.

This tiny bird is a lover of tall trees, the pines in which the wind makes such grand music, especially the great fir-trees of the Vosges; there he loves to sway and rock, with the waving sea of forest below; there he builds his little marvel of a nest, a hollow ball of daintily woven moss and spiders' webs, lined with the warmest and softest down — the very perfection of down, culled from poplar catkins, the ripe heads of thistles, and the cottony seeds of the willow herb. The only entrance to this cosey nest is by a tiny hole in one side: and here the female lays

her eggs, from seven to eleven at a time, no bigger than peas. Only kings and poor people have these large families! The wren has both royal and plebeian blood in his small body: his size, his industrious ways, and his cheery temper stamp him as one of the people; but for all that he wears a crown, and reigns, after a fashion of his own, in the woods. It is a mysterious, intangible sort of sovereignty, something like Queen Mab's and Oberon's, but not the less real. You may see how it is in winter, when all the singing-birds are gone: there is the wren darting backward and forward, glancing like a will-o'-the wisp through the masses of the sleeping trees, the only thing of life and motion there. Above the underwood, white with snow, he every now and then lifts his pretty, yellow-crested head; lightly and deftly he passes through the thickest brushwood, and the bird-catcher's net has no terrors for him as he slips through its closest meshes. The cold of the winter seems only to quicken his warm blood, and he stands ten degrees of it bravely. When the streams are frozen into silence, and not even a field-mouse is astir, the wood-cutter, as he blows on his fingers to get a firmer grip of the axe, hears a merry cry and sees a dainty creature with red-gold crest flash past: it is the familiar spirit of the woods, the wren, flouting snow and wind. The brave little bird's shrill note makes the old wood-cutter less lonely, and he sets to work again with fresh courage. — *Nos Oiseaux.*

THIBAULT, JACQUES ANATOLE ("ANATOLE FRANCE"), a French novelist, poet and critic; born at Paris, April 16, 1844. He was educated at the College of St. Stanislaus. The son of a bookseller, he was brought up among books and amid literary surroundings; and in 1876 he became an attaché of the library of the Senate. He was for

ANATOLE FRANCE.

years known as a brilliant correspondent of several journals, notably *La Vie Littéraire; Le Globe; Les Débats; Le Journal Officiel;* and *Le Temps;* and was called to replace on the latter periodical Jules Claretie when that gentleman became administrator of the Comédie Française. In this connection he gave to the world a very remarkable series of weekly chronicles under the general title of *La Vie Littéraire.* On December 31, 1884, he received the decoration of the Legion of Honor; and in 1896 he was elected a member of the French Academy.

He made his début in literature by a biographical study of *Alfred de Vigny* (1868), which was followed by two volumes of poetry, *Poèmes Dorés* (1873) and *Noces Corinthiennes* (1876). *Jocaste,* a romance, appeared in 1879, together with the novel entitled *Le Chat Maigre.* About this time he issued a number of literary studies: *Racine; Molière; Manon Lescaut; Le Diable Boiteux; Paul et Virginie,* and others, including a remarkable essay on the life and writings of *Lucille de Chateaubriand* (1879). His later writings include *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard* (1881), which was crowned by the Academy; *Les Désirs de Jean Servien* (1882); *Abielle* (1883), a story; *Le Livre de Mon Ami* (1885); *Nos Enfants* (1886), being a series of city and country "scenes;" *Balthazar* (1889); *Thais* (1890); two collections of articles from *Les Temps,* under the title *La Vie Littéraire* (1888–90), and *L'Orme du Mail* (1897).

THE PRECOCIOUS VISITOR.

As soon as I arrived, I fell into ecstasy in presence of two Chinese idols placed on either side of the clock on the chimney-piece. They wagged their heads and put out

their tongues in a most marvelous manner, and when I learned that they came from China I resolved to go there. I was sure that it was somewhere behind the *Arc de Triomphe,* and determined to make my *bonne* take me there; but my project failed. One day I saw there a gentleman sitting on my small couch, which displeased and irritated me, so that in my vexation, being determined to draw attention to myself, I asked for some sugar and water, and grew ferociously angry on hearing the gentleman remark, "He must be an only child; he seems so much spoiled." That day I left without kissing the white lady, as a punishment for her. Another time, the white lady desiring to be left alone with the same gentleman, I was sent into the dining-room, where I had for amusement nothing but a picture clock, which struck only the hours. It was a long one hour. The cook came and gave me some jam, which for a moment relieved the grief of my heart. But when the jam was all gone, my grief returned. I flattened my nose against the window, I pulled the horsehair out of the chairs, I made the holes in the wall-paper larger, I plucked out the fringe of the curtain; and, at last, when I was bored to death, I raised myself to the knob of the door. I knew I was doing an indiscreet, a bad action, but I opened the door, and there I found the white lady standing against the chimney-piece, while the gentleman, on his knees at her feet, was opening his arms wide to embrace her. He was redder than a cockscomb, and his eyes seemed starting out of their sockets. The lady said: "Let there be an end of this, sir." He rose when he saw me, and I think he wanted to throw me out of the window. When the lady in black came in, the white lady said: "Monsieur Arnoux called, but only stayed a second." The lady's good genius inspired me to hold my tongue, for I was going to cry out that it was a falsehood, and that the gentleman had stayed a very long time. I was astonished when a child at the absurdity of grown-up people. My mother said to me that she had cried as she listened to *Les Enfants d'Edouard.* I replied that he must be very wicked to make her cry. She answered that it was all a matter of *feeling* and *talent.* I failed to understand what she meant: at four years of age

it is difficult to comprehend the sweetness of tears.—*From Le Livre de Mon Ami.*

THE OLD BIBLE.

At evening, at the family table, under the lamp which burned with infinite mildness, I turned over my old Bible with the ancient prints, which my mother had given me, and which I devoured with my eyes before ever I was able to read. It was an excellent old Bible, dating from the commencement of the seventeenth century; the engravings were by a Dutch artist, who had represented the terrestrial paradise in the guise of a landscape in the neighborhood of Amsterdam. The hills were covered with oaks grown awry in the wind from the sea. The meadows, admirably drained, were intercepted by rows of mouldy willows. An apple-tree with mossy boughs represented the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. The animals in view were domesticated, and presented the idea of a farm with a well-regulated poultry yard. There were the oxen, the sheep, the rabbits, and a fine horse of Brabant, clipped and groomed, waiting to be harnessed to the carriage of the burgomaster. All this enraptured me. I do not speak of Eve, who was portrayed as a Flemish beauty; but here were the lost treasures. I was still more interested in Noah's ark. I can yet see the spacious and circular hull surmounted by a cabin made of planks. O, marvel of tradition! Among my toys was a Noah's ark of an exact similitude, painted red, with all the animals in pairs, and Noah and his children standing round them. It was a great proof to me of the truth of the Scriptures. "*Teste David cum Sibylla.*" At the period of the tower of Babel the personages in my Bible were sumptuously clothed according to their condition: the warriors in the pattern of the Romans of Trajan's Column; princes with turbans; the women looking like those of Rubens; the shepherds in the fashion of brigands; and the angels modelled after the Jesuits. The tents of the soldiers resembled the rich pavilions seen in tapestries; the palaces were an imitation of the Renaissance. There were the nymphs of Jean Goujon in the fountain in which Bathsheba bathed. That

is the reason these pictures gave me the impression of a profound antiquity. I doubted whether even my grandfather, severely as he had been wounded at Waterloo — in remembrance of which he always wore a bouquet of violets in his button-hole — could have known the tower of Babel and the baths of Bathsheba.

O, my old Bible with its engravings! What delight I felt in turning over its pages in the evening, when the pupils of my eyes already half swam with the rapturous undulations of infantine slumber. How I saw God there in a white beard! How sincerely I believed in Him! — although, between ourselves, I considered Him inclined to be whimsical, violent, and wrathful; but I did not ask Him to render an account of His actions — I was accustomed to see great personages behaving in an uncomprehensible manner. And then I had at that time a philosophy; I believed in the universal infallibility of men and matter. I was persuaded that there was a rational reason for everything, and that such a vast affair as this world was governed with seriousness, — a wisdom which I forsook with my ancient Bible! What regrets have I not since had! Only consider. To be one's self quite little, and to be able to attain to the end of the world after an honest walk. To believe that one has the secret of the universe in an old book, under the lamp, when the room is warm! To be in no trouble, and yet to dream! For in those days I dreamed, and all the personages in my old Bible came as soon as I had lain down, and passed the footboard of my bed in procession. Yes, kings bearing sceptres, and crowns, and prophets with their long beards draped under an eternal gust of wind, passed before me with dignified good nature while I slept. After the procession they went to arrange themselves in a box of Nuremberg toys. But I did not understand why God had prohibited that good Flemish Eve from touching the fruits of the tree which gave pleasant knowledge. I know it now, and I am very near believing that the God of my old Bible was right. That wise old man, a lover of gardens, said to Himself no doubt: "Science does not make happiness, and when men come to know much of history and of geography they will grow sad." And He was not

mistaken. If, peradventure, He still lives, He must felicitate Himself on His foresight. We have eaten the fruit of the tree of science, and it has left a taste of ashes in our mouths.— *From The Chief Influence on My Career.*

(Reprinted from *The Forum* of November, 1895, by special arrangement with the publishers.)

THIERRY, JACQUES NICOLAS AUGUSTIN, a French historian; born at Blois, May 10, 1795; died at Paris, May 22, 1856. He went to Paris, where he became an associate of Saint-Simon, and at nineteen published an essay on the Reorganization of European Society, embodying the theory of one confederate government, for the whole of Europe, each people, however, preserving its distinct national existence. He soon devoted himself strictly to historical study, and in 1825 published his *History of the Conquest of England by the Normans,* which placed him in the first rank of modern historians, as distinguished from mere chroniclers on the one hand and from historical theorists on the other. Thierry's other works are *Letters on the History of France* (1827); *Ten Years of Historical Studies* (1834); *Narrative of the Times of the Merovingians* (1840); *Essay on the Formation and Progress of the Third Estate* (1853). All these have been translated into English; the *History of the Conquest of England* best by William Hazlitt.

THE PARTITION OF ENGLAND AMONG THE NORMAN CONQUERORS.

A close inquiry was made into the names of all the English partisans of Harold who had either died in battle, or survived the defeat, or who by involuntary delays had been prevented from joining the royal standard. All the property of these three classes of men was confiscated. The children of the first class were declared forever disinherited. The second class were in like manner wholly dispossessed of their estates and property of every kind; and, says one of the Normans, were only too grateful to be allowed to retain their lives. Lastly, those who had not taken up arms were also despoiled of all they possessed, for having had the intention of taking up arms; but by special grace they were allowed to entertain the hope that after many long years of obedience and devotion to the foreign power, not they, indeed, but their children, might perhaps obtain from their masters some portion of their paternal heritage.

The immense product of this universal spoliation became the reward of those adventureres who had enrolled under the banner of the Duke of Normandy. The chief — now the King of England — retained, in the first place, for his own share all the treasure of the ancient kings, the church plate, and all that was most precious in the shops of the merchants. William sent a portion of these riches to Pope Alexander II., with Harold's standard in exchange for that which had triumphed at Hastings, and all the foreign churches in which psalms had been chanted and tapers burned for the success of the invasion received in recompense crosses, sacred vessels, and cloth-of-gold.

After the king and clergy had taken their share, that of the soldiers was awarded according to their rank and the conditions of their engagement. Those who at the camp of Dive had done homage for lands then to be conquered received those of the dispossessed English. The barons and knights had vast domains, castles, villages, and even whole cities. The simple vassals had smaller por-

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

tions. Some received their pay in money; others had stipulated that they should have a Saxon wife, and William — says the Norman chronicler — gave them in marriage noble dames, great heiresses whose husbands had fallen in the battle. Only one among the knights who had accompanied the Conqueror, claimed neither land, gold, nor wife, and would accept none of the spoils of the conquered. His name was Guilbert Fitz-Richard; he said that he had accompanied the king his lord to England because such was his duty; but that stolen goods had no attraction for him, and that he would return to Normandy and enjoy his own heritage — a moderate but legitimate heritage — and, content with his own lot, would rob no one.— *The Conquest of England by the Normans.*

THIERS, Louis Adolphe, a French statesman and historian; born at Marseilles, April 15, 1797; died at St. Germain-en-Laye, near Paris, September 3, 1877. He studied law at Aix, where he practiced from 1818 to 1821, when he went to Paris, and soon entered upon political journalism. To narrate his public career would be to write the political history of France for more than half a century. We touch only upon some of its salient points. In 1832 he was made Minister of the Interior; in 1834 he became head of the Ministry, a position which he resigned in 1840, and was succeeded by Guizot. He was elected a member of the French Academy in 1836. He acquiesced in the establishment of the Republic after the overthrow of Louis Philippe in 1848. At the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon at the close of 1852, Thiers was arrested and banished from France. He was soon permitted to return to Paris, but kept

aloof from politics until 1863, when he was elected to the Assembly, and took his place as an opponent of the foreign policy of Napoleon III. He was bitter in his denunciations of the ambitious projects of Prussia, and what he designated as the supineness of the French Government. He, however, opposed the declaration of war in 1870, on the ground that France was wholly unprepared to enter upon the contest. After the overthrow of Napoleon III., Thiers was placed at the head of affairs, under the title of "Chief of the Executive Power." He persuaded the Provisional Government to secure peace by yielding to the hard terms imposed by Germany. The insurrection of the communes having been put down, Thiers was in 1871 made President of the French Republic. He held this position only two years, when he was superseded by Marshal MacMahon; though up to the time of his death he was regarded as the head of the Conservative Republican party. Thiers wrote much upon the various literary and political topics; but his permanent place in literature rests upon his two great historical works, the *History of the French Revolution* (10 vols., 1822–27), and the *History of the Consulate and of the Empire* (20 vols., 1845–63). Our selections are in the translation of D. Forbes Campbell.

BONAPARTE CROSSING THE ST. BERNARD.

At the middle of May, 1800, the First Consul was still at Martigny, proposing not to cross the St. Bernard till with his own eyes he had seen the last portion of the *matériel* despatched. The tidings which Berthier had sent him of the obstacle of Fort Bard, which he deemed insurmountable, gave him at first a kind of shock; but he soon recovered himself, and obstinately refused to entertain the idea of a retrograde movement. Nothing

in the world would have induced him to submit to such an extremity. He thought that if one of the highest mountains of the globe had not stopped him, a secondary rock would not be capable of baffling his courage or his genius. "They will take the fort," said he, "by a bold stroke; if it is not to be taken, it must be turned. Besides, provided the infantry and the cavalry can pass with a few four-pounders, they will proceed to the Ivrea, at the entrance of the plain, and wait there until the heavy artillery can follow them. If this heavy artillery cannot clear the obstacle that has presented itself, and if to replace it they must take that of the enemy, the French infantry is numerous and brave enough to fall upon the Austrian artillery and to carry off their guns."

Again he resorted to the study of his maps; he questioned a great number of Italian officers, and, learning from them that other roads led from Aosta to the surrounding valleys, he wrote letter after letter to Berthier, forbidding him to interrupt the movement of the army, and indicated with astonishing precision the reconnoissances that ought to be made around the Fort of Bard. Satisfied that no serious danger could arise except from the arrival of a hostile corps to close the débouche of Ivrea, he enjoined Berthier to send Lannes on by the path of Albaredo, and to make him take up a strong position there, covered from the Austrian artillery and cavalry. "Provided he can keep the door of the valley," added the First Consul, "no matter what may occur, at worst we can but lose a little time. We have a sufficient quantity of provisions to wait; and we shall gain our point at last, either by turning or by overcoming the obstacle which stops us at the moment.

Having given instructions to Berthier, Bonaparte addressed his last orders to General Moncey, who was to debouch from the St. Gothard; to General Chabran, who, crossing the Little St. Bernard, would come right upon the Fort of Bard, and he at length determined upon crossing the mountain himself. Before he set out, he received intelligence from the Var that on the 14th of May Baron de Melas was still at Nice. As it was now the 20th, it was not to be supposed that the Austrian general had hur-

ried in the space of six days from Nice to Ivrea. He set out, therefore, to cross the Col before daylight on the 20th. He was accompanied by Duroc, his aide-de-camp, and Bourrienne, his secretary.

Artists have delineated him crossing the Alpine heights mounted on a fiery steed. The plain truth is, that he ascended the St. Bernard in that gray surtout which he generally wore upon a mule, led by a guide belonging to the country, evincing in the difficult passes the abstraction of a mind occupied elsewhere. He conversed with the officers scattered on the road, and at intervals questioned the guide who attended him, making him relate the particulars of his life — his pleasures, his pains — like an idle traveler who has nothing better to do. This guide, who was quite young, gave him a simple recital of the details of his obscure existence, and especially the vexation he felt, because, for the want of a little money, he could not marry one of the girls of the valley.

The First Consul — sometimes listening, sometimes questioning the passengers with whom the mountain was covered — arrived at the Hospice, where the worthy monks gave him a warm reception. No sooner had he alighted from his mule than he wrote a note which he handed to his guide, desiring him to be sure and deliver it to the quarter-master of the army, who had been left on the other side of the St. Bernard. In the evening the young man, on returning to St. Pierre, learned with surprise what powerful traveler it was whom he had guided in the morning; and that General Bonaparte had ordered that a house and a piece of ground should be given to him, and that he should be supplied, in short, with the means requisite for marrying, and for realizing all the dreams of his modest ambition. This mountaineer died not long since, in his own country, the owner of the land given to him by the ruler of the world.

The First Consul halted for a short time with the monks, thanked them for their attention to his army, and made them a magnificent present for the relief of the poor and the travelers. He descended rapidly, suffering himself, according to the custom of the country, to glide down upon the snow; and arrived the same evening at Étroubles.

Next day, after paying some attention to the park of artillery and to the provisions, he started for Aosta and Bard.— *The Consulate and the Empire.*

THIRLWALL, Connop, an English ecclesiastic and historian; born at Stepney, January 11, 1797; died at Bath, July 27, 1875. He was educated at Cambridge, taking his Master's degree in 1821, and was made a Fellow of his college. He studied law, and was called to the bar in 1825, but soon gave up the profession of law for that of theology, and in 1828 was inducted into a rectorship in Yorkshire. In 1840 he was made Bishop of St. David's, in Wales, holding the bishopric until his resignation in 1874. In 1828, in conjunction with C. J. Hare, to whom he afterward dictated his *History of Greece,* he translated the first two books of Niebuhr's *History of Rome.* Thirlwall's *History of Greece* was originally written for Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia* (1835); but was afterward greatly enlarged, and published separately (8 vols., 1845–52). The *Literary and Theological Remains* of Thirlwall, edited by Perowne, were published in 1876.

THE ATHENIAN SOPHISTS AND RHETORICIANS.

At Athens, where the value of eloquence, as a weapon or a shield, was felt every day more and more, the youths who flocked around the Sophists were in general much less anxious about the truths which they had to deliver than desirous of acquiring the art which would enable them to shine in the Assembly, to prevail in courts of justice, and to argue on any subject and on any side,

so as to perplex their adversary and to impose on their hearers.

It was not by an accidental coincidence that the masters who taught the art also held doctrines which tended to universal scepticism. It is probable indeed that each Sophist had some favorite topics on which he discoursed more readily than upon others; but still it seems that they were all ambitious of the reputation of being able to discuss any subject that might be proposed to them; though it is only of Gorgias we hear that he publicly undertook to speak on any thesis, and answer any question. All subjects might equally serve for dialectic or rhetorical exercises. So, according to the avowed doctrine of Protagoras and Gorgias, no truth could claim any higher value than that of a plausible opinion. The newest and boldest propositions afforded most room for the display of acuteness and ingenuity.

It may easily be imagined how many popular prejudices, which had long been held sacred, must have been violently shaken by these disputations; how many objects which had hitherto been viewed with awe must have lost their venerable aspect among men whose minds had been chiefly formed by a poetical literature, and who had been used to connect not only their religious belief, but their social duties, with the rites of superstitious worship and the traditions of a fantastical mythology. The masters who had helped to excite this fluctuation and conflict of opinion neither wished nor were able to lay it. They had nothing more valuable or solid to substitute for the vulgar errors which they had dislodged.—*History of Greece.*

ALEXANDER THE GREAT AND HIS CONQUESTS.

It is not to be supposed that in any of his undertakings Alexander was animated by speculative curiosity or by abstract philanthropy. If he sought to discover as well as to conquer, it was because the limits of the known world were too narrow for his ambition. His main object undoubtedly was to found a solid and flourishing empire; but the means which he adopted for this end were such as the highest wisdom and benevolence might have sug-

gested to him in his situation, without any selfish motive. And as his merit is not the less because so many of his works were swept away by the inroads of savage and fanatic hordes, so it must be remembered that his untimely death left all that he had begun unfinished, and most that he meditated unknown; that he could hardly be said to have completed the subjugation of the lands comprised within the limits of the Persian Empire. Still, it cannot be denied that the immediate operation of his conquests was highly beneficial to the conquered people. . . .

Let anyone contemplate the contrast between the state of Asia under Alexander and the time when Egypt was either in revolt against Persia, or visited by her irritated conquerors with the punishment of repeated insurrection; when almost every part of the great mountain-range which traverses the length of Asia from the Mediterranean to the borders of India was inhabited by fierce, independent tribes; when the Persian kings themselves were forced to pay tribute before they were allowed to pass from one of their capitals to the other. Let anyone endeavor to enter into the feelings with which a Phœnician merchant must have viewed the change which took place on the face of the earth when the Egyptian Alexandria had begun to receive and to pour out an inexhaustible tide of wealth; when Babylon had become a great port; when a passage was opened both by sea and land between the Euphrates and the Indus; when the forests on the shores of the Caspian had begun to resound with the axe and the hammer. It will then appear that this part of the benefits which flowed from Alexander's conquest cannot be easily exaggerated.— *History of Greece.*

THOLUCK, Friedrich August Gottreu, a German theologian; born at Breslau, March 30, 1799; died at Halle, March 30, 1877. He studied at the University of Breslau, and afterward at Berlin, where he devoted himself especially to the Oriental languages and to those of modern Europe, and in the number of languages which he mastered he almost rivalled Cardinal Mezzofanti. At twenty-three he was made professor of Oriental Literature at Berlin; and in 1826 was called to the chair of Theology at Halle, a position which he held until his death. He came to be recognized as the representative man of the "Evangelistic" as distinguished from the "Rationalistic" school of German theologians of his day. His writings are numerous, and many of them have been translated into English. They include commentaries upon several books of the Old and New Testaments; treatises in opposition to the various phases of rationalism, and several volumes relating to Oriental literature. He was pastor of the students as well as professor of theology, and he is better known by his sermons than by his exegetical and polemic writings. In 1863 was published, in five volumes, a selection from his sermons entitled *Discourses on the Principal Points of the Christian Faith and Life.*

THE RELATIONS OF CHRISTIANS TO THE LAW.

Our fathers found a great part of their guilt to consist in the fact that the discipline of the law did not control with sufficient power the internal Christian character. If now we take notice that Christians of modern days are speaking constantly and exclusively of "freedom," of

"spirit," of "the children of God," but very seldom of "the discipline of the law," of "self-denial," as the true idea of the words "servant of God," we shall regard it as a profitable exercise to examine the question, "What is the true idea of the outward disciplinary influence of law upon the inward Christian character?" A comprehensive explanation of the subject we find in the expression of our Lord (Mark ii. 27, 28): "And He said unto them, the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Therefore the Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath-day."

There is something enigmatical in these words; and yet their meaning may be easily discovered. That the Saviour permitted his disciples to pluck the ears of corn on the Sabbath, and thus to break the law of rigid observance of the day, has been a stumbling-block to theologians. By this act the Lord shows what is the binding force of an eternal, and especially of a ceremonial, law. "Man," he says, "was not made for the Sabbath;" that is, the end of man's existence is not attained by the observance of the ceremonial law; the end of his existence is life in God; instead of man being made for the Sabbath, the Sabbath was made for him. That is, such external ordinances as the Sabbath are instituted for the purpose of educating man. . . .

The Son of Man and of God is Lord over the law, because he has the Spirit without measure. The same Spirit, however, will be given to his followers through faith. And therefore this language teaches us that where the Spirit of God controls, the outward discipline of the law ceases. But it teaches us, with the same certainty, that where the Spirit of God does not yet control, there the outward discipline of the law must remain.— *The Christian Faith and Life.*

THOMAS, Edith Matilda, an American poet and essayist; born at Chatham, Ohio, August 12, 1854. She was educated at the Normal Institute, Geneva, Ohio. She composed verses in her childhood, and grew up familiar with the best English classics, especially Spenser, Milton, and Keats. In 1881 she met Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, who appreciated her work and introduced her to the *Century Magazine,* in which much of her writing has since appeared. She published in book-form *A New Year's Masque and Other Poems* (1885); *The Round Year* (prose, 1886); *Lyrics and Sonnets* (1887); *Children of the Season* (1888); *Babes of the Year* (1888); *Babes of the Nations* (1889); *Heaven and Earth* (1889); *The Inverted Torch* (1890); *Fair Shadow Land* (1893); *In Sunshine Land* (1895); *In the Young World* (1895); *A Winter Swallow* (1896), and *Cassia and Other Verse* (1905).

SYRINX.

Come forth, too timid spirit of the reed!
Leave thy plashed coverts and elusions shy,
And find delight at large in grove and mead.
No ambushed harm, no wanton, peering eye;
The shepherd's uncouth god thou need'st not fear —
Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

'Tis but the vagrant wind that makes thee start —
The pleasure-loving south, the freshening west;
The willow-woven veil they softly part
To fan the lily on the stream's warm breast;
No ruder stir, no footstep pressing near —
Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

Whether he lies in some mossed wood, asleep,
And heeds not how the acorns drop around,
Or in some shelly cavern near the deep,
Lulled by its pulses of eternal sound,
He wakes not, answers not our sylvan cheer —
Pan has been gone this many a silent year.

Else we had seen him, through the mists of morn,
To upland pasture lead his bleating charge:
There is no shag upon the stunted thorn,
No hoof-print on the river's silver marge;
Nor broken branch of pine, nor ivied spear —
Pan has not passed that way for many a year.

O tremulous elf, reach me a hollow pipe,
The best and smoothest of thy mellow store.
Now I may blow till Time be hoary ripe,
And listening streams forsake the paths they wore.
Pan loved the sound, but now will never hear —
Pan has not trimmed a reed this many a year.

And so, come freely forth, and through the sedge
Lift up a dimpled, warm, Arcadian face,
As on that day when fear thy feet did fledge,
And thou didst safely win the breathless race. . . .
I am deceived: nor Pan nor thou art here —
Pan has been gone this many a silent year.

— *A New Year's Masque and Other Poems.*

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

Noblesse oblige. What though ye gain
The sightly ground above the plain?
We wait to see your signal glow
Upon the mountain's ancient snow:
Now speed, since all return is vain.
If, looking downward, ye were fain
In the sweet valley to remain,
A voice would warn you from below,—
Noblesse oblige!

Ye burden-bearers, ne'er complain,
Though more and more ye must sustain.
On you their loads will many throw;
Make broad your shoulders; blessings go
With those who help the wailing train —
Noblesse oblige!
—*A New Year's Masque and Other Poems.*

A FLUTE.

"How shall I liken thee, reed of my choice,
Spirit-like, fugitive, wavering voice?"
"I am an oread lost to the hills,
Sick for the mountain-wind tossing my rills;
Sighing from memory snatches of song
Pine-trees have sung to me all the night long;
Shrouded they sang to me, mingling my dreams;
Down through their tapestries planets shot gleams.
Eagles on cliffs between heaven and me
Looked from their watch-towers, far on the sea."
"How wast thou taken, sweet — lost to the hills,
Footprints of thine no more seen by the rills?"

"Quickly I answer thee: Sorrow came by,
Made me her foster-child, loving my cry."
— *Lyrics and Sonnets.*

WINTER LEAFAGE.

Each year I mark one lone, outstanding tree,
Clad in its robings of the summer past,
Dry, wan, and shivering in the wintry blast.
It will not pay the season's rightful fee,
It will not set its frost-burnt leafage free;
But, like some palsied miser all aghast,
Who hoards his sordid treasure to the last,
It sighs, it moans, it sings in eldritch glee.
A foolish tree, to dote on summers gone;
A faithless tree, that never feels how spring
Creeps up the world to make a leafy dawn,

And recompense for all despoilment bring!
Oh, let me not, heyday and youth withdrawn,
With failing hands to their vain semblance cling!
— *Lyrics and Sonnets*

SPIRIT TO SPIRIT.

Dead? Not to thee, thou keen watcher — not silent, not viewless to thee,
Immortal, still wrapped in the mortal! I from the mortal set free,
Greet thee by many clear tokens, thou smilest to hear and see.
For I when thou wakest at dawn, to thee am the entering morn:
And I, when thou walkest abroad, am the dew on the leaf and thorn,
The tremulous glow of the noon, the twilight on harvests of corn.

I am the flower by the wood-path — thou bendest to look in my eyes;
The bird in its nest in the thicket — thou heedest my love-laden cries;
The planet that leads the night legions — thou liftest thy gaze to the skies.

And I am the soft-dropping rain, the snow with its fluttering swarms;
The summer-day cloud on the hill-tops, that showeth thee manifold forms;
The wind from the south and the west, the voice that sings courage in storms.

Sweet was the earth to thee ever, but sweeter by far to thee now:
How hast thou room for tears, when all times marvellest thou,
Beholding who dwells with God in the blossoming sward and bough!

Once as a wall were the mountains, once darkened between
us the sea;
No longer these thwart and baffle, forbidding my passage
to thee:
Immortal, still wrapped in the mortal, I linger till thou
art set free!

—*Lyrics and Sonnets.*

THE QUIET PILGRIM.

When on my soul in nakedness
His swift, avertless hand did press,
Then I stood still, nor cried aloud,
Nor murmured low in ashes bowed;
And, since my woe is utterless,
To supreme quiet I am vowed;
Afar from me be moan and tears —
I shall go softly all my years.

Whenso my quick, light-sandallèd feet
Bring me where Joys and Pleasures meet,
I mingle with their throng at will;
They know me not an alien still,
Since neither words nor ways unsweet
Of storèd bitterness I spill;
Youth shuns me not, nor gladness fears —
For I go softly all my years.

Whenso I come where Griefs convene,
And in my ear their voice is keen,
They know me not, as on I glide,
That with Arch Sorrow I abide.
They haggard are, and drooped of mien,
And round their brows have cypress tied:
Such shows I leave to light Grief's peers —
I shall go softly all my years.

Yea, softly, heart of hearts unknown.
Silence hath speech that passeth moan,
More piercing-keen than breathèd cries
To such as heed, made sorrow-wise.

But save this voice without a tone,
That runs before me to the skies,
And rings above Thy ringing spheres,
Lord, I go softly all my years.

MUSIC.

The god of music dwelleth out of doors.
All seasons through his minstrelsy we meet,
Breathing by field and covert haunting-sweet:
From organ-lofts in forests old he pours
A solemn harmony: on leafy floors
To smooth, autumnal pipes he moves his feet,
Or with the tingling plectrum of the sleet
In winter keen beats out his thrilling scores.
Leave me the reed unplucked beside the stream,
And he will stoop and fill it with the breeze;
Leave me the viol's frame in secret trees,
Unwrought, and it shall wake a Druid theme;
Leave me the whispering shell on nereid shores:
The god of music dwelleth out of doors.

NOVEMBER SIGHTS, AND SOUNDS.

It is wonderful how the grass contrives to double the seasons. It has two spring-times, and grows bravely up to the very threshold of winter, both on the vernal and autumnal side. In some places, it may have communicated its courageous spirit to the neighboring plants. This November blue-violet, does it not sweetly and acceptably apologize for the absence of blue overhead? Here and there the dandelion still contributes its penny-worth of sunshine. These signs of nature's vernal feeling in the dead of the year affect us with such surprise as we have at seeing the summer-time constellations rising before the dawn of a winter day. But the pushing thriftiness of the grass cannot mask the prevailing soberness of the season. In pastures, and about the fence corners, weeds of rank flowerage during the autumn now stand with hoary or black tops, like a row of snuffed-out candles once used for an illumination. Here is the milk-

weed, with its pods set so as to represent a bevy of birds; but the wind is plucking off their silken white plumage, and sending it wastefully adrift through the field. Here a shabby thistle is putting out a last purple pretence of decayed royalty. "Poverty grass," with its straight, wispy bents, bleached white, and standing in even parallels, look like the thread of the warp in the loom. But there is not so much as a spider to put in a gossamer filling. I sometimes hear a faint, thin note in the grass, much like the rattling of small seeds in a dry husk: this, I fancy, may be the lay of the last cricket. Once in a long interval, my foot starts up a decrepit grasshopper, frost-bitten and rheumatic — possibly the old, immortal Tithonus of the fable. Here a puff-ball, grown to prodigious size, and torn or burst open at the top, is sifting its fine, snuff-colored dust into the wind. It suggests *diablerie;* indeed, the brown elves must use it as a censer in their unhallowed midnight incantations. Weird and eldritch suggestions are plenty on every side. If you walk in the woods, you are startled by mysterious small sounds — panic noises, which you cannot readily trace to an origin. That old rustic practical joker, who in his day has frightened so many a solitary traveler, was never more alive and maliciously inventive than now. He it is, undoubtedly, who sends the partridge detonating through the dry leaves directly in our path; who sets the woodpecker to despatching telegraphic messages, with a hollow tap, tap, on some sonorous trunk close by; who makes the trees groan humanly among their upper branches, and the dry leaves on the scrub-oak discourse gibberish. Sometimes where the fallen leaves are glued together with mildew, one detaches itself from the sodden company, and turns deliberately over, with a beckoning motion. Then I see the brown, charm-weaving hand of some ancient earth-sibyl. On a hard-bound December evening, the low, faint shudder running through the crisp leaves and grasses brings to mind a certain awesome scripture: "Thou shalt be brought down, and shalt speak out of the ground, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust, and thy voice shall be as of one that hath a

familiar spirit, out of the ground, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust."— *The Round Year.*

SNOW.

The first flakes of the year — how doubtful, wavering, tentative, as though there were as yet no beaten path for them to follow in their journey from the clouds to earth, or as though they were unwilling to desert the goodly society of their kindred in the sky. The blades of tender autumnal grass looked very cold, lifted through the scant coverlet spread by a first snow; one shivers seeing them, and wishes that their retirement might be hastened. The wanderings of the dead leaves are brought to an end by the snow, to which they impart a stain from the coloring-matter not yet leached from their tissues. By this circumstance the age of the seasons might be gauged, approximately; at least, the snows of the later winter suffer no such discoloration from contact with the leaf-strewn ground.

When the snow is damp and clinging, as it not unfrequently is at the beginning and end of the winter, a wonderful white spring-time comes upon the earth. Behold, the orchards bloom again almost in the similitude of May; the dry stalks in the garden undergo the miracle that befell the bishop's staff in the legend, and deck themselves with beauty. Last summer's nests are again tenanted, brooded by doves of peace descended from heaven. Every cobweb which the wind has spared, under the eaves or in the porch, displays a fluttering increment of snow. What a deal of wool-gathering there has been! The rough bark of the trees, the roofs and clap-boards of the houses, are hung with soft shreds and tatters! the "finger of heaven" has put on a white cot. If we walk abroad in this new creation, it shall seem that we have been suddenly let into some magnified frost-picture; nor can we be quite sure that we ourselves are not of the same frail, ethereal texture as the exquisite work around us, and, like it, destined to glide into naught under the arrows of the sun. . . .

On a stormy evening, when the air is thick with fly-

ing snow, I have received charming suggestions from the village lights. Walls, roofs, bounding-lines generally, are lost in the snowy obscurity; but the hospitable windows remain — curtained, mellow-tinted panes, or curtainless pictures of fireside comfort, framed, apparently, by mist and cloud. At a little distance it were easy to imagine that these windows belonged to the ground-floor of heaven, rather than to any houses made with hands.

Though the trumpets of the sky may have been blown in its van, the snow, when it arrives on earth, abhors and annihilates all loud noise. How muffled and remote are the sounds in a village during a great snow-fall — all mutes and subvocals. Stamping of feet in the porch across the way is reported distantly sonorous, as though the noise had been made in a subterranean chamber. Across the high, smooth fields comes the faint pealing of a bell, mysteriously sweet. The bell hangs in the church of a neighboring village; I have often heard it before, but not with the same impression as now. So might have sounded the chimes in the buried church of the legend on a Christmas morning.— *The Round Year.*

THOMPSON, JAMES MAURICE, an American poet and novelist; born at Fairfield, Ind., September 9, 1844; died at Indianapolis, Ind., February 15, 1901. His parents removing to Georgia, he enlisted in the Confederate army, and at the end of the war returned to Indiana, and rose from a subordinate position to the head of a railway survey. After a course of study in law he began practice in Crawfordsville, Ind., was elected to the Legislature in 1879, and appointed chief of the State Geological Survey in 1885. His works of fiction

attracted wide attention for their original observation, large information, and poetic richness of diction. His volumes are *Hoosier Mosaics* (1875); *The Witchery of Archery* (1878); *A Tallahassee Girl* (1882); *His Second Campaign* (1882); *Songs of Fair Weather* (1883); *At Love's Extremes* (1885); *By-Ways and Bird Notes* (1885); *The Boys' Book of Sports* (1886); *A Banker of Bankersville* (1886); *Sylvan Secrets* (1887); *The Story of Louisiana* (1888); *A Fortnight of Folly* (1888); *The King of Honey Island* (1893); *Lincoln's Grave,* the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa poem (1894); *The Ocala Boy* (1895); *My Winter Garden* (1900), and *Alice of Old Vincennes* (1900).

THE KINGFISHER.

The kingfisher is a dash of bright blue in every choice bit of brook-side poetry or painting; he is a warm fragment of tropical life and color, left over from the largess bestowed upon our frigid world by one of those fervid periods of ancient creative force so dear to the imagination, and so vaguely limned on the pages of science. The bird, by some fine law, keeps its artistic value fully developed. You never see *Alcyon* out of keeping with the environment; even when going into the little dark hole in the earth, where its nest is hidden, the flash of turquoise light with which it disappears leaves a sheen on the observer's memory as fascinating and evasive as some fleeting poetical allusion.

Ceryle Alcyon! how sweet the name in the midst of those jarring sounds invented by science. Coming upon it in the catalogues is like hearing a cultured voice in the midst of a miner's broil, or like meeting a beautiful child in a cabinet of fossils. *Ceryle Alcyon* suggests sunshine, bright water, dreamy skies, and that rich foliage growing near streams — a foliage to which the adjective *lush* clings like some rather ornamental caterpillar, with an underhint of classical affinity very tenuous and filmy. It is a

disappointment to one's imagination at first to find out that so beautiful a creature as the *Alcyon* cannot sing; but there is just compensation in the knowledge which soon comes, that instrumental music is the bird's forte — he plays on the water as on a dulcimer, bringing out pure liquid notes (at long intervals, indeed) too sweet and elusive to be fixed in any written score. To watch *Ceryl Alcyon* strike the silver strings of a summer brook and set them to vibrating is worth the sacrifice of any leisure hour. It is the old touch of Apollo, swift, sure, masterful, virile, and yet tender as the very heart of nature. "Plash!" A sudden gleam of silver, amethyst, and royal purple, a whorl as of a liquid bloom on the water, rings and dimples and bubbles, and in the midst of it all, the indescribable sound from the smitten stream, its one chord rendered to perfection.

Nature sketched the kingfisher, in the first place, with a certain humorous expression, which still lurks in the overlarge crest and almost absurdly short legs; but the bird itself is always in earnest. It may look at times like a bright, sharp exclamation-point at the close of some comic passage in the phenakism of nature, but it is the very embodiment of sincerity; in fact, the birds are all realists of the prosiest kind. One might as well look for something large and morally lifting in a minutely analytical novel, as to expect a bird to be sentimental. A worm — in the case of the kingfisher a minnow — is the highest object of avian ambition — the realist dotes on one's motive in twisting one's thumbs — and ornithic life does not generate poetry. The kingfisher knows his brook from source to mouth, for he has conned it during countless ages. Not that he has lived so long individually, the knowledge exists in heredity — the transmitted sum of ten thousand ancestral lives devoted to one end.

We must take *Alcyon* as he is, without any genealogical table or ancient armorial relics. He is not an aristocrat, if the index of aristocracy is a well-formed foot, for, like all his family, he has but three good toes, and they are as rough and ugly as warts. Compared with those of the mocking-bird, indeed, his feet appear scarcely more than rudimentary (about on a par with his vocal organs, ad-

vancing the comparison so as to weigh his rattling laugh with the ecstatic song of *Mimus polyglottus*), still he perches very firmly and, after a fashion, gracefully. His descent upon a minnow is a miracle of motion, accompanied by a surpassing feat of vision. We will imagine him seated on a bough thirty feet above the brook-stream. The sunshine comes down in flakes like burning snow upon the twinkling, palpitating water, making the surface flicker and glimmer in a way to distract any eye. Down in this water is the minnow which *Alcyon* is to catch and swallow, a minnow whose sides are silver just touched with gold, flitting and flashing here and there, never still, flippant as the wavelets themselves. Mark the bird's attitude and expression as they blend into a sort of serio-comic enigma — crest erect and bristling, eyes set and burning, bill elevated at a slight angle, tail depressed, wings shut close, the whole figure motionless. Suddenly he falls like a thought, a sky-blue film marking the line of descent to where he strikes. He pierces the pool like an arrow, disappearing for a second in the centre of a great whirling, leaping, bubbling dimple of the water, with a musical plunge-note once heard never forgotten. Rarely does he miss his aim. If your eyes are quick you will see the hapless "silver-side" feebly wriggling in the grip of that powerful bill as *Ceryl Alcyon* emerges from the dancing waves and resumes his perch, happier, but none the wetter, on account of the bath. Now the wonder of this vision-feat is not in seeing the minnow from the perch, but in continuing to see it during that arrow-like descent into the water; or, if you choose to refer the success of the stroke to accuracy of flight, then try to understand what amazing accuracy it is! For, in that case, *Alcyon* must take into exact account the difference between the apparent and the true position of an object in the water as viewed at an angle from without. . . .

The most beautiful kingfisher superstition or legend I ever have known of was told to me by an old negro in Georgia. How far it extended among the Southern slaves I have no means of knowing. Here it is:

"When you is a leetle boy, not mo' 'n six year old, ef yo' go to de ribber an' see de minner at sunrise 'fo' de

kingfisher do, den yo' nebber die 'ceptin' yo' git drownded; an' den ef yo' *does* git drownded, de kingfisher tote yo' sperit right off ter hebben, ca'se der's no use 'r talkin' 'bout habin' any bad luck ef yo' got de eye like de ole kingfisher."

I say the superstition is very beautiful, but in effect it is the same old story of the heavy chances against the seeker after lasting happiness, for how much harder is it for a camel to amble through the eye of a needle than for any living being to see a minnow in the water quicker than can the incomparable eyes of the *Ceryl Alcyon.*—*Sylvan Secrets.*

THE DEATH OF THE WHITE HERON.

I pulled my boat with even sweep
Across light shoals and eddies deep,

Tracking the currents of the lake
From lettuce-raft to weedy brake.

Across a pool, death-still and dim,
I saw a monster reptile swim,

And caught, far off and quickly gone,
The delicate outlines of a fawn.

Above the marshy islands flew
The green teal and the swift curlew;

The rail and dunlin drew the hem
Of lily-bonnets over them;

I saw the tufted wood-duck pass
Between the wisps of water-grass.

All round the gunwales and across
I draped my boat with Spanish moss,

And, lightly drawn from head to knee,
I hung gay air-plants over me;

Then, lurking like a savage thing
Crouching for a treacherous spring,

I stood in motionless suspense
Among the rushes green and dense.

I kept my bow half-drawn, a shaft
Set straight across the velvet haft.

Alert and vigilant, I stood
Scanning the lake, the sky, the wood.

I heard a murmur, soft and sad,
From water-weed to lily-pad,

And from the frondous pine did ring
The hammer of the golden wing.

On old drift-logs the bitterns stood
Dreaming above the silent flood;

The water-turkey eyed my boat,
The hideous snake-bird coiled its throat,

And birds whose plumage shone like flame —
Wild things grow suddenly, strangely tame —

Lit near me; but I heeded not:
They could not tempt me to a shot.

Grown tired at length, I bent the oars
By grassy brinks and shady shores,

Through labyrinths and mysteries
'Mid dusky cypress stems and knees,

Until I reached a spot I knew,
Over which each day the herons flew.

I heard a whisper sweet and keen
Flow through the fringe of rushes green,

The water saying some light thing,
The rushes gayly answering.

The wind drew faintly from the south,
Like breath blown from a sleeper's mouth,

And down its current, sailing low,
Came a lone heron white as snow.

He cleft with grandly spreading wings
The hazy sunshine of the spring;

Through graceful curves he swept above
The gloomy, moss-hung cypress-grove;

Then gliding down a long incline,
He flashed his golden eyes on mine.

Half-turned, he poised himself in air;
The prize was great, the mark was fair.

I raised my bow, and steadily drew
The silken string until I kne

My trusted arrow's barbèd point
Lay on my left forefinger joint —

Until I felt the feather seek
My ear, swift-drawn across my cheek;

Then from my fingers leapt the string
With sharp recoil and deadly ring,

Closed by a sibilant sound so shrill
It made the very water thrill —

Like twenty serpents bound together,
Hissed the flying arrow's feather.

A thud, a puff, a feathery ring,
A quick collapse, a quivering,

A whirl, a headlong, downward dash,
A heavy fall, a sudden plash,

And, white with foam, or giant flake
Of snow, he lay upon the lake.

And of his death the rail was glad,
Strutting upon a lily-pad;

The jaunty wood-duck smiled and bowed;
The belted kingfisher laughed aloud,

Making the solemn bittern stir
Like a half-wakened slumberer;

And rasping notes of joy were heard
From gallinule and crying-bird,

The while with trebled noise did ring
The hammer of the golden-wing.

—*Songs of Fair Weather.*

THE BLUEBIRD.

When ice is thawed and snow is gone,
And racy sweetness floods the trees;
When snow-birds from the hedge have flown,
And on the hive-porch swarm the bees,
Drifting down the first warm wind
That thrills the earliest days of spring,
The bluebird seeks our maple groves,
And charms them into tasselling,

He sits among the delicate sprays,
With mists of splendor round him drawn,
And through the spring's prophetic veil
Sees summer's rich fulfillment dawn:
He sings, and his is nature's voice —
A gush of melody sincere
From that great fount of harmony
Which thaws and runs when spring is here.

Short is his song, but strangely sweet
To ears aweary of the low,
Dull tramp of Winter's sullen feet,
Sandalled in ice and muffed in snow:
Short is his song, but through it runs
A hint of dithyrambs yet to be —
A sweet suggestiveness that has
The influence of prophecy.

From childhood I have nursed a faith
In bluebirds' songs and winds of spring.
They tell me, after frost and death
There comes a time of blossoming;
And after snow and cutting sleet,
The cold, stern mood of Nature yields
To tender warmth, when bare, pink feet
Of children press her greening fields.

Sing strong and clear, O bluebird dear,
While all the land with splendor fills,
While maples gladden in the vales
And plum-trees blossom on the hills:
Float down the wind on shining wings,
And do thy will by grove and stream,
While through my life spring's freshness runs
Like music through a poet's dream.

THOMPSON, JOHN RANDOLPH, an American journalist and poet; born at Richmond, Va., October 23, 1823; died at New York, April 30, 1872. He was graduated from the University of Virginia in 1845, studied law, and in 1847 became editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger,* which he conducted for several years. That magazine was discontinued about the time of the breaking out of the Civil

War, and Mr. Thompson engaged in other literary labor in the South. He subsequently went to Europe, where he remained two or three years; after which he became editorially connected with the New York *Evening Post.* He was also a frequent contributor to various periodicals in America and Great Britain.

He produced no books, yet few men in the Southern States were more widely or more favorably known by their literary labors, or exerted a greater influence upon the native literature of that region. Mr. Thompson's chief work was done through the columns of the *Southern Literary Messenger,* which was the longest lived and the most high-toned and successful of all the Southern literary magazines. His articles, both prose and verse, lie scattered through the pages of his own magazine, and of others, he having never collected them into volumes. Mr. Thompson succeeded well also as a popular lecturer, his happiest effort in this line being a lecture upon the Life and Character of Edgar A. Poe.

MUSIC IN CAMP.

Two armies covered hill and plain
  Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
  Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
  In meads of heavenly azure,
And each dread gun of the elements
  Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
  No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
  Rolled slowly down the river.

And now where circling hills looked down,
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunlight slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender,
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band which, eve and morn,
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band
With movement light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming "Boys in Blue"
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
  Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang —
  There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
  Poured o'er the glancing pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
  All silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
  That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
  The hidden founts of feeling.

Of Blue or Gray, the soldier sees,
  As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
  The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
  Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mists in his eyes,
  His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain,
  In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
  And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by Music's art,
  Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
  Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines —
  That bright, celestial creature,
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
  Gives this one touch of nature.

A PICTURE.

Across the narrow, dusty street
I see, at early dawn,
A little girl, with glancing feet
As agile as the fawn.

An hour or so, and forth she goes,
The school she brightly seeks;
She carries in her hand a rose,
And two upon her cheeks.

The sun mounts up the torrid sky —
The bell for dinner rings —
My little friend, with laughing eye,
Comes gayly back and sings.

The week wears off, and Saturday,
A welcome day, I ween,
Gives time for girlish romp and play —
How glad my pet is seen!

But Sunday — in what satins great
Does she not then appear!
King Solomon, in all his state,
Wore no such pretty gear.

I flung her every day a kiss,
And one she flung to me,
I know not truly when it is
She prettiest may be.

THOMPSON, VANCE, an American journalist and dramatist; born at Cincinnati, Ohio, April 17, 1863. He was graduated from Princeton in 1883, studied in Germany, was a dramatic critic in New York from 1890 to 1897, and was the editor and founder of *M'lle New York*, a short-lived journal. His dramas include *In Old Japan* and *Floriane's Dream*, and among his books are *Berwyn Kennedy* (1889), and *French Portraits: Being Appreciations of the Writers of Young France* (1900); *Songs and Symbols* (1901); *The City of Torches; A Flash of Honor* (1902); and *Spinners of Life* (1903).

THE LAND OF THE BASQUES.

It was at San Sebastian . . . there where the flat of the waves pounds ceaselessly the stony roots of the hills . . . where the black mules, silver-belled, go tinkling down the white roads . . . where the summer crowd, all pink and blue, lolls under parasols . . . where the sun is a copper pan by day and the moon, by night, a magic lantern. . . .

A young Basque told me of his race and the mystery of his mountains. Yonder in the uplands of the Guipuzcoa the Basques guarded their herds when the rest of Europe was a wilderness, overrun by fireless and masterless savages. The wise Greeks came and peered at their civilization. Before the Greeks the Phœnicians had come with arts and trade. In those days the Basques dwelt in the plains and held the voluptuous valley of the Guadalquivir. Came the men of Rhodes, came the Phoceans, came the men of Carthage and Hannibal, came the Romans; the Basques drew back into their eternal hills, into the wild chaos of mountain gorge and torrent, the Pyrenees. They took with them their old poesy, their own civilization, their pride of race. Came Goth and Arab and blacker Moor, came Charlemagne, came Na-

poleon; the good Basque held his own; and to this day his manner of life . . . patriarchal, pastoral, individual . . . has persisted. In spite of the tribute he pays to either Spain or France, he is master of his own mountains. There are neither castes nor classes; the Basques are all *hijodalgos* and therefore all equal; a proud, jealous and mystic race. France has not succeeded in making them French; in Spain they are not Spanish; always they are Basques . . . the children of the austere mountains and the radiant Southern Sea. They speak a strange language of their own that has been handed down from father to son . . . from Tharsis, grandson of Noah, they aver. It is a harsh tongue akin to no known language. Their games, their dances, their dramatic performances have come down to them through the centuries; as they were in the time of Sancho the Great they were in the days of Hasdrubal and are to-day.

These things the young Basque told me as we smoked our cigarettes among the blue hortensias, watching the pretty Madrileñas lolling under their sunshades, while the black mules went jangling down the hillside and the sun in the sky was a copper pan.

"I should like to see one of the mystery plays," said I.

"There is no difficulty in that," said my friend, "at Saint Jean de Luz, for example."

"I had rather not cross the frontier," I answered; "what is to be done in Guipuzcoa?"

"Go to Tolosa," he advised.

So I went to Tolosa, where three rivers meet and the gray mountains, rimming the plain, are fantastic silhouettes against the sky. 'Tis a grim and tortuous little town of five streets and ten thousand people, . . . a town of old, gray houses with old escutcheons, a convent, a church, factories. It was Saint John's eve. The first vespers were just over. From the church of Santa Maria came as strange a procession as man may see. First the civic chiefs of the town, stately old men promenading their unaccustomed black clothes; then the priests; then the ediles, the *alguazils,* the mace-bearers in red and yellow scarves, the tambourinists; followed the popu-

lace . . . slim women in black, the black mantillas hiding their faces, children, red-sashed mountaineers, hardy laborers, girls from the factories; so chanting canticles they passed . . . one wild lad waving a naked sword, wreathed with flowers, a symbol of what Basque victory I know not. Slowly the procession wound through the town and back again to the church. And all night and until dawn they danced round the Saint John's fire in the Plaza to the wild music of the *thun-thun* (which is a shallow drum) and the *chistua,* a rustic flute. They danced the Bordon-Dantza. 'Twas done, they told me, in honor of the victory of Beotibar.

"I have forgotten the date," said I.

"It was in 1320," they made answer, "on Saint John's eve, that we drove back the bullies of Navarre."

So you see it is an old story now; but to the Basque, six hundred years is as a day; all night they danced to the glory of Beotibar . . . it was the dance of naked swords and blood-red flowers and wild cries and the stamping of iron-shod feet on the stone flags of the Plaza. My dreams that night rocked to the rhythm of it.

Saint John's day, June 24; the sun overhead was a brazier in the sky; the heat rolled in waves along the five streets of Tolosa; the little rivers, Arazis and Berastegui and Oria, were like streams of hot quicksilver; the old women in the doorways were motionless; the little gray asses panted as they went to and fro . . . flowers on their heads and raw wounds on their handquarters . . . bearing paniers and peasants; it was hot in Tolosa. The inn-keeper, a grave and ponderous man, gave me a fowl and beans and famous cider from Hernani; a gray-eyed maid in a red skirt brought up a second bottle of cider; the landlord and I drank to each other . . . and neither of us was the worse for the drink.

"To-night, the procession," said he, "these are stirring days in Tolosa — but 'tis always so, every year John the Baptist's day comes round, and to-day there's the *Prueba de bueyes* out toward the Hernio."

"Ah, father, I should like to see that," said the girl, and her eyes blazed.

"You'll mind the house," the innkeeper said; "but if the Señor ——"

The Señor was willing; in the old Basque's mule-cart he drove out through the Plaza de la Justicia, over the bridge and along the Hernialde road; afterwards he regretted it; far better had he climbed the glorious, gaunt side of the Hernio mountain. The Señor had never seen an ox-trail. On a plateau in the rocky uplands a couple of thousand Basques were gathered — hardy folk, tanned and sun-proof. In the centre of the plateau was a huge rock, weighing about six thousand pounds. It was settled well in place. Hitched to it by long chains were two yokes of oxen, the lean, small, but sturdy hill-cattle, black or gray. A wild ox-driver goaded them into a fearful attempt to budge the huge rock. Again and again he drove the goad into flank or shoulder or neck, till the gashed bulls rained blood as they strained in the yoke. He was wild with excitement, mad with eagerness, the man; he screamed and sent the iron into the quivering brutes. Quite as mad, wholly as wild, were the men and women who cheered him on. In half an hour of this torture the animals did not move the stone an inch; finally one of them went down on his knees, then fell; the onlookers hooted savage disapproval. Other oxen were brought up; again the blood spurted and splashed; the rock moved a little. The betting was keen . . . silver pieces of ten cents, of twenty cents, even fabulous paper money worth four dollars, were wagered on the event. "Three to one they don't go six inches!"— "Five pesetas!"

Oh, 'twas a merry game and bloody.

Two of the teams had, it seemed, pulled approximately the same; to decide the matter they were chained up to pull against each other. This was the "tug of war." The oxen bent to the yokes, one team pulling east and the other team pulling west, five lengths of log-chain between the them. A merry game, I say. I shall not describe it, for your imagination will, doubtless, picture enough of it — the furious rivalry of the two teamsters, the cries, the blows, the goads that sank in to the bone, the laboring beasts, their sides sucking in and out

like bellows, the baptism of blood; and, then, the four conquered brutes — two still standing on shaking legs, two gasping out blood and froth on the ground, dragged along in triumph, while the Basque girls, drunk with cruelty, screamed applause.

Enough; too much, perhaps; come up, old mule, jog back, with bells ajangle, to Tolosa and the inn.

Twilight now. The church of Santa Maria is crowded; through the open doors you can see the flare of the candles, hear the monotone of prayer. Again comes out the strange procession, civic fathers, priests and *alguazils*, drummers and mace-bearers; there are twenty-four more notable figures — twelve young men in white trousers and white shirts, with great scarlet sashes round their waists, each carrying a club; and twelve girls in black and red. The lads rush ahead of the procession, and at the limits of the square loose salvos of musketry. In a moment they are back at the doors of the church. Crossing their clubs, they form an arch under which the procession marches slowly, while the drums rumble a march-step. Four priests carry the image of Saint John the Baptist. They, too, pass under the arch. With this the lads capture their equivalent maids and follow. Through the old streets, out into the Igaronda meadow, by the river Berastegui; there, in presence of the Mayor and the arch-priest, the twelve couples dance the Bordon-Dantza. It is a dance and it is a ballet and it is a pantomime. There are six figures. First the men advance and defy each other; then they file past swiftly in a fantastic measure; thirdly they invite the girls to dance, and in a dainty pantomime woo them and try to bind them with silken handkerchiefs; in the midst of this gracious love-making, the flutes cry shrilly, and there is a sudden tumult of the drums — ha, the enemy! So the men, waving their sticks, dance out to war. This figure is the attack. There follows the mimicry of war. Last of all comes the triumph. The girls welcome the heroes, and in a sort of wild gallop of love and joy the ballet closes.

'Twas better than bull-trials. The meadow was bright with torches and near the river flamed a huge fire of fagots, giving light; the priests, the people, the *alguazils*,

the gilded statue of Saint John cast strange shadows on the dancing group.

Every year in Guipuzcoa and at Saint Jean de Luz, the ancient mystery plays are given on the occasion of the Basque festivals. The theatre is in the open air. It is fenced off from the plain by green branches. Beneath the stage, as in the old Chester plays, is hell; back, on a raised platform, is heaven; humanity has the centre of the stage. How many of these plays have come down through the years I know not. There is record of over fifteen. The one I saw was the history of Abraham. In its modern version it is greatly mutilated. Indeed, it lasts only three hours, while in its original state it occupied, in the playing, an eternal day. Cut down to twenty thousand verses, it is still long enough. The preparation is laborious. And yet the young men look forward to it as the crown of life. The handsomest, the most agile, the most intelligent young men are selected by the elders. To some tall young mountaineer, strong and slim, with a good voice, the rôle of the hero is allotted; slighter youths are given the women's parts; the rosy shepherd boys are cast for angels; while the wilder lads play the devils or dance and wrestle between acts. For months before the performance the players — herdsmen and shepherds — as they go about their day's work, repeat again and again the verses of their rôles. The mountains echo with Euskarian rhyme. 'Tis Arcady once more, with tinkling sheep-bells, with rustic pipe and verse and song. The verses have come down by word of mouth, for the wise Basques distrust the written word, and guard their masterpieces in memory. The elders teach the young — teach them word and gesture, and supervise the costumes, that nothing go amiss and no disquieting novelty creep in. At last the great, annual day arrives. By estimable good fortune you and I are present and may hear and see — we have stepped back into the fifteenth century, though it is no far cry to the white seashore and the parasols, beneath which society lolls in pink and blue.

Gorgeously garmented, impassive, haughty, the actors parade the narrow streets of the town and reach the

theatre among the trees. The stage is hung with Basque banners, bearing the arms of the provinces and towns. The sunlight flatters them — flatters, too, the rich costumes (purple, gold, plumes, chains, lace) in which the solemn players pose. There are the most extravagant anachronisms — the spoils of Rome and the mediæval ages — of Napoleon's empire and the modern haberdasher, deck these shepherds and herdsmen.

Two colors predominate, blue and red — azure and blood — salvation and sin.

The actors range themselves on either side of the stage. One of them, as in the antique drama, comes forward and declaims a prologue, which sums up the story of the play. The musicians, also on the stage, make faint, veiled music of pipe and drum. And then the play — stately and sonorous strophes, monologues, dialogues, shouted to the sun, to the blue sky, to the trees, to the hushed audience. So far the drama is grave; it has to do with Abraham and his grave affairs. With joy we welcome a sudden inrush of three dancers, brisk lads with plumed tiaras, who mime a scene, half warlike, half religious, and wholly barbarous and Basque; swiftly they vanish through a red door into what Basque inferno I know not, as a blue door opens and a little child in white garments appears. For a moment the child kneels in an ecstasy of prayer and fingers the gold cross on his breast; then he chants a song of his race — for he is the symbol of tradition, of purity, of racial faith and aspiration; but then he is more than that, for in this drama the symbol is twin with reality. Thus, the old man in a plumed hat is Abraham. The jolly fellow in blue and gold is Lot. The younger lad is Ishmael. Those fierce red fellows with crowns are the wicked kings. The brown-eyed woman in the trailing skirt is Sarah; she who stands yonder, timid and blond, is Uxor, Lot's wife, whose unhappy fate you know. The child, who carries on his shoulder throughout the play a fagot of sacrificial wood, is Isaac: the other child — he in white with the gold cross on his breast — is an angel. The three dancers are Satan, Bulgifer, and Beelzebub, tempters of man-

kind, who carry off to hell all those who are found dead in red garments.

Intrepidly the action follows the biblical account. We see Abraham present his wife to Pharaoh; we visit the cities of perdition; we see the unhappy Hagar driven forth into the wilderness, and so on, until the scene of the sacrifice of Isaac, which is the climax of the play; in the end Abraham passes through the blue door and mounts the platform of heaven.

Of the people, by the people, and for the people, such native Basque dramas have all the faults and virtues of primitive work. They are incoherent, but no more incoherent than the plays of Aristophanes or the melodramas of the Surrey Theatre. The humor in them is broad and simple. The moral is as conspicuous as a steeple. It is art of a very primitive kind. And yet it is fascinating in its very crudeness. It hives the soul of a race — this sombre, cruel, pathetic, mysterious race, the roots of which go far back into unknown time.

These shepherds, mountaineers, cowherds, chanting antique strophes to an audience ten thousand strong, of folk like themselves, are to me far more interesting than all the *cabotins* who strut on the metropolitan stages. They are of the fifteen century. They have the virtues and vices of it. Fierce in love, passionate in religion, lovers of gold and blood and prayer, hill-dwellers, who have stared at the setting sun and the mirror of the sea until they are color-drunk as Persians, they are the last splendid racial figures of the European world.

In a little while they, too, will vanish or be absorbed — dusted over like the rest of us with gray equality.— *The Reader Magazine.*

THE COMING OF SPRING

THOMSON, JAMES, a Scottish poet; born at Ednam, Roxburghshire, September 11, 1700; died at Kew, London, August 27, 1748. At eighteen he was entered as a student of divinity at the University of Edinburgh. Thomson resolved to be a poet rather than a clergyman, and at the age of twenty he went up to London, scantily provided with money, and having besides only a few poems, among them some descriptive verses, which were published in 1726, under the title *Winter. Summer* followed in 1727, and in 1730 the entire poem which we know as *The Seasons* was published by subscription. In 1731 he published *Liberty,* a poem, dedicated to Frederick, Prince of Wales. He now set himself to the work of completing *The Castle of Indolence,* which was finished in 1748. He wrote the tragedies of *Sophonisbe; Agamemnon; Edward and Leonora; Coriolanus,* none of which can be considered other than failures. In conjunction with Mallet he brought out *Alfred: a Masque,* the parts produced by each not being designated, though the popular song *Rule, Britannia,* is credibly attributed to Thomson.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come;
And from the bosom of your dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend. . . .
  And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shattered forests, and the ravished vale;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,

The mountains lift their green heads to the sky. . . .
Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfined,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous the impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls to where the well-used plough
Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harnessed yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheered by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.
While through the neighboring fields the sower stalks,
With measured step; and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground;
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.
— *The Seasons: Spring.*

THE COMING OF AUTUMN.

Crowned with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more,
Well pleased, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost
Nitrous prepared — the various-blossomed Spring
Put in white promise forth — and Summer suns
Concocted strong — rush boundless now to view,
Full perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.
When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enlivened, wide invests
The happy world. Attempered suns arise
Sweet-beamed, and shedding off through lucid clouds
A pleasing calm; while broad and brown below
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain;
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air

Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
The clouds fly different, and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds the illumined field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
A gayly checkered, heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded, tossing in a flood of corn.
— *The Seasons: Autumn.*

A WINTER TEMPEST.

Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends the ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolored deep.
Through the black night that sits immense around,
Lashed into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn.
Meantime the mountain billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swelled, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchored navies from their station drive,
Wild as the winds across the howling waste
Of mighty waters. . . .
Nor less at hand the loosened tempest reigns.
The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vexed, and sheds
What of its tarnished honors yet remain;
Dashed down, and scattered by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatched or lordly roof
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,

For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds, commixed
With stars swift-gliding, sweep along the sky.
All nature reels; till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
Then straight air, sea, and earth are hushed at once.
— *The Seasons: Winter.*

HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

These as they roll, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love;
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent; then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and graves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown; tempest o'er tempest rolled —
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with Thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still. . . .
Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,

In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes.
Oh, talk of Him in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills,
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the hurried maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad, responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise: for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And His unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake; a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm

The listening shades, and teach the night His praise,
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme —
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east —
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant, barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles: 'tis naught to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital spreads, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerfully will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go
Where Universal Love smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression.— But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come, then, expressive Silence, muse His praise.

THE STAG-HUNT.

The stag, too, singled from the herd where long
He ranged the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, roused by fear,
Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight.
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
Deception short! though fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-aired mountain by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood —
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track,
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
The inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day,
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides;
Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarmed,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big, round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous, checkered sides with gore.
— *The Seasons.*

The Castle of Indolence is divided into two cantos, having respectively seventy-eight and seventy-nine stanzas. The scope of Canto I. is thus indicated:

"The Castle hight of Indolence,
And its false luxury,
Where for a little time, alas!
We lived right jollily."

THE WIZARD'S ABODE.

O mortal man who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an early date,
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, though it sometimes makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting Wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with Spring, with Summer half imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was naught around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime, unnumbered glittering streamlets played
And hurled everywhere their waters' sheen;
That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made. . . .

A pleasing land of drowsyhed it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,

Forever flushing round a summer sky.
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast;
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;
But whate'er smacked of 'noyance or unrest
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landscape such — inspiring perfect ease —
Where Indolence (for so the Wizard hight)
Close hid his Castle 'mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checkered day and night.
Meanwhile unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed; and to his lute, of cruel Fate
And Labor harsh, complained, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass these by;
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighboring hill,
The freshness of the valley smote their eye.
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round the Enchanter false they hung
Ymolten with his siren melody;
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung.

— *Castle of Indolence, Canto I.*

DELIGHTS OF THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

The doors, that knew no shrill, alarming bell,
Ne cursèd knocker plied by villain's hand,
Self-opened into halls, where who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand —
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretched around in seemly band,
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,
With wines high-flavored and rich viands crowned;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean 'genders in his round,
Some hand unseen these silently displayed,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound:
You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses played. . . .

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers in the lonely dale
Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured heart;
Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,
And taught charmed Echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams around repose and peace impart. . . .

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclined,
Lulled the weak bosom, and inducèd ease;
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breathed such soul-dissolving airs
As did, alas! with soft perdition please,
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft, tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell;
And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began
(So worked the Wizard) wintry storms to swell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell;
At doors and windows threatening seemed to call
The demons of the tempest, growling fell;
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweeter grew our sleep secure in massy hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
  Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace,
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
  That played in waving lights from place to place
  And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
  So fleece with clouds the pure, ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.
— *Castle of Indolence, Canto I.*

Canto II. of *The Castle of Indolence* narrates the capture of the Castle by the Knight of Arts and Industry, the deliverance of its reclaimable inmates, and the fate of the irreclaimable.

THE BARD'S APPEAL.

It was not by vile loitering in ease
  That Greece obtained the brighter palm of Art
That soft yet ardent Athens learned to please,
  Too keen the wit, and too sublime the heart,
  In all supreme, complete in every part!
It was not thus majestic Rome arose,
  And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart.
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

Had unambitious mortals minded naught
  But in loose joy their time to wear away;
Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
  Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
  Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had raised,
  No arts had made us opulent and gay;
With brother-brutes the human race had gazed;
None e'er had soared to fame, none honored been, none praised;

Great Homer's song had never fired the breast
To thirst of glory and heroic deeds;
Sweet Mars's Muses, sunk in inglorious rest,
Had silent slept among the Mincian reeds;
The wits of modern times had told their beads,
And monkish legends been their only strains;
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
Our Shakespeare strolled and laughed with Warwick swains;
Ne had my master Spenser charmed his Mulia's plains.

Dumb, too, had been the sage Historic Muse,
And perished all the sons of ancient fame;
Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
Had all been lost with such as have no name.
Who then had scorned his ease for other's good?
Who then had toiled rapacious men to tame?
Who in the public breach devoted stood,
And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?

But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
If right I read, you pleasure all require,
Then hear how best may be obtained this fee,
How best enjoyed this Nature's wide desire.
Toil and be glad! Let Industry inspire
Into your quickened limbs her buoyant breath!
Who does not act is dead; absorbed entire
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath.
O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless, then, whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch who slugs his life away,
Soon swallowed in disease's sad abyss;
While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

Oh, who can speak the vigorous joys of health!
  Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind;
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
  The temperate evening falls, serene and kind.
  In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
  As May comes on and wakes the balmy wind;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce
    breeds?

"But here, instead, is fostered every ill
  Which or distempered minds or bodies know.
Come, then, my kindred spirits! do not spill
  Your talents here. This place is but a show,
  Whose charms delude you to the den of woe.
Come, follow me. I will direct you right,
  Where Pleasure's roses, void of serpents grow,
Sincere as sweet. Come, follow this good knight,
And you will bless the day that brought him to your
    sight." — *Castle of Indolence, Canto II.*

RULE, BRITANNIA!

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
  Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
  And guardian angels sung the strain:
    Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
    Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
  Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall;
Whilst thou shall flourish, great and free,
  The dread and envy of them all.
    Rule, Britannia! etc.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
  More dreadful from each foreign stroke:

As the loud blasts that tear thy skies
Serve but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia! etc.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to hurl thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe — but thy renown.
Rule, Britannia! etc.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore encircle thine.
Rule, Britannia! etc.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle! with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia! etc.

WAR FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE.

O first of human blessings, and supreme —
Fair peace. How lovely, how delightful thou.
By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
Like brothers live, in amity combined
And unsuspicious faith; while honest toil
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.
Pure is thy reign.

. . . . . .

What would not, peace, the patriot bear for thee?
What painful patience? What incessant care?
What mixed anxiety? What sleepless toil?
E'en from the rash protected, what reproach?
For he thy value knows; thy friendship he
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, sometimes the more

Inevitable war — when ruffian force
Awakens the fury of an injured state.
E'en the good patient man whom reason rules,
Roused by bold insult and injurious rage,
With sharp and sudden check the astonished sons
Of violence confounds; firm as his cause
His bolder heart: in awful justice clad;
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire:
And, as he charges through the prostrate war,
His keen arm teaches faithless men no more
To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.

. . . . . .

Then ardent rise. O, great in vengeance, rise.
O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to restore;
And, as you ride sublimely round the world,
Make every vessel stoop, make every state
At once their welfare and their duty know.

— *From Britannia.*

THE SNOW-STORM.

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all: save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current.

Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits its evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man.

Drooping, the laborer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around

The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them.

One alone,
The Redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit.

Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet.

The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict; for from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains
In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighboring hills,
The billowy tempest 'whelms; till, upward urged,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipped with a wreath high-curling in the sky.

THOMSON, JAMES, a Scottish-American poet; born at Port Glasgow, November 23, 1834; died in London, June 3, 1882. He was educated at the Royal Caledonian Asylum, and subsequently entered the Training School at Chelsea, with the purpose of becoming a schoolmaster in the army. For awhile he was employed in the office of a London solicitor; then he went to America as secretary to a silver-mining company; and afterward went to Spain as correspondent for a New York newspaper. His principal poem, *The City of Dreadful Night,* was published in 1880; this was followed in 1881 by *Vane's Story and Other Poems.* He also published a volume of *Essays* in prose, and left behind him many minor poems and translations. The "City of Dreadful Night" is the abode of Hopelessness, the description of whose statue is a word-picture from Albrecht Dürer's engraving "Melancholia." The following lines by Thomson set forth his aims in the production of the poem:

"Yet here and there some weary wanderer
In that same city of tremendous night,
Will understand the speech, and feel a stir
Of fellowship in all disastrous fight.
I suffer, mute and lonely, yet another
Uplifts his voice to let me know a brother
Travels the same wild paths, though out of sight."

THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT.

The City is of Night; perchance of Death,
But certainly of Night: for never there
Can come the lucid morning's fragrant breath
After the dewy dawning's cold, gray air;

The moon or stars may shine with scorn or pity;
The sun has never visited that city,
For it dissolveth in the daylight fair.

Dissolveth like a dream of night away;
Though present in distempered gloom of thought
And deadly weariness of heart all day.
But when a dream night after night is brought
Throughout a week — and such weeks, few or many,
Recur each year for several years — can any
Discern that dream from life in aught?

For life is but a dream whose shapes return,
Some frequently, some seldom; some by night
And some by day, some night and day: we learn,
The while all change and many vanish quite,
In their recurrence with recurrent changes
A certain seeming order; where this ranges
We count things real: such is memory's might.

The City is not ruinous, although
Great ruins of an unremembered past,
With others of a few short years ago,
More sad, are found within its precinct vast.
The street-lamps burn; but scarce a casement
In house or palace front, from roof to basement,
Doth glow athwart the mirk air cast.

The street-lamps burn amidst the baleful glooms,
Amidst the sombre solitudes immense
Of rangèd mansions dark and still as tombs.
The silence which benumbs or strains the sense
Fulfils with awe the soul's despair unweeping:
Myriads of habitants are ever sleeping,
Or dead, or fled from nameless pestilence.

Yet, as in some necropolis you find
Perchance one mourner to a thousand dead,
So there: worn faces that look deaf and blind,
Like tragic masks of stone. With weary tread,

Each wrapt in his own doom, they wander, wander,
Or sit foredone, and desolately ponder
Through sleepless hours, with heavy, drooping head.

Mature men chiefly — few in age or youth;
A woman rarely, now and then a child:
A child! If here the heart turns sick with ruth
To see a little one from birth defiled,
Or lame or blind, as pre-ordained to languish
Through youthless life, think how it bleeds with anguish!
To meet one erring in that homeless wild.

They often murmur to themselves; they speak
To one another seldom, for their woe
Broods maddening inwardly, and scorns to wreak
Itself abroad; and if at whiles it grow
To frenzy which must rave, none heeds the clamor,
Unless there waits some victim of like glamour,
To rave in turn, who lends attentive show.

The City is of Night, but not of Sleep;
There sweet sleep is not for the weary brain;
The pitiless hours like years and ages creep;
A night seems termless hell. This dreadful strain
Of thought and consciousness which never ceases,
Or which some moments' stupor but increases,
This, worse than woe, makes wretches there insane.

They leave all hope behind who enter there;
One certitude while sane they cannot leave,
One anodyne for torture and despair:
The certitude of Death, which no reprieve
Can put off long; and which, divinely tender,
But waits the outstretched hand to promptly render
The draught whose slumber nothing can bereave.

THE STATUE OF HOPELESSNESS.

Anear the centre of that northern crest
Stands out a level upland, bleak and bare,
From which the city, east and south and west,

Sinks gently in long waves; and thronèd there
An Image sits, stupendous, superhuman,
The bronze colossus of a winged Woman,
Upon a graded granite base four-square.

Low-seated she leans forward massively,
With cheek on clenched left hand, the forearm's might
Erect, its elbow on her rounded knee;
Across a clasped book in her lap the right
Upholds a pair of compasses. She gazes
With full-set eyes; but, wandering in thick mazes
Of sombre thought, beholds no outward sight.

Words cannot picture her: but all men know
That solemn sketch the pure, sad artist wrought
Three centuries and threescore years ago,
With phantasies of his peculiar thought:
The instruments of art and science
Scattered about her feet in strange alliance,
With keen wolf-hound sleeping undistraught.

Scales, hour-glass, belt, and magic-square above
The grave and solid infant perched beside,
With open winglets that might bear a dove,
Intent upon its tablets, heavy-eyed;
Her folded wings, as of a mighty eagle,
But all too impotent to lift the regal
Robustness of her earth-born strength and pride.

And with those wings and that light wreath which seems
To mock her grand head and the knotted frown
Of forehead charged with baleful thoughts and dreams,
The household bunch of keys, the household gown
Voluminous, indented, and yet rigid,
As if a shell of burnished metal frigid;
The feet, thick-shod, to tread all weakness down.

The comet hanging o'er the waste, dark seas;
The massy rainbow curved in front of it,
Beyond the village with the masts and trees;
The snaky imp, dog-headed, from the Pit,

Bearing upon its bat-like leathern pinions
Her name unfolded in the sun's dominions —
The "MELANCOLIA," that transcends all wit.

Thus has the artist copied her, and thus
Surrounded to expound her form sublime;
Her fate heroic and calamitous,
Fronting the dreadful mysteries of Time;
Unvanquished in defeat and desolation,
Undaunted in the hopeless conflagration
Of the day setting on her baffled prime.

Baffled and beaten back, she works on still,
Weary and sick of soul she works the more;
Sustained by her indomitable will,
The hands shall fashion and the brain shall pore;
And all her sorrow shall be turned to labor,
Till Death, the friend-foe, piercing with his sabre
That mighty heart of hearts, ends bitter war.

But as if blacker night could dawn on night,
With tenfold gloom on moonless night unstarred;
A sense more tragic than Defeat or Blight,
More desperate than Strife with Hope debarred,
More fatal than the adamantine Never!
Encompassing her passionate endeavor,
Dawns glooming in her tenebrous regard:

The sense that every struggle brings defeat
Because Fate holds no prize to crown success;
That all the oracles are mute or cheat
Because they have no secret to express;
That none can pierce the vast black veil uncertain
Because there is no light beyond the curtain;
That all is Vanity and Nothingness.

Titania from her high throne in the north,
That City's sombre Patroness and Queen,
In bronze sublimity she gazes forth
Over her Capital of teen and threne,

Over the river with its isles and bridges,
The marsh and moorland, to the stern rock-ridges,
  Confronting them with a coeval mien.

The moving moon and stars from east to west
  Circle before her in the sea of air;
Shadows and gleams glide round her solemn rest.
  Her subjects often gaze up to her there —
The strong to drink new strength of iron endurance
The weak new terrors; all, renewed assurance
  And confirmation of the old despair.

THOMSON, RICHARD, an English antiquary; born in 1794; died at London, January 2, 1865. Little seems to be known of his early life. He took an active part in the preparation of the admirable *Catalogue of the Library of the London Institution.* It was published in four royal octavo volumes, and contained an excellent biographical and historical account of the Institution. Edward Edwards, in his *Memoirs of Libraries,* pronounces this immense work "one of the best productions of its kind extant." Thomson's first work, published in 1820, was *A Faithful Account of the Processions and Ceremonies Observed in the Coronations of the Kings and Queens of England.* This was followed in the same year by a curious work, limited to fifty copies, entitled *The Book of Life, a Bibliographical Melody Dedicated to the Roxburghe Club.* His next work, *The Chronicles of London Bridge,* first appeared anonymously in 1827. It attracted much attention, owing to its deep research and the skilful manner in which

he made use of voluminous materials. In 1828 he published *Illustrations of British History* and *Tales of an Antiquary;* and the following year he issued a *Historical Essay on Magna Charta.* His *Legends of London* appeared in 1832. Some of Thomson's best work is to be found in the tales and sketches which were contributed by him to various British magazines and annuals. Of these, *The Piper of Mucklebrowst* is one of the best.

BAULDIE QUECH'S STORY.

About twenty years back, Sibbie Carloups was the wale o' the lassies o' this coast, though a wild tawpie, and I was no then a bad looking lad mysel'; and as we foregathered thegither mair than ance, I e'en tell'd her my mind, and she listened to me, and sae at last we brak a saxpence in twa for a true-love token; but frae that hour I saw her nae mair, for the vera next time I went to Gouks-haven, she was departed.

I followed her, and that for mony a lang and weary mile, and speir'd at every ane that I cam nigh, but I ne'er saw her again; and sae, when I heard some auld carlines say that belike the witches had carried her awa', I e'en gied her up; for naebody can find out what they dinna like to show. Weel, I cam back, and years passed awa', and I thought nae mair o' the matter; and at last I weddit Luckie Links; and then, as ye ken, she went to a better warl', and left me to get through this as I could. Weel, man, wad ye think it, she hadna been gane a week or mair, when an auld, ill-fa'ard, grewsome, gyre-carline cam up to the door ae muckle dark and windy even, when I was my lane, and called me her ain gudeman, and said she was Sibbie Carloups, come to claim my promise o' marriage! "And where hae ye been a' this time, Sibbie?" says I, when I could speak for wonder, and some little o' fear. "Troth, lad," said she, "I canna just tell ye where I hae been; a frien' o' mine has ta'en me to see the warl', and made me gay

rich, but ye sen I dinna forget auld acquaintance; here's the half o' the saxpence we brak, and as yere first jo's dead, we'll e'en be marryit when ye will." "Marry thee," thought I, "I'll suner see thee linkit to a tar-barrel!" But I was fain to speak her fairly, and so I askit her to come ben; but she tauld me that there was sic a bush at my door that there was nae getting by it. "Oh, ho! Luckie!" thought I again, "it's the rowan-tree branch, is it? there it shall hing, then, for me:" so I drew me back a wee, and then said, bauldly, "I'll e'en tell ye the truth, cummer; folk say ye've been made a witch of, and I'm judging it's true; but for byganes' sake ye'll get nae harm frae me, only tak up yere pipes and begone; but first gie me back my siller, for I'll hae naething mair to do wi' you." "Aha, Billie," then said the auld carline, "there are two words to that; if ye're fause and ungratefu', that's yere ain fault; but while I've the broken saxpence I can weel hinder yere marrying onybody without my leave, and may be do a little mair; sae think o' that, and be wiser in yere passion." To mak the least o' a lang story, at last she sae put up my bluid that I rushed out o' the house to lay hand on her,—when, fizz! she was gane like the whup o' a whirlwin', and the night was too dark to see whilk way the deil had carried her! And after a' I haena done wi' the auld jaud, for in the darkest and wildest nights she comes rattling at the window-bole, and crying out that she's my ain jo, and has our broken saxpence; but when I gae out I can tak hand o' nought, and see naething but a flisk o' her fiery eyes as she mounts up owre the house-rigging into the clouds on the nightmare. And now ye hae heard my story, I hae nae mair to say than that I wad gie half my gudes to onybody wha wad gets me back the half saxpence, and send Sibbie Carloups to be burnt at the Witches' Howe at Forfar.—*From The Piper of Muckle-browst.*

HENRY D. THOREAU.

THOREAU, HENRY DAVID, an American poet and naturalist; born at Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817; died there, May 6, 1862. He was graduated from Harvard in 1837, and, having no inclination to settle down into any regular way of life, supported himself for some years by teaching school, surveying, and various kinds of mechanical labor. In 1845 he built a hut near Walden Pond, in Concord, in which he lived for a little more than two years. He soon began to contribute to periodicals, and in 1849 published his first book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers.* This was followed by several others, most of which were published after his death; among them are: *Walden; or Life in the Woods* (1854); *Excursions in Field and Forest,* with a *Biographical Sketch* by Ralph Waldo Emerson (1863); *Cape Cod* (1865); *A Yankee in Canada* (1865). Some of his poetry was published in periodicals, some is interspersed through his prose works.

THE WILDERNESS.

What is most striking in the Maine wilderness is the continuousness of the forest, with fewer open intervals of glades than you imagined. Except the few burnt lands, the narrow intervals of rivers, the bare tops of the high mountains, and the lakes and streams, the forest is uninterrupted. It is even more grim and wild than you had anticipated, a damp and intricate wilderness, in the spring everywhere wet and miry. The aspect of the country, indeed, is universally stern and savage, excepting the distant views of the forest from hills, and the lake prospects, which are mild and civilizing in a degree. The lakes are something which you are unprepared for; they lie up so high, exposed to the light,

and the forest is diminished to a fine fringe on their edges, with here and there a blue mountain, like amethyst jewels set around some jewel of the first water — so anterior, so superior to all the changes that are to take place on their shores, even now civil and refined, and fair as they can ever be. These are not the artificial forests of an English king, a royal preserve merely. Here prevail no forest laws but those of nature. The aborigines have never been dispossessed, nor Nature disforested.

It is a country full of evergreen trees, of mossy silver birches and watery maples, the ground dotted with insipid small red berries, and strewn with damp and moss-grown rocks, a country diversified with innumerable lakes and rapid streams, peopled with trout, and various species of *lencisci,* with salmon, shad, and pickerel and other fishes; the forest resounding at rare intervals with the note of the chickadee, the bluejay, and the woodpecker, the scream of the fish-hawk and the eagle, the laugh of the loon, and the whistle of ducks along the solitary streams; at night, with the hooting of owls and howling of wolves; in summer, swarming with myriads of black flies and mosquitoes, more formidable than wolves to the white man. Such is the home of the moose, the bear, the caribou, the wolf, the beaver, and the Indian. Who shall describe the inexpressible tenderness and immortal life of the grim forest, where Nature, though it be mid-winter, is ever in her spring, where the decaying trees are not old, but seem to enjoy a perpetual youth; and blissful, innocent Nature, like a serene infant, is too happy to make a noise, except by a few tinkling, lisping birds and trickling rills?

What a place to live, what a place to die and be buried in! There certainly men would live forever, and laugh at death and the grave. There they could have no such thoughts as are associated with the village graveyard — that make a grave out of those moist evergreen hummocks! — *The Maine Woods.*

THE VOICE OF THE LOON.

In the middle of the night, as indeed each time that we lay on the shore of a lake, we heard the voice of the loon, loud and distinct, from far over the lake. It is a very wild sound, quite in keeping with the place and circumstances of the traveller, and very unlike the voice of a bird. I could lie awake for hours listening to it, it is so thrilling. When camping in such a wilderness as this, you are prepared to hear sounds from some of its inhabitants which will give voice to its wildness,— some idea of bears, wolves, or panthers runs in your head naturally; and when this note is first heard very far off at midnight, as you lie with your ear to the ground, the forest being perfectly still about you, you take it for granted that it is the voice of a wolf or some other wild beast, for only the last part is heard when at a distance — you conclude that it is a pack of wolves baying the moon, or, perchance, cantering after a moose. Strange as it may seem, the mooing of a cow on a mountain-side comes nearest to my idea of the voice of a bear; and this bird's note resembles that. It was the unfailing and characteristic sound of the lakes. We were not so lucky as to hear wolves howl, though that is an occasional serenade. Some friend of mine who two years ago went up the Caucomgomoc River were serenaded by wolves while moose-hunting by moonlight. It was a sudden burst, as if a hundred demons had broke loose, a startling sound enough, which, if any, would make your hair stand on end; and all was still again. It lasted but a moment and you'd have thought there were twenty of them, when probably there were only two or three. They heard it twice only, and they said that it gave expression to the wilderness which it lacked before. . . . This of the loon — I do not mean its laugh, but its looning — is a long-drawn call, as it were, something singularly human to my ear, boo-booooooo, like the hallooing of a man, in a very high key, having thrown his voice into his head. — *The Maine Woods.*

AFTER A SNOWFALL.

Did you ever admire the steady, silent, windless fall of the snow in some lead-colored sky, silent save the little ticking of the flakes as they touched the twigs? It is chased silver moulded over the pines and oak-leaves. Soft shades hang like curtains along the closely draped wood-paths. Frozen apples become little cider-vats. The old, crooked apple-trees frozen stiff in the pale, shivering sunlight, that appears to be dying of consumption, gleam forth like the heroes of one of Dante's cold hells: we would mind any change in the mercury of the dream. The snow crunches under the feet; the chopper's axe rings funerally through the tragic air. At early morn the frost on button-bushes and willows was silvery, and every stem and minutest twig and filamentary weed came up a silver thing, while the cottage smoke rose salmon-colored into that oblique day. At the base of ditches were shooting crystals, like the flakes of an ivory-handled pen-knife, and rosettes and favors fretted of silver on the flat ice. The little cascades in the brook were ornamented with transparent shields and long candelabra and spermaceti-colored fools' caps and plated jellies and white globes, with the black water whirling along transparently underneath. The sun comes out, and, all at a glance, rubies, sapphires, diamonds, and emeralds start into intense life on the angles of the snow-crystals.

TRANSPORTATION AND PLANTING OF SEEDS.

In all the pines a very thin membrane, in appearance much like an insect's wing, grows over and around the seed, and independent of it, while the latter is being developed within its base. In other words, a beautiful thin sack is woven around the seed, with a handle to it such as the wind can take hold of, and it is then committed to the wind, expressly that it may transport the seed and extend the range of the species; and this it does as effectually as when seeds are sent by mail, in a different kind of sack, from the patent office.

There is, then, no necessity for supposing that the pines have sprung up from nothing, and I am aware that I am not at all peculiar in asserting that they come from seeds, though the mode of their propagation by Nature has been but little attended to. They are very extensively raised from the seed in Europe, and are beginning to be here.

When you cut down an oak wood, a pine wood will not at once spring up there unless there are, or have been quite recently, seed-bearing pines near enough for the seeds to be blown from them. But, adjacent to a forest of pines, if you prevent other crops from growing there, you will surely have an extension of your pine forest, provided the soil is suitable.

As I walk amid hickories, even in August, I hear the sound of green pig-nuts falling from time to time, cut off by the chickaree over my head. In the fall I notice on the ground, either within or in the neighborhood of oak woods, on all sides of the town, stout oak twigs three or four inches long, bearing half a dozen empty acorn cups, which twigs have been gnawed off by squirrels, on both sides of the nuts, in order to make them more portable. The jays scream and the red squirrels scold while you are clubbing and shaking the chestnut trees, for they are there on the same errand, and two of a trade never agree.

I frequently see a red or a gray squirrel cast down a green chestnut burr, as I am going through the woods, and I used to think sometimes, that they were cast at me. In fact, they are so busy about it, in the midst of the chestnut season, that you can not stand long in the woods without hearing one fall.

A sportsman told me that he had, the day before — that was in the middle of October — seen a green chestnut burr dropped on our great river meadow, fifty rods from the nearest wood, and much farther from the nearest chestnut tree, and he could not tell how it came there. Occasionally, when chestnutting in midwinter, I find thirty or forty nuts in a pile, left in its gallery just under the leaves, by the common wood-mouse.

But especially, in the winter, the extent to which this

transportation and planting of nuts is carried on, is made apparent by the snow. In almost every wood you will see where the red or gray squirrels have pawed down through the snow in a hundred places, sometimes two feet deep, and almost always directly to a nut or a pine-cone,— as directly as if they had started from it and bored upward,— which you and I could not have done. It would be difficult for us to find one before the snow falls. Commonly, no doubt, they had deposited them there in the fall. You wonder if they remember the localities or discover them by the scent.

The red squirrel commonly has its winter abode in the earth under a thicket of evergreens, frequently under a small clump of evergreens in the midst of a deciduous wood. If there are any nut trees, which still retain their nuts, standing at a distance without the wood, their paths often lead directly to and from them. We, therefore, need not suppose an oak standing here and there in the wood in order to seed it, but if a few stand within twenty or thirty rods of it, it is sufficient.

I think that I may venture to say that every white-pine cone that falls to the earth naturally in this town, before opening and losing its seeds, and almost every pitch-pine one that falls at all, is cut off by a squirrel; and they begin to pluck them long before they are ripe, so that when the crop of white-pine cones is a small one, as it commonly is, they cut off thus almost every one of these before it fairly ripens.

I think, moreover, that their design, if I may so speak, in cutting them off green, is partly to prevent their opening and losing their seeds, for these are the ones for which they dig through the snow, and the only white-pine cones which contain any thing then. I have counted in one heap the cores of two hundred and thirty-nine pitch-pine cones which had been cut off and stripped by the red squirrel, the previous winter.

The nuts thus left on the surface, or buried just beneath it, are placed in the most favorable circumstances for germinating. I have sometimes wondered how those which merely fell on the surface of the earth got planted; but, by the end of December, I find the chestnut of the

same year partially mixed with the mold, as it were, under the decaying and moldy leaves, where there is all the moisture and manure they want, for the nuts fall fast. In a plentiful year a large proportion of the nuts are thus covered loosely an inch deep, and are, of course, somewhat concealed from squirrels.

One winter, when the crop had been abundant, I got, with the aid of a rake, many quarts of these nuts as late as the tenth of January; and though some bought at the store the same day were more than half of them moldy, I did not find a single moldy one among those which I picked from under the wet and moldy leaves, where they had been snowed on once or twice. Nature knew how to pack them best. They were still plump and tender. Apparently they do not heat there, though wet. In the spring they are all sprouting.

Occasionally, when threading the woods in the fall, you will hear a sound as if some one had broken a twig, and, looking up, see a jay pecking at an acorn, or you will see a flock of them at once about it, in the top of an oak, and hear them break it off. They then fly to a suitable limb, and placing the acorn under one foot, hammer away at it busily, making a sound like a woodpecker's tapping, looking round from time to time to see if any foe is approaching, and soon reach the meat, and nibble at it, holding up their heads to swallow while they hold the remainder very firmly with their claws. Nevertheless, it often drops to the ground before the bird has done with it.

I can confirm what William Barton wrote to Wilson, the ornithologist, that "The jay is one of the most useful agents in the economy of nature for disseminating forest trees and other nuciferous and hard-seeded vegetables on which they feed. In performing this necessary duty they drop abundance of seed in their flight over fields, hedges, and by fences, where they alight to deposit them in the post-holes, etc. It is remarkable what numbers of young trees rise up in fields and pastures after a wet winter and spring. These birds alone are capable in a few years' time to replant all the cleared lands."

I have noticed that squirrels also frequently drop nuts

in open land, which will still further account for the oaks and walnuts which spring up in pastures; for, depend on it, every new tree comes from a seed. When I examine the little oaks, one or two years old, in such places, I invariably find the empty acorn from which they sprung.

SMOKE.

Light-tinged smoke! Icarian bird,
Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight;
Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,
Circling above the hamlets as thy nest;
Or else, departing dream, and shadowy form
Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts;
By night star-veiling, and by day
Darkening the light and blotting out the sun;
Go thou, my incense, upward from this hearth,
And ask the gods to pardon this clear flame.

MIST.

Low-anchored cloud,
Newfoundland air,
Fountain-head and source of rivers,
Dew-cloth, dream-drapery,
And napkin spread by fays;
Drifting meadow of the air,
Where bloom the daisied banks and violets
And in whose fenny labyrinth
The bittern booms and heron wades;
Spirit of lakes and seas and rivers —
Bear only perfumes and the scent
Of healing herbs to just men's fields.

THOREAU'S HOME, CONCORD, MASS.

THORNBURY, George Walter, an English poet, art critic and essayist; born at London in 1828; died there, June 11, 1876. He was for many years art critic for the London *Athenæum,* and a contributor in prose and verse to periodicals. He wrote several novels, the most worthy of them being *True as Steel* and *The Vicar's Courtship;* he made foreign tours, and wrote *Art and Nature at Home and Abroad; Life in Turkey; Life in Spain; Experiences in the United States.* Among his works in general literature are *Monarchs of the Main; Shakespeare's England; Life of Turner.* His poetical works are *Lays and Legends of the New World* (1851); *Songs of Cavaliers and Roundheads* (1857); *Legendary and Historic Ballads* (1875).

HOW SIR RICHARD DIED.

Slowly, as bridegroom to a feast,
Sir Richard trod the scaffold stair,
And, bowing to the crowd, untied
The love-locks from his sable hair;
Took off his watch—"Give that to Ned;
I've done with Time," he proudly said.

'Twas bitter cold; it made him shake:
Said one—"Ah! see the villain's look!"
Sir Richard, with a scornful frown,
Cried, "Frost, not fear, my body shook!"
Giving a gold-piece to the slave,
He laughed—"Now praise me, Master Knave!"

They pointed, with a sneering smile,
Unto a black box, long and grim;
But no white shroud or badge of death

Had power to draw a tear from him.
"It needs no lock," he said in jest,
"This chamber where to-night I rest."

Then crying out —"God save the King!"
In spite of hiss and shout and frown,
He stripped his doublet, dropped his cloak,
And gave the headsman's man a crown;
Then, "On for heaven!" he proudly cried,
And bowed his head — and so he died.

THE JESTER'S SERMON.

The Jester shook his hood and bells, and leaped upon a chair,
The pages laughed, the women screamed, and tossed their scented hair;
The falcon whistled, staghounds bayed, the lap-dog barked without,
The scullion dropped the pitcher brown, the cook railed at the lout!
The steward, counting out his gold, let pouch and money fall,
And why? because the Jester rose to say grace in the hall!

The page played with the heron's plume, the steward with his chain,
The butler drummed upon the board, and laughed with might and main;
The grooms beat on their metal cans, and roared till they were red,
But still the Jester shut his eyes and rolled his witty head;
And when they grew a little still, read half a yard of text,
And, waving hand, struck on the desk, then frowned like one perplexed.

"Dear sinners all," the fool began, "man's life is but a jest,
A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapor at the best.

In a thousand pounds of law I find not a single ounce
of love;
A blind man killed the parson's cow in shooting at the
dove;
The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he is
well;
The wooer who can flatter most will bear away the
belle.

"Let no man halloo he is safe till he is through the
wood;
He who will not when he may, must tarry when he
should.
He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very
straight;
Oh, he who once has won a name may lie abed till
eight!
Make haste to purchase house and land, be very slow
to wed;
True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be daubed
with red.

"The friar, preaching, cursed the thief (the pudding in
his sleeve).
To fish for sprats with golden hooks is foolish, by your
leave —
To travel well — an ass's ears, ape's face, hog's mouth,
and ostrich legs.
He does not care a pin for thieves who limps about and
begs.
Be always first man at a feast and last man at a fray;
The short way round, in spite of all, is still the longest
way,
When the hungry curate licks the knife, there's not
much for the clerk;
When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up — the
storm grows dark."

Then loud they laughed, the fat cook's tears ran down
into the pan:

The steward shook, that he was forced to drop the
brimming can:
And then again the women screamed, and every stag-
hound bayed
And why? because the motley fool so wise a sermon made.

THORPE, FRANCIS NEWTON, an American historian and political economist; born at Swampscott, Mass., April 16, 1857. He was educated at Syracuse University and at the University of Pennsylvania Law School. His published works include *The Government of the People of the United States* (1889); *Franklin and the University of Pennsylvania* (1893); *The Government of the State of Pennsylvania* (1894); *History of the American People* (1901); *The Spoils of Empire* (1903); *A Short Constitutional History of the United States* (1904); and *The Divining Rod* (1905).

A reviewer in the New York *Times* writing of the *Constitutional History* says:

THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.

After a rapid survey of the early Colonial unions and congresses, and of the Articles of Confederation and their defects, there is a short chapter on the making of the Constitution, followed by an analysis of The Federalist to show what were and are the fundamental principles of the Constitution. The great problems resulting from the civil war, which we group under the term "reconstruction," are related with a full understanding of their importance. "The problem was nothing less than an adjustment of popular government to the moral order." Somehow we have grown accustomed since the civil

war to neglect the history of the commonwealths in the study of constitutional history. The triumph of the national idea in politics seems to have been reacted on the writing of history. But in a dual sytem of government like ours it is impossible to trace the constitutional life of the people without paying some attention to one of the two sets of governmental instruments. Therefore it is with great pleasure that we comment on this feature of Dr. Thorpe's book. He shows the significance of State constitutions as reflecting changes and growth in the body politic. State constitutions are far more sensitive to changes in public opinion than the United States Constitution. The great number of State constitutions adopted and the numerous amendments proposed indicate the existence of immense political activity among the people. In the last chapter Dr. Thorpe summarizes his work and makes some general observations on the nature of civil government. The written Constitution, he says, has been given the flexibility of an unwritten constitution. It has been modified by interpretation and amendment. He believes it is possible to interpret the data of history so as to account fully for the evolution of government. The most we can do is to discern tendencies.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY VS. NATIONALITY.

Without attempting to declare the truth or falsity of the doctrine that the States were sovereign, we must conclude that it was unquestionably the ruling idea in 1788. Time might prove the doctrine impracticable as a working principle, but the strength of the argument lay with the State sovereignty school at the time the national government was formed. It dominated the ratifying conventions; it had been freely expressed in the Federal convention. The national idea as it is now understood had to be worked out by the harsh tests of administration. It was not conceived at the time the Constitution was made. Equally good are the remarks on the great debate of 1830 between Webster and Hayne. "He [Webster] spoke of the Union as it was in 1830, not as it existed in its infancy and during its early struggles. The

nation was no longer a mere compact, but a living, breathing, sentient organism. . . . The strict letter of the law and the history of the country were largely on Hayne's side. He knew his ground and had made the most of its opportunities. Webster, equally familiar with our history, knew the weakness of the South Carolina doctrine as a fixed national policy. He knew that no government can be administered solely on its history." Hayne was looking back, Webster forward. "The working elements of secession," says Dr. Thorpe, "were State sovereignty, free trade, slavery extension, and confederacy. . . . Down to 1815 the ultras among the State sovereignty party complained that the government of the United States was consolidated. Then until 1833 the complaint ran that the government had adopted a protective policy destructive to Southern interests. From this time until 1860 the Federal government was accused of seeking to exclude slavery from new soil."—*Constitutional History.*

THORPE, Rose Hartwick, an American poet; born at Mishawaka, Ind., July 18, 1850. She was educated at Litchfield, Mich., whither her parents removed in 1860. In 1871 she married Edmund C. Thorpe. In 1881 she edited a Sunday newspaper in Chicago, but subsequently removed to Pacific Beach, Cal. Her literary reputation rests upon the poem *Curfew Must Not Ring To-night,* written in 1870, and first published in a Detroit newspaper. Mrs. Thorpe's publications include: *Fred's Dark Days,* a story for children (1881); *The Yule-Log,* a book of poems (1881); *The Fenton Family* (1884); *Nina Bruce* (1886); *The Chester Girls* (1887;) *Temperance Poems* (1887); and *Ringing Ballads* (1887).

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hill-tops, far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And its last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair —
He with steps so slow and weary; she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful; she, with lips so cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton" Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy, moss-grown walls — dark, damp, and cold —
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew; and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset;" and her lips grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton (every word pierced her young heart
Like a gleaming, death-winged arrow, like a deadly, poisoned dart),
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening just at sunset, it has tolled the twilight hour.
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right;
Now I'm old, I will not miss it. Curfew bell must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white
her thoughtful brow;
And within her heart's deep centre Bessie made a sol-
emn vow.
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear
or sigh —
"At the ringing of the curfew Basil Underwood *must*
die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew
large and bright;
One low murmur faintly spoken, "Curfew *must not* ring
to-night."

She with quick step bounded forward, sprang within the
old church-door,
Left the old man treading slowly paths he'd trod so oft
before.
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek
and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung
to and fro;
As she climbed the slimy ladder, on which fell no ray of
light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew *shall not*
ring to-night."

She has reached the topmast ladder, o'er her hangs the
great, dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down
to hell.
See! the ponderous tongue is swinging; 'tis the hour
of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath
and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Her eyes flash with
sudden light,
And she springs, and grasps it firmly: "Curfew *shall*
not ring to-night."

Out she swung — far out. The city seemed a speck of
light below,—

There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell
swung to and fro.
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not
the bell,
Sadly thought that twilight curfew rang young Basil's
funeral knell.
Still the maiden, clinging firmly, quivering lip and fair
face white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating: "*Curfew
shall not ring to-night.*"

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying; and the maiden
stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where, for hundred years
before,
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that
she had done
Should be told long ages after; as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with golden beauty, aged sires with heads
of white
Tell the children why the curfew did not ring that one
sad night.

O'er the distant hills comes Cromwell, Bessie sees him;
and her brow,
Lately white with sickening horror, has no anxious traces
now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands, all
bruised and torn;
And her sweet young face, still haggard, with the an-
guish it had worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with
misty light —
"Go! your lover lives," cried Cromwell. "Curfew shall
not ring to-night!"

Wide they flung the massive portals, led the prisoner
forth to die,
All his bright young life before him. 'Neath the dark-
ening English sky,

Bessie came, with flying footsteps, eyes aglow with love-
light sweet;
Kneeling on the turf beside him, laid his pardon at his
feet.
In his brave, strong arms he clasped her, kissed the
face, upturned and white,
Whispered, "Darling, you have saved me; curfew will
not ring to-night."

NO PERFECT WORK, BUT GOD'S.

"I will build," said the architect, "mansions more fair,
Marble columned, and stately and grand,
Mammoth domed, perfection base, turret and stair,
And the winds the fame of the builder shall bear
To the uttermost parts of the land."

"I will paint," said the artist, "a picture sublime,
Rainbow tinted and wonderfully quaint;
The world shall bow down to this picture of mine,
For I'll dip my brush in the river of time,
And the lights of eternity paint."

"I will write," said the poet, "a beautiful song
In the glory and strength of my might.
I will liberate truth. The shackles of wrong
Shall be broken, and sin, red handed and strong,
Shall be slain by the words I shall write."

'Neath the broad dome of Heaven's encircling blue,
Sculptured columns, reared stately and vast,
And the architect smiled as the palace grew,
But the finger of time pierced those columns through,
While the mountain's, God's buildings, stood fast.

The picture lacked something which glowed on the breast
Of the sea when the sunset unrolled,
The best of the poem was never expressed,
Man's grandest achievement is dross at the best,
Compared with God's labor of gold.

THRALE, Hester Lynch Salisbury, a British poet and essayist; born at Bodville, Carnarvonshire, January 27, 1741; died at Clifton, May 2, 1821. She received a classical education, and in 1763 she married Thrale, a wealthy London brewer, and their home became a favorite resort of Dr. Johnson, of whom she was a great favorite. Mr. Thrale died in 1781, and three years afterward his widow married Piozzi, an Italian music-master. Mrs. Thrale wrote several books, among which are: *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson; Letters to and from Dr. Johnson; Journey Through Italy, France and Germany.* She is best known by a little poem, *The Three Warnings,* in which Johnson is supposed to have had a share. Her *Autobiography, Letters and Literary Remains,* with a *Memoir* by Hayward, were published in 1861.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages
That love of life increased with years
So much that, in our later stages,
When pains grow sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe
Which all confess, but few receive —
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale:
When sports went round and all were gay,
On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave, "You must," he said,
"Quit your sweet bride and come with me!"

"With you!" the hapless husband cried;
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared;
My thoughts on other matters go —
This is my wedding-day, you know."
What more he urged I have not heard
His reason could not well be stronger.
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look —
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke —
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! No more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And further — to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave.
Willing for once, I'll quit my prey
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both assented,
And parted, perfectly contented.
What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse.
The willing Muse shall tell.
He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near.
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,

Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.
Half-killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.
"So soon d'ye call it?" Death replies;
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."
"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind;
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority — is't regal?
Else you come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Besides, you promised me three warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings!
But for that loss of time and ease
I can recover damages."
"I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least.
I little thought you would be able
To stump about your farm and stable.
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"
"Hold!" says the farmer; "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies;
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might.
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true;
But still there's comfort left for you:
Each strives your sadness to amuse;

I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf I cannot hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,
"These are unjustifiable yearnings.
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient Warnings.
So come along; no more we'll part,"
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate.— So ends my tale.

THUCYDIDES, a Greek historian; born at Athens about 470 B.C.; died about 400 B.C. All accounts agree that he was assassinated; but some place the scene at Athens, others in Thrace. He was born to a good estate, and received the best education of his age and country; saw some military service during the war of which he is the historian; fell into disfavor, and was for twenty years a voluntary or involuntary exile from Athens, to which he returned three or four years before his death. The Peloponnesian War, between Athens and her allies on the one side, and Sparta and her allies on the other, lasted twenty-seven years, from 431 to 404 B.C.; but the last six years are not treated of by Thucydides. The last two of the eight books into which the *History of the Peloponnesian War* is divided bear evident tokens of not having received his ultimate revision. Macaulay pronounces Thucydides to be, "on the whole, the first of historians." Our selections are mainly in the translation of Collins. At the close of the campaign of the first year the Athenians celebrated

the solemn public funeral of those who had fallen. This ceremonial is thus described by Thucydides:

PUBLIC FUNERAL OF THE SLAIN.

They lay out the bones of the slain three days previously in a tent erected for the purpose, and each family bring for their own dead any offering they please. When the time comes for carrying them forth to burial, sarcophagi made of cypress-wood are placed on cars — one for each tribe; in these are laid the bones of each man, according to the tribe to which he belonged; and one bier is carried empty, spread with funeral garments, for the missing, whose bones could not be collected to be brought home. Anyone who will — citizen or stranger — joins in the procession; and the women of the family are present at the funeral, to make their lament for the dead. So they lay them in the public cemetery, which is in the fairest suburb of the city; and there do they always bury those who fall in battle, excepting those that died at Marathon; those heroes they buried where they fell, as judging their valor to have been exceptional. And when they laid them in the ground, some distinguished citizen, selected by the state as of approved ability and distinguished reputation, pronounces over them a fitting panegyric; after which they all withdraw. In such fashion they bury them; and all through the war, whenever they had the opportunity, they observed this custom.

The orator on this occasion was Pericles. Thucydides is wont to put formal speeches into the mouths of his characters. In many cases these must have been his own composition. But Pericles was famous as an orator, and it is recorded that he was accustomed to write out his speeches. Thucydides was certainly present on this occasion; and it is not unlikely that we have here the very words as they fell from the lips of Pericles. After having discoursed at length upon the nature of the occasion, the discourse closes with

a panegyric upon those Athenians who had, in former times, died for their country, and a tribute to those whose death was now commemorated.

THE FUNERAL ORATION BY PERICLES.

They gave their lives for their country, and gained for themselves a glory that can never fade, a tomb that shall stand as a mark forever. I do not mean that in which their bodies lie, but in which their renown lives after them, to be remembered forever on every occasion of speech or action which calls it to mind. For the whole earth is the grave and monument of heroes. It is not the mere graving upon marble in their native land which sets forth their deeds; but even in lands where they were strangers, these lives an unwritten record in every heart — felt, though never embodied. . . .

I call those fortunate whose death, like theirs, or whose sorrow, like yours, has the fullest portion of honor, and whose end comes at the moment they are happiest. Yet I feel how hard it is to persuade you of this, when in the triumphs of their comrades — triumphs in which you once used to rejoice — you will often be reminded of those you have lost; and sorrow is felt not for the blessings we have never tasted, but for those to which we have been accustomed, and of which we have been deprived. . . .

And for you, their children or their brothers, who are here present, I see an arduous struggle before you. For all are wont to praise those who are no more; and hardly — even though your own deserts be extraordinary — will you be held to have equalled or approached theirs. There is ever a jealousy of the living as rivals. It is only those who stand no longer in our path that we honor with an ungrudging affection.

Pericles died in the summer of 429 — two and a half years after the breaking out of the Peloponnesian War. His character is thus summed up by Thucydides, who does not often indulge in such formal delineations:

THE CHARACTER OF PERICLES.

So long as he stood at the head of the state in time of peace, he governed it with moderation and maintained it in safety, and under him it rose to its highest power. And when the war broke out, he proved that he had well calculated the resources of the state. He lived through two years and a half of it; and when he died, his foresight as to its conduct became even more generally admitted. For he always said that if they kept quiet, and paid due attention to their navy, and did not grasp at extension of empire during the war, or expose their city to danger, they would be the victors. But they did the very contrary to all this; and in matters which seemed to have no reference to the war they followed an evil policy as to their own interests and those of their allies, and in accordance with their private jealousies and private advantage; measures which, when successful, brought honors and profits to individuals only, while if they failed, the disadvantage was felt by the state in its results on the war.

The reason lay in this: that Pericles, powerful by his influence and ability, and manifestly incorruptible by bribes, exercised a control over the masses, combined with excellent tact, and rather led them than allowed them to lead him. For since he did not gain his ascendency by unbecoming means, he never used language to humor them, but was able, on the strength of his high character, even to oppose their passions. That is, when he saw them overweeningly confident without just grounds, he would speak so as to inspire them with a wholesome fear; or when they were unreasonably alarmed, he would raise their spirits again to confidence. It was a nominal democracy, but in fact the government of the one foremost man.

One of the most striking chapters in the history of Thucydides is that which tells of the siege of the little town of Platæa, which was commenced during

the third year of the war, and lasted more than two years. This is the earliest siege of any fortified place of which we have any detailed record which can be considered historical; and — with perhaps the exception of Gibbon's description of the siege of Constantinople by the Turks — the narrative by Thucydides has been considered by many competent critics, to have no equal. Fifty years before, Platæa, half a dozen miles from Thebes, was the scene of the great victory won by the Greeks over the Medes, and in recognition of the signal service rendered by its citizens, Platæa was solemnly recognized as an independent state. The Platæans wished to remain neutral in the Peloponnesian War; but the Spartans would not agree to this. Forced to take one side or the other, the Platæans cast in their lot with Athens. The Spartan King, Archidamas, with a considerable force, laid siege to Platæa; but after repeated failures to take the town by assault, the siege was turned to a close investment. A double wall of circumvallation was built around the town, the space between the two walls serving as a covered way, and a deep ditch was dug on the outer and inner side of this double wall. After eighteen months, provisions began to run short, and the Platæans, seeing no hope of relief from without, resolved to break through the wall of circumvallation. Before the actual investment all the non-combatants had been sent away except about one hundred women who were retained to cook for the garrison, which now numbered four hundred and eighty men, of whom eighty were Athenians. A night had been fixed for the sortie; but at the last moment the hearts of more than half the men failed

them, and only two hundred and twenty ventured the hazardous enterprise.

THE SORTIE FROM PLATÆA.

When all was ready, they waited for a stormy night with wind and rain, and when there was no moon, and so set out — the contrivers of the attempt leading the way. And first they crossed the ditch which girdled them on their own side, and got to the enemy's wall, without attracting the notice of the watch, since these could not see far through the darkness and did not hear the sound of their approach, because the noise of the wind drowned it. They moved at careful distance from each other, that their arms might not clash together, and so make their movements heard. They were in very light marching order, with the left foot only shod, so as to give them safe footing in the mud. So they made for the parapets in the mid-space between two of the towers, satisfied that they should find these deserted. First came those who bore the ladders, and planted them; then twelve of the light company mounted, armed with dagger and breastplate only, led by Ammias, son of Corœbus, who was the first to mount; after him the rest followed and reached the top, making for each of the towers. Other light-armed soldiers followed, with nothing but short spears — their shields, in order that they might mount the quicker, being carried by others behind them, who were to pass them to the owners when they engaged the enemy.

When a good many had got up, the guard from within the towers heard them; for one of the Platæans, in laying hold of the parapet, displaced a tile from it, which rattled as it fell. At once the alarm was shouted, and the enemy rushed from their lines to the walls; for they did not know what the alarm meant in the dark night and in the storm. At the same moment the Platæans who had been left in town sallied out, and attacked the enemy's line of circumvallation on the side opposite to that where their comrades were climbing over, to divert attention as much as possible from them. The enemy were bewildered, therefore, and remained at their several

quarters; and no man ventured to leave his own station to support the others, but all were at a loss to make out what was going on. Even the three hundred who had been told off to give support at any point where it was required, went out of their works to the quarter whence the shouts proceeded. Fire-signals of alarm were made to Thebes; but the Platæans lighted on their walls several beacons, which had been prepared for the purpose, so that the signals might be unintelligible to the Thebans, and they might not march to the aid of their friends, but might fancy the state of affairs to be anything but what it really was, until the fugitives should have got clear away, and reached a place of safety.

Meanwhile, as to the Platæans who were scaling the wall, as soon as the foremost had got up, and made themselves masters of both the towers, and slain the guard, they posted themselves at the thoroughfares at each of the towers, so as to let no one pass through to the rescue. They then planted ladders from the wall against the towers, and so sent up a good many of their men. Those on the towers and under them kept off any that were coming to the rescue; while the main body, having planted additional ladders, and also pulled down some of the parapet, were climbing over the works in the space between the towers. Each man, as he got over, took his place on the edge of the ditch, and from that position they kept off with arrows and javelins any who might come along the side of the wall to hinder the crossing. When all had crossed over, then the men from the towers — the hindmost not without difficulty — descended and got on the ditch.

Meanwhile the guard of three hundred were coming up with torches. Now the Platæans, standing in the shadow of the edge of the ditch, got a good sight of them, and launched their arrows and javelins against them as they stood exposed; while, keeping in the dark, as they did themselves, they were all the less visible for the torch-light, so that even the last of the party succeeded in passing the ditch; not, however, without much toil and difficulty, for there was ice formed upon it — not strong enough to bear, but somewhat slushy, as is commonly the

case with an easterly wind; and as there was snow falling that night with the wind, it produced a great deal of water in the ditch, which they had to cross up to their necks. Still, it was in great measure owing to the violence of the storm that they succeeded in escaping.

Of the two hundred and twenty men who set out, seven or eight lost heart early in the adventure, and made their way back to the town. One was made prisoner at some period. Those who returned declared that all of their comrades were slain; and next morning the Platæans sent a message into the Spartan lines asking the customary permission to bury their dead; but they received for answer that there were no dead to bury. The two hundred and twelve who persisted all seem to have made good their escape. The weakened garrison of Platæa were soon starved into surrender. The Spartans found a pretext for putting the whole number to death; the women were sold as slaves, and the town was razed to the ground.

This glorious little affair of Platæa was not a fair example of the whole course of the Peloponnesian War; for there were not a few enterprises by land and sea upon a large scale. The most notable of these was the great expedition under Nicias against the island of Sicily, in the eighteenth year of the war. All told, the Athenian force consisted of well-nigh 100,000 men, with which they finally undertook the siege of Syracuse, which was defended by the Spartan general Gylippus. It ended by the signal defeat of the Athenian naval force in the harbor, and the surrender, in a few days, of the entire land-force. Upon these events Thucydides has put forth his full strength. Macaulay characterizes his account as the great masterpiece of historical narrative.

WATCHING THE NAVAL BATTLE FROM THE SHORE.

The troops on either side who looked on from the shore, while the sea-fight was thus equally balanced, shared largely, so far as their feelings were concerned, in the struggle and the conflict; the native forces eager now for increase of glory, the invaders dreading lest they should meet with a worse disaster than they had already undergone. When any of them saw their own men victorious in any quarter, they were of good cheer, and fell to invoking heaven not to disappoint them of success; while those who beheld their friends getting the worst of it mingled their shouts with lamentations, and, because they could see all that happened, were more depressed in spirit than those actually engaged. Others, who had a view of some more hardly contested scene of the fight, went through the greatest distress, owing to the long suspense of the struggle, and in their extreme anxiety made contortions of their bodies corresponding to their feelings; for they were always within a little, as it seemed, of escape or destruction. So, in that one and the same body of Athenians — so long as the fight at sea was equally balanced — might be heard all at once loud lamentations and shouts of triumph — "They are winning!" "They are beaten!" and all the varied utterances which would be forced from a great army under peril.

The port of Syracuse is only about five miles in circuit, and its mouth had been closed by a strong barrier. The object of the Athenians was to break through this barrier and make their escape by sea. There were engaged, on both sides, one hundred and ninety-four war-galleys, with more than 40,000 men, who fought from the decks with darts and arrows. The Athenians had much the larger force, but this advantage was neutralized by the narrowness of the arena, which prevented them from bringing it into

action, and even of availing themselves of their superior seamanship. The heavier Syracusan galleys gradually forced the Athenians upon the rocky shore. The Athenians had one hundred and eighteen galleys, of which they lost fifty-eight; the Syracusans had seventy-six galleys, of which they lost twenty-six. The remaining Athenian fleet was, however, so badly crippled that it was deemed useless to renew the attempt to break out of the harbor. Nothing was left but to burn their ships, raise the siege, and endeavor to make their way into the interior of the island. Abandoning their numerous sick and wounded, they set out on the third morning. The fugitives numbered 40,000. In six days every man of them was either killed or captured, except a few hundreds who succeeded in reaching the friendly town of Catania. By far the greater portion were killed, the prisoners numbering only about 7,000, who were sold as slaves. Thucydides thus describes the scene at the beginning of this disastrous retreat.

THE RETREAT FROM SYRACUSE.

A terrible scene it was, not only from the one great fact that they were going off with the sacrifice of all their ships, and, instead of all their high hopes, in imminent peril for themselves and their country; but in the act of breaking up their quarters there occurred circumstances grievous alike to their sight and their feelings individually. For they were leaving their dead unburied, and when any man saw one of his personal friends lying among them, he was seized at once with grief and with dread; while those who were being left behind alive — wounded or sick — were a far sadder sight than even the dead for the living to look upon, and more to be pitied than those who had been slain. For these, breaking into entreaties and lamentations, drove

their friends almost to distraction by conjuring them to take them with them; appealing to each one of them by name, if they caught sight of a friend or a relative, hanging on their mess-comrades as they were moving off, and following them as far as they could; and when their strength or their limbs failed, not resigning themselves to be left behind without repeated adjurations and many groans. So that the whole force, reduced to weeping and in this sore distraction, had much work to get away at all, though they were quitting an enemy's country, after sufferings too great for tears, and in dread of suffering yet more in the unseen future.

Great, too, was the general dejection and lack of confidence in themselves; for they resembled nothing so much as the population of a city that has been starved out, and has to be evacuated. It was the heaviest reverse that had ever happened to a Greek army. It had fallen to men who came to make slaves of others, to have to retreat for fear lest such lot should rather be their own. Instead of the prayers and hymns of triumph with which they had set sail, they had now to leave their quarters under omens the very reverse.

Nicias, the Athenian commander, to whose lack of strict military qualifications the disaster was greatly due, yet enjoyed the respect and confidence of his men; for he had shared all their hardships, and was brought low by the fatal disease which was ravaging their camps. He passed along their retreating lines, and addressed them such words of encouragement as he could. This address of Nicias is the last of the elaborate speeches which Thucydides puts into the mouths of his characters. Probably the form of the address belongs to Thucydides rather than to Nicias.

THE ADDRESS OF NICIAS.

For my own part, there is not one of you who is not at least as strong as I am (you can see to what a state

I am reduced by disease); and though I have as much to make life valuable to me, publicly and privately, as any man, yet here I am, exposed to the same danger as the meanest soldier; yet I have done much to live a god-fearing life, and to act justly and be without reproach among men. And therefore have I yet confident hope for the future; and these misfortunes do not appall me so much as they well might. . . .

Look, too, what stout soldiers, and in what goodly numbers, march in your ranks, and be not too much disheartened. Remember that wherever you take up your quarters, you will virtually form a city of yourselves; and that there is no place in Sicily that can either withstand your attack, or drive you out if once you occupy it. Take only good heed yourselves, that your march be safe and orderly — each man reflecting that in the spot for which he may be forced to fight, he will find, if he is victorious, both a city and a fortress. . . .

In brief, fellow-soldiers, make up your minds that you must needs put forth all your valor, since there is no refuge at hand to which you can escape if you turn cowards, while, if you now deliver yourselves from your enemies, all will regain the homes I know you long to see; and we Athenians shall build up again the mighty power of our native state — fallen though it may be now: for it is men that make a state and not stone walls or empty galleys.

THURSTON, Katherine Cecil, a British novelist; born at Dublin in 1867. Her first successful novel, *The Circle,* was published in 1903, and was followed by a still more successful work, *The Masquerader,* in 1904. *The Gambler* appeared in 1905. She has also contributed to the maga-

zine numerous clever short stories. Prominent among these is the story of Irish village life called *The Climax*.

THE CLIMAX.

Michael Prendergast shut the door of his dispensary with a bang that sounded down the empty street, then lounged back against it and slowly lit his pipe. The life of an Irish doctor in an Irish village is peculiarly his own — as aloof from interference as his rough tweed clothes or his manner of speech. The pipe drew badly; with the deliberation that characterized all he did, Prendergast made his position more comfortable and struck another match.

It was an exceptional September day. Across the roadway the thatched roofs looked warm and brown as clustered bees; to his right the ducks clamored vigorously round the village pump; to his left, where the street curved, a fragment of sea showed between yellow and whitewashed houses like a steel band against the dazzling sky. He was no self-analyst, but he was aware of the light, clear warmth in a lifting spirit. Unconsciously he moved forward, and, looking up, let his eyes rest with a certain contentment on the battered house that spelt routine in his daily life — at the crooked window-sashes and the notice of his attendance in half-obliterated black letters on a white painted board: the whole comfortable discomfort that he had at first chafed at, then tolerated, at last learned to call life. For there is no place in the world where the lotus-eater matures more rapidly than in the solitary island shadowed by hills and lapped by tides. Like many another, Prendergast had begun life with purposes and energies; but the people, the atmosphere, the very soil of the country, are alien to such things: the solid wall of influences had prevailed, and his nature had dozed to sleep.

He was still gazing at the notice board, still ruminating pleasantly — the tobacco in his pipe glowing as he drew and let go his breath — when a sound in the deserted street roused him. A man's laugh — its echo in a girl's voice — then footsteps, partly muffled in the sandy dust

of the roadway. He turned abruptly, raised his cap, then drew back a step into his original position, slightly disconcerted for almost the first time in his recollection.

The girl's form was familiar — familiar enough to bring the slow blood to his face; but the man's was new, with the intolerable newness of an unexpected, unreckoned-with thing. He glanced over the slight figure in its spotless flannels, and felt suddenly and hotly conscious of his rough-cut tweeds: then the feeling fled before a fierce pang of self-disgust at his momentary weakness. At this precise moment the two in the roadway paused. The man looked coolly interested, the girl flushed with unwonted exhilaration.

"Good morning, Doctor Prendergast," she said. "This is Mr. Astley, the friend from London that we expected last night. His boat was kept back by the fog. He only arrived from Cloghal two hours ago." She spoke a little hurriedly, glancing from one to the other. Strangers were few at Rosscoe and introductions rare.

When she ceased speaking there was a pause. A group of fishermen passed, carrying nets and lobster-pots, and the ducks by the pump scattered in confusion. Prendergast shifted his position awkwardly: the stranger, with absolute unconcern, screwed in his eyeglass, and surveyed him as he might an interesting monument.

"How d'you do?" he said.

Prendergast squared his wide shoulders. "This is a tame spot after London," he remarked. "How does it strike you?"

The other smiled. His smile, like everything from his immaculate panama to his doeskin boots, was cool and complete; it altered his face just enough to show a perfect row of teeth, but it left his satirical, questioning eyes untouched.

"The place is interesting," he said; "but it's the people I've come for. I'm rather studying the Celt." His words dropped out with great conciseness, each syllable cut and clear. Prendergast unconsciously began knocking the ashes out of his smoldering pipe. At this point the girl interposed.

"Mr. Astley is writing a great book," she said, "and

he's hunting for uncultivated types. Isn't that it?" She looked up with naïve admiration at the thin clean-shaven face.

The last shred of tobacco fell to the ground, and Prendergast raised his head. "He won't have to look far," he said.

Nancy Odell glanced round quickly. Ill-humor was new in Prendergast.

Astley let his eyeglass drop from his eye; it dangled from its string in the sun. "No," he said smoothly; "I've discovered that for myself."

The veiled sarcasm escaped Nancy; but Prendergast, without fully understanding it, flushed.

"Good-by, Miss Odell," he said. "There's work waiting up at my place." He held out his hand.

The girl looked puzzled, then distressed. "Good-by," she said. "And you will dine with us to-night? I know father wants you to—"

He hesitated. Her eyes were on his: Astley was lost in contemplation of the dispensary. "Very well," he agreed brusquely. "Thanks!" Lifting his cap, he turned on his heel and strode down the street toward his own house.

The new-comer turned, his lips curved into sarcastic amusement. "Miss Odell," he said; "I owe you an unpayable debt. I thought they had extinguished the primitive man some hundreds of years ago."

Prendergast reviewed many things that evening as he climbed the steep hill to the Odells'. It seemed that chance had taken Rosscoe — its picturesqueness, its lethargy, its negativeness — and, shaking it rudely, had set it down again in altered circumstances.

The sight of this stranger, with his cool superiority, his insolence, exhaling another atmosphere in every breath, had altered the very face of accepted things. The World had penetrated into the Wilderness which in our day is tantamount to the Snake in Paradise.

He threw back his shoulders and quickened his pace; he held his head high, but there were misgivings in his heart. With slow exactness he ticked off events from the hour of his arrival in Rosscoe four years ago, begin-

ning with the damp, drizzling day on which he had caught his first glimpse of Nancy Odell riding up the village on her chestnut cob — a slim girl of seventeen, with the longest and blackest eyelashes he had ever seen and hair still bound in a dense thick plait. He recalled their first meeting and his subsequent invitation to the old house crumbling away under its ivy; and with the memory came his first impression of Nancy's father, Denis Odell, the man who after a brilliant career at college had returned to Rosscoe on his father's death, had taken up life there, had married, and had gradually, by a process so slow as scarcely to be discernible, passed from the ranks of those who do to the ranks of those who dream. He remembered everything — the whole chain of pleasant uneventfulness; the days that slipped to nights, the nights that merged to days, while outside, beyond the guarding sea and the wall of hills, life went on as usual — fevered, despairing, hopeful, tireless in its steady round. He stopped suddenly in his walk. What had he really done in those four years? The question glowered at him abruptly out of the falling dusk; with unaccustomed force it stormed his mind. He had done his duty, had earned his reputation for goodness of heart, had been charitable in his modest way. But what mite of knowledge had he given the storehouse of his profession? What had he contributed towards the future of his own life? A great blank met his view — an appalling, yawning void. For two whole years he had been placidly in love. Until to-day the need to put even that love into expression had never touched his mind. He had been content in the silent acknowledgment of the fact. Nancy knew that he cared for her — must know it, he had reasoned; and for the rest — they were young, there was time enough. There was time enough! That had been his philosophy till now. Now somehow everything was changed.

His fingers moved with loose uncertainty as he opened the iron gate, then with a more hasty step than he had used for years he crossed the wide path to the house — the gravel crunching under his feet.

In the hall he was met by Odell. The old man looked

unusually alert: some of the light that had been in Nancy's eyes that morning seemed to have passed to his.

"You've seen young Astley?" he said almost at once, linking his arm through Prendergast's and drawing him down the corridor to the drawing-room.

Prendergast answered churlishly in monosyllable. Though he had expected the words, he resented them now that they were said.

"A clever fellow! A man with a future! It has warmed my heart to see him, Prendergast. His father and I were old friends. Poor Ned! He had a great spirit, but he lacked the grit of this youngster. He belongs to the newer era, eh?"

He laughed with his hand on the drawing-room door, and for the first time Prendergast felt a tinge of alienism in the familiar house. It seemed that the brown walls stared down at him with an unaccustomed air, that there was a new note of criticism in the jar of the turning door-handle. Then he moved forward into the lighted room.

The room — so large and so suggestive of faded splendor, was softened by a great glow of candles; there were fresh curtains on the long windows, and the bowls of stock on the ancient grand piano seemed more numerous and more fragrant than usual. He felt each infinitesimal difference as he moved forward and took Nancy's hand.

In Nancy, too, there was a change. Her usual cotton dress was discarded for a muslin the color of her eyes; her beautiful hair was coiled with new care; a long gold chain, the only ornament she possessed, was twisted around her neck. Her youth, her charm, her buoyancy, struck Prendergast with a shock. He turned abruptly to where the other guest stood.

Ashley came forward, and they shook hands. In dark clothes he looked even slighter of build and paler of face — the coldness of his eyes alone defying all changes of attire and alterations of light. His fingers pressed Prendergast's swiftly, then relaxed. They left the impression of steel — so firm and so lacking in all warmth was their touch.

"Miss Odell and I have been discussing temperaments,"

he said suavely. "I hold that reaction is the keynote of the Celtic nature; that the more lethargic it seems, the more volcanic its outbreak when the climax comes." He stopped and adjusted his eyeglass.

Prendergast felt his blood stir at the cool inquisitiveness of the stare, but he controlled the emotion.

"Such topics are beyond Rosscoe," he said. "Here the climax comes first, and we talk about it afterwards."

Astley inclined his head to one side and surveyed him attentively. "Then you never self-analyze?"

"Never!" rose emphatically to Prendergast's lips, but his host interposed.

"Dinner awaits us," he said. "We go in without ceremony, Astley — Doctor Prendergast knows that."

Prendergast straightened himself, drawing back against the piano to let Nancy pass; but Astley moved silently forward, and held the door ajar for her. He was rewarded with a very sweet smile as she passed into the hall.

That dinner lingered long in Prendergast's mind. Astley — superlatively interesting in ordinary moments — seemed to develop a fresh side when partaking of a meal. Where the rural mind grows dull, his galvanized. He talked much and talked well. Prendergast sat silent and oppressed while he touched on current literature, lingered over Socialism in its last developments, and rounded neatly off with a personal view on European politics. He watched Odell's absorbed face and Nancy's mystified admiration; then steadily enough his gaze moved on to the mirror hanging on the opposite wall and paused on his own reflection. The picture it rested on was not calculated to reassure. The eyes that met his own lacked color, the skin had an uncertain tone, the sandy hair refused to lie flat; lowering his glance, he arrested it once more, this time on the ill-knotted tie and badly fitting coat. How many times, he wondered, had he sat in that same seat and viewed the same image with no glimmering of shame while he criticized the new schoolmaster or discussed the prospects of the potato crop! At the thought he set his teeth.

Twice Astley appealed to him; but his ideas were glued together, and his answers were wide of the point. More than twice his host tried to draw him into talk; but the geniality sounded like condescension to his overstrained ears, and he responded ungraciously. His emphatic sense of failure hardened into pride. He thought savagely of the degrees he had taken, of the hours he had sweated, of the whole uphill fight, with little money and few friends, that had landed him where he was. As the thoughts came quick and bitter, the servant entered with coffee, liqueurs, whiskey, and hot water. With an impulse new in its directness, he pushed back his chair and rose. To the three surprised faces turned towards him his expression seemed unchanged; to himself it felt convulsed and strange.

"Miss Odell," he said, "you mustn't mind if I say good-night. There's a poor woman on the cliff who wants seeing to. Old Mary Troy, sir," — he turned to his host. "She's not long for this world, and I promised I'd look in before the night was out."

Odell looked up. "Tush, man! It's the old story. They're always going, and never gone. Sit down and have a glass of punch."

His tone was cordial, but Prendergast saw his eyes turn back expectantly to Astley's face.

"Thanks, sir; but it's a true bill this time. Good-night." He nodded to Astley. "Good-night, Miss Odell." His eyes rested on Nancy's face and his hand sought hers.

She pressed his fingers warmly, but her smile was preoccupied; her attention also was elsewhere. It was a curious fact that of the three faces the one turned most steadfastly in his direction — the one to show most interest in his movements, most attention to his words — was that of his fellow-guest.

"Good-night," Nancy said quickly — "though you don't deserve even that. But if you must go, tell Mary I'll come and see her to-morrow before twelve. I ought really to have gone to-day."

"All right. Good-night."

Odell followed him to the hall and helped him into his

overcoat. As he rolled up the collar, Astley's succinct voice reached them from the dining-room:

"So you are Lady Bountiful? You make me wish I had an interesting disease and a cabin on the cliff."

Odell laughed. By an immense effort Prendergast echoed the sound, then, shaking hands hurriedly, he opened the door with a wrench and passed out into the chill quiet.

Leaving the grounds, he turned — not upwards towards Mary Troy's cottage, but downwards, steadily and directly to the sea. Deception in any form was foreign to him, but the moment had come when he must have a new atmosphere. Leaving the road, he gained the rocks by a footpath, and, crossing them with steady, accustomed feet, paused on the outer ledge, took off his cap, and let the air blow strongly through his rough hair. Outwardly he was calm and dogged; so also, by a strange affinity, was the mass of water at his feet. The oily sheen of autumn was over the black waves as they sucked and murmured in sullen quiet. The primary elements of his nature dumbly understood the restrained power and answered to it. He stood for some minutes breathing in the moist salt air; then he turned and slowly retraced his steps. As he regained the road he stopped.

"I'll tell her to-morrow," he said aloud. "I won't wait another day."

But man proposes. Next day an urgent message called him to the boundary of his district, over the worst roads in the country, and night was falling before he reached home. The following day a fresh obstacle arose, and on the third another. A week passed, and he had not yet seen Nancy alone. To a more impetuous nature the delay would have been insupportable. In Prendergast it called up the dogged fatalism that lay deep in his character, and something of his old philosophy rose again reassuringly. There was time enough! Men like Astley might flit across the horizon of Rosscoe, disturbing its elements, but in due season they must inevitably flit away again and be forgotten. He stated this to himself on the seventh night after the Odells' dinner, as he sat in his

lonely room by the light of his solitary lamp; and he reiterated it in the sunlight of the next morning, as he unpacked a chest of drugs brought by the post, and laid the contents on the window-sill of the dispensary, to await sorting. The philosophy was still in his mind as he sauntered across the cliff later in the day — his gun on his shoulder, his dog at his heels. His eyes were on the heather in front of him, his battered brown pipe was well aglow, when he paused in the midst of his meditation, arrested by a voice behind him.

"Hallo, Doctor! Where are you off to? Haven't seen you these hundred years."

It was the voice of Denis Odell; and, turning, Prendergast saw him emerge from one of the narrower tracks into the wide path that encircled the cliff. He looked brisk and healthy; there was a new spirit in his voice.

"Had any luck?" he asked. "We heard you banging away."

"Nothing to talk about." Prendergast spoke absently; he was speculating on the change in his companion. In all the years of their acquaintance he had never known Odell to leave his room, much less his house, before afternoon.

The other saw his thought. "You're wondering," he said. "It's the touch of the world that's done it. Why did none of you here ever tell me I was vegetating? I'd have mouldered into the graveyard ten years before my time if Astley hadn't turned up to rejuvenate me. He's like one of your tonics, Prendergast — bitter to taste, but powerful in results." He laughed.

Prendergast shifted his gun uneasily. "You've been showing him the caves?" He nodded toward the track Odell had just ascended.

"Yes. The three of us have been exploring, and I've beaten the two of them in the climb back. Not bad for a dried-up recluse, eh?" He laughed again.

"No." Prendergast shifted his position and whistled to the dog. He knew that he himself could scarcely have outstripped Nancy in the ascending of a cliff had she cared to reach the summit first; and at the thought the first fully comprehended pang of jealousy shot over his

senses. But instantly he shook it off. What had this stranger to do with Rosscoe, or life at Rosscoe? Nothing. He moved once more impatiently, and the dog stirred.

"Down, Rose! Quiet, old girl!" He looked uneasily towards the side-path. The thought of Nancy and the stranger alone on the brown rocky track filled him with ungovernable thoughts. Then suddenly his mood changed and lightened; his faith flowed back. "I hear them!" he exclaimed. "They're coming! This is a new experience for Mr. Astley." He laughed with a great reaction; there had been a terrible moment, but the moment was passed. He went forward quickly and looked over the cliff.

Nancy came first, her blue eyes alight, her hair blown about her temples. She walked over the boulders and loose earth of the track with the erect ease she would have shown on a level road; a pace or two behind came Astley, his pale face a shade or two paler than usual, his thin lips apart. The girl was the first to see Prendergast; she blushed quickly and then smiled.

"Doctor Prendergast!" she exclaimed. "Where in the world have you been hiding yourself all this time?" The words were slight, the tone hurried, but they were sufficient to bring the blood in a slow tide to Prendergast's face. Unconsciously he raised his head, and met Astley's amused, sarcastic gaze.

"I have been working," he said.

Nancy gained the path and her companion followed. As he reached Prendergast's side he raised his eyebrows.

"Does anybody ever work in Ireland?" he asked innocently, disentangling his eyeglass string.

Odell laughed. "Look out, Astley!" he called. "I'd have broken your father's head for that thirty years ago. Come here, little girl," he added, "and give me an arm home. That climb was pretty stiff after all."

Astley and Prendergast drew back, and Nancy went forward, patting the dog's head as she passed. Odell took her arm affectionately, and they turned towards home.

The two men, left alone, stood silent and uncertain. A

second passed, then another; at last Astley broke the pause.

"Where there's no alternative, Doctor," he said, "it's best to philosophize. Will you walk home with me?"

The delay that followed was acute in its suggestion. Prendergast kicked at a tuft of heather, then looked down in deep contemplation at his boot; Astley, his head inclined to the left, his eyes gleaming with sarcastic query, watched him with steady attention. The thought in each mind was visible — in the one, keen, unemotional interest; in the other, active distrust. The position was slightly ludicrous. Astley laughed.

"Come," he said, "we each have our point of view. I am superlatively irritating in your eyes; you are superlatively interesting in mine. Now, your profession is one of philanthropy. Will you walk back with me?"

The tone stung Prendergast, but the words amused him. His humor, lifeless for a week, roused itself, and he echoed the other's laugh.

"Just as you like," he acceded. "I suppose I am a bit churlish; we get like that from being alone."

Astley took the apology in wise silence, and they moved forward towards the bend round which Nancy and her father had disappeared. They walked slowly; it was a day to be lazily enjoyed. The cliff was splendid in its fading heather, the wide sweep of sea shimmered copper rather than gold; everywhere lay the colors and the peace of an autumn afternoon. Prendergast eyed it placidly in the calm appreciation that time and custom bring; Astley, after one cursory glance, took no further notice of the scene, but fixed his whole concentrated interest on the man by his side. He looked as the entomologist looks when he pins a new and rare moth to his setting-board.

Looking back upon that walk, Prendergast could never remember precisely what they talked about. He had a certain after-impression that Astley had been even more brilliant and more individual than on the night of the dinner; that slowly and by reluctant degrees his own innate dislike and distrust of the man had thawed before his caustic charm, till he had been drawn to discuss his life, his work — even his sentiments. That was his im-

pression; but his impression, seen in the clearness of after-knowledge, is like a phantom light in presence of the sun — a poor, untraceable thing, without color or form. His first clear recollection dated from their pause at the point where the cliff track stopped and the road began. Far away in the distance the figures of Nancy and her father were discernible, heading steadily for home; above them the corn-fields rolled away — yellow and cropped and cleaned of their treasure; below was the village, the rocks, and the strand. The spot invited rest; Astley was the first to stop. Screwing in his eyeglass, he turned sharply on his companion and surveyed him deliberately with the old look that so roused antagonism.

"This visit to Ireland has meant a good deal to me," he said.

The tone he used was peculiar — so peculiar that Prendergast lifted his head. In an instant the partial softening of his feelings was arrested; he drew back into himself — once more watchful, suspicious, ill at ease.

"What do you mean?" he asked. The art of polite preamble was unknown to him.

For a moment Astley made no answer. He looked across the bay to where the second headland showed shadowy in the haze. Then he looked slowly and deliberately back at Prendergast.

"I mean that Miss Odell has promised to be my wife," he said.

It was many hours later that Prendergast unlocked the door of the dispensary, and, leaving it ajar, walked upstairs. He walked slowly and heavily — the toes of his boots stumbling methodically against each uncarpeted step, the sleeve of his coat rubbing against the whitewashed wall. Entering the bare consulting-room he paused: his gun hung from his hand; the dog, a yard behind him, stood attentive and surprised. For several seconds he stayed immovable, then, stirred by some untraceable thought, he lifted the gun, looked at it, and laid it aside. Taking off his cap, he passed his hand slowly and perplexedly across his hair.

How he had parted with Astley, what he had said, how he had borne himself, belonged to some vague, long-past

time. He had a shadowy memory of a cold concise voice, and of cold, amused, intensely inquisitive eyes. Then came a knowledge of escape and a recollection of walking — walking on and on, without sense of distance or destination, in a fruitless attempt to outstrip himself. With the remembrance of his walk he looked quickly down at his boots caked with red mud; then with the dazed, vacant look still on his face he crossed the room to the window overlooking the street.

On the window-sill stood the packing-case that the post had brought, the strewn shavings, the phials and boxes of varying size. He looked at them stolidly, with difficulty connecting them with himself. Each one had been given its place that morning by a man in the strong confidence of life, each was glanced over now by a man who had lost the very bearings of existence. Once more he passed his hand heavily over his hair.

To emphasize his feelings in that hour would be impossible — he had none to emphasize. Neither rage nor loss nor desolation held any part in his comprehension. He was merely stunned.

For well over ten minutes he kept the same position — his hands hanging by his sides, his eyes fastened unseeingly on the litter before him; then swiftly, by one of those tiny incidents that change events, he was brought back to movement. The dog, lying under the table, stirred in its sleep, stretched its paws shiveringly, and yelped. The sound, so familiar and so commonplace, roused him.

"Wake up, Rose!" he said unconsciously. "Wake up, old girl!"

The sound of his voice in the still room was hollow; the dog sprang up, twisted its body, yawned, and came forward, wagging its tail. A second later it thrust its nose amongst the *débris* of the window-sill, sending one small bottle rolling to the ground.

Prendergast stooped and recovered it. It was a narrow bottle, neatly packed with fine white grains, and bearing a significant label. As he drew himself upright again he held it to the light, his face grimly relaxed.

"One pinch of this, Rose," he said, "and—" But he

didn't finish. With a sound half fierce, half ironical, he broke off sharply, and, holding the bottle between his fingers, walked the length of the room. Three times he paced from end to end, then pausing, he laid it aside in his ordinary drug cupboard, and continued his promenade with empty hands.

He walked persistently for three minutes, as a prisoner might tramp a jail-yard; then once more he paused, surprised into quiet by a fresh sound — the sound of steps on the carpetless stairs outside. With a first impulse he turned to annihilate the intruder; then something in the steps themselves — something in the soft, considered mounting, held him mute. The dog walked to the door and growled. The growl steadied him.

"Down, Rose!" he said roughly, and moving past the animal he threw the door wide.

In the passage the pale face of Astley accosted him sharply through the dust. He drew back, and his visitor made a step forward; the light of question still flickered in his eyes.

"I rather thought of consulting you professionally," he began, "and finding the door open I came up. Have I transgressed?" He laughed, but his cold voice was more alert than usual, his words more clipped.

In silence Prendergast drew back into the room.

The other still halted on the threshold. "Have I transgressed?" he asked again.

"You may come in." Prendergast forced the monosyllables. At the first sound of the chilling voice his whole mental mechanism had undergone a change. As a cold douche sends the blood tingling, the first word uttered by Astley had slashed his lethargy into bits. All the silent antipathy that existed from the first, all the new, intolerable sense of wrong that lay dormant in his mind, flooded up and met. At school he had earned the reputation of being hard to rouse; as he stood now by the deal table, conscious in every pore of Astley's presence, he remembered by a strange linking of ideas one memorable day in that same school-life on which he had, single-handed, fought and conquered three boys of his own size. At the recollection he crossed the room rapidly and stood

once more by the window, looking down into the deserted street.

Silently Astley moved forward, and in his turn also paused by the table. "The fact is," he began, "my nerves gave me a bad time this morning, and have left the legacy of a splitting head. It struck me to come to you for relief—" As he spoke he leant forward; the light from the small windows was growing momentarily duller. A September evening falls rapidly once the sun has dropped.

"A headache?" Prendergast said the word dully; he was aware, in a strange, uncertain way, of a tightness — a sense of congestion in his own brain. "A headache?" he said again.

"Yes; a headache."

The words reached him, but their meaning left him untouched. Without definite object he walked back into the room, and, passing Astley, paused once more by the cupboard in the wall. His hand strayed to the door-hinge and fumbled there; the motion was unconscious, but it raised a new query in his visitor's attentive eyes.

He left his place by the table and drew closer to Prendergast by two steps.

"Make me a dose," he urged; "you have the materials under your hand." His voice was at all times distinct; when he chose he could make it vibrate like a bell. As he spoke now he used all his power, and in direct and violent response a change passed over Prendergast. He lifted his head, straightened his shoulders, and once more passed his hand across his hair. By some inexplicable force the blood that had seemed massed in his brain rushed darkly over his face — roaring in his ears, dancing before his eyes. He had been moving, living, talking in a dream; now abruptly he was awake, conscious of himself and of his loss, with a consciousness that ran direct, without offshoot or divergence, into one channel — the channel of violent, jealous hate. In that instant of enlightenment, every impulse and every feeling concentrated to a point, he understood everything from the first moment his eyes had rested on Astley to the present hour; each item, each incident, each idea turned on the same pivot — jealousy. Jealousy! On the spur of the thought he half

turned, his hand clenched; then, with a motive altogether novel, he paused on his impulse, and slowly, quite slowly, turned back, facing the cupboard once again. Astley's words seemed to hop in material form between the bottles, to stare at him from the shelves. "Make me a dose; you have the materials under your hand!" Harshly, smoothly, suggestively — in every varying note they were shouted and whispered in his mind.

"What do you mostly take?" he asked. The words came steadily enough, but it didn't seem that the voice that spoke them belonged to him.

Astley came forward another step. "Oh, anything — antipyrin or the other stuff — anything you like —" He, too, seemed slightly and unaccountably perturbed, but the perturbation escaped Prendergast. Such a man in such a moment is oblivious of everything but his own dominant thought.

His face had a gray pallor, but his hand fumbled continuously with the hinge. "Heart sound?" he asked, without turning round.

For an instant Astley made no reply, then he laughed with deliberate, sarcastic point. "My dear doctor, what a question to a man in my position! Surely Miss Odell is the authority there." The words were light, but they were meant to cut, and they fulfilled their mission. Prendergast made no remark. For a complete minute he remained absolutely motionless, absolutely mute; then picking up a wine-glass he carried it across the room, half filled it with water, and returned to the cupboard and his former place. His face still had a leaden tinge, his eyes were fixed; without a glance at Astley he leant forward — his wide shoulders robbing the cupboard of light. With jerking fingers he uncorked a bottle, measured a pinch of white powder and spilt it into the glass; then, having added two other ingredients, he turned round. His face was expressionless and without movement, save for the throbbing of a nerve at the corner of his mouth — a curious vehicle of feeling that answered to no control. Without a word he held the glass at arm's-length.

The light in the room was failing. Astley, with slightly

nervous haste and head inquisitively thrust forward, moved to his side.

"This is the dose?" he asked, his hand half extended, his eyes bright with question and surmise.

Prendergast saw each detail, and his innate physical loathing of the man rose overwhelmingly. "Yes; this is the dose," he said in a dull voice, and thrusting the glass into Astley's hand, he walked to the window and stood looking out.

All men have their dark — their terrible — hour to be lived through, struggled through, crawled through, as the case may be. How long Prendergast stood by the window and stared through the dusty panes matters not at all; whether a moment or a lifetime, the issues were the same. He stood while the savage tide of his jealousy leaped up in fire, and fell back to water — running in trickling sweat down his forehead from his hair. Then at last he turned. All life seemed gone from his face, and he stooped like one who has passed through great physical exertion, but the strained look had left his eyes. Whatever his fight had been, it was fought through.

The room seemed very dim as he turned, but the glint of the glass as his patient raised it slowly caught his eye as lightning might have done. He sprang forward; the dog made a frightened sound — half bark, half cry; Astley stepped backward, overturning a chair. For a bare instant all was confusion; then Prendergast drew back against the wall and wiped his face. The dog had run to him and was fawning on his feet; Astley, with a colorless face and a smile on his thin lips, was twisting and re-twisting his eyeglass string; between them on the ground lay the shattered fragments of the wine-glass, its spilt contents running in a thin stream across the boards.

That night Prendergast did not go home; but when, worn and exhausted, he let himself into his house next morning at six o'clock, the first object that met his glance was a propped-up letter on the hall table. It was a thick letter in a square envelope, addressed in an unfamiliar hand.

He had entered the house with inert movements. With

the same inertness he picked up the envelope and tore it apart. It bore the date of seven o'clock on the previous evening — exactly half an hour after the moment at which he had watched Astley pass down the dispensary stairs. He scanned the first lines dully; then a change passed over his face — the dark tide of blood that suffused his skin in emotion swept over it, he turned with unsteady fingers to the signature, then returned to the first page and read the letter to the end. It was carefully and concisely worded — the writing distinct and small.

"My Dear Doctor," it began, "I am your debtor under two heads — I owe you my apologies and my thanks. I came to your village with a purpose and a theory; by your unconscious help I leave it to-morrow with the first fulfilled and the second verified. In short I came here to find you the quite lethargic hero of a very promising comedy, and, having a turn for human theatricals, I conceived the idea of playing scene-shifter and audience in one — of providing a climax and watching the lethargic hero live through it. From your point of view the act was unwarrantable; but, as I once explained to you, a point of view is a very prejudiced affair at best, and when all is reckoned up no solid harm has been achieved. I have gained an insight into the Celtic nature by a means no more genuine than your dose of — shall we say antipyrin? And for the rest, Miss Odell is entirely charming; but such pleasant pastimes as love and marriage lie in more worthy — or should it be more suitable? — hands than mine. — Yours faithfully, James Astley."

Prendergast read the letter to the end, word by word; then slowly, dazedly, unbelievingly, he turned back to the beginning and read it through again. — *From Blackwood's Magazine.*

TIBULLUS, Albius, a Roman poet; born B.C. 54; died B.C. 18. From his equestrian ancestors he inherited an estate at Pedum, between Tibur and Præneste, which, like the estates of Virgil and Horace, had been either wholly or partially confiscated in the civil wars. Tibullus, however, recovered part of his property, and spent upon it the best part of his short life. He was patronized by Messala, whom, in B.C. 31, he accompanied into Aquitania, to suppress a serious revolt which had broken out in that province. He was present at the battle of Atax, which gave the final blow to the insurgents; and he celebrates, in a fine strain of poetry, the honorable part he bore in the campaign. Next year, Messala was sent to the East, and again Tibullus accompanied him; but having been obliged from illness to stop at Corcyra, he returned to Rome. At this point, the public life of Tibullus ceases; and we are told that henceforth he devoted himself to the study and composition of poetry. His elegies, divided into four books, are mainly addressed to his mistresses, Delia, Nemesis, and Glycera, whose inconstancy or coldness he bewails in tender and exquisitely finished verses. The third book, however, is now believed to be the work, not of Tibullus, but of another and inferior poet; while the hexameter poem on Messala, with which the fourth book opens, is, from internal evidence, supposed to be also by another and inferior hand. Only the first book was published during the poet's lifetime, which, brief as it was, yet passed peacefully away amid all the blessings of pecuniary competence, patronage of the great,

health, and fame. The character of Tibullus was singularly pure, amiable, and winning. During life, he had the honor of being addressed in an ode and an epistle by Horace; after death, of being bewailed in an elegy of matchless beauty by Ovid. The best edition of his *Poems* is that of Dissen (1835).

LOVE'S DEVOTION.

How sweet to lie and hear the wild winds roar,
While to our breast the one beloved we strain;
Or, when the cold South's sleety torrents pour,
To sleep secure, lulled by the plashing rain!

This lot be mine: let him be rich, 'tis fair,
Who braves the wrathful sea and tempest drear;
Oh, rather perish gold and gems, than e'er
One fair one for my absence shed a tear!

Dauntless, Messala, scour the earth and main
To deck thy home with warfare spoils — 'tis well;
Me here a lovely maiden's charms enchain,
At her hard door a sleepless sentinel.

Delia, I court not praise, if mine thou be;
Let men cry lout and clown — I'll bear the brand:
In my last moments let me gaze on thee,
And dying clasp thee with my faltering hand.

TICKELL, THOMAS, an English poet; born at Bridekirk, Cumberland, in 1686; died at Bath, April 23, 1740. He studied at Queen's College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow in 1710. He was an intimate friend of Addison, and contrib-

uted in prose and verse to the *Spectator* and the *Guardian*. Upon Addison's appointment as Secretary of State in 1717, he procured for Tickell the position of Under-Secretary. In 1724 he was made Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland, a position which he retained until his death. He commenced a translation of the *Iliad*, but did not go beyond the first book. He made a clever imitation of Horace's *Prophecy of Nereus* adapting it to the ridicule of the Jacobite uprising of 1715. His best poem is the noble elegy upon Addison, addressed to the Earl of Warwick, Addison's stepson.

ON THE DEATH OF ADDISON.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stayed,
And left to Addison the debt unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh, judge my bosom by your own!
What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires;
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
  Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part forever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues — then unheeded things —
Through rows of warriors and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow, solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid,
And the last words that dust to dust conveyed!
Oh, gone forever! take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.

If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee!
Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown),
Along the walls where sparkling marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.
In what new region to the just assigned,
What new employments please the unbodied mind?
A wingèd Virtue, through the ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or, curious, trace the long, laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled and the Dragon fell;
Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essayed below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind –
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms;
When pain distresses or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more. . . .
Thou hill whose brow the antique structures grace,

Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears?
How sweet were once thy prospects, fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday shade.

TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

O, formed by Nature, and refined by Art,
With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart!
By thousands sought, Clotilda, canst thou free
Thy crowd of captives and descend to me?
Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,
A hidden beauty and a country wife?
O, listen while thy summers are my theme!
Ah! soothe thy partner in his waking dream!
In some small hamlet on the lonely plain,
Where Thames through meadows rolls his mazy train,
Or where high Windsor, thick with greens arrayed,
Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade,
Fancy has figured out our calm retreat;
Already round the visionary seat
Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to spring,
The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.
Where dost thou lie, thou thinly peopled green,
Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen,
Where sons, contented with their native ground,
Ne'er travelled farther than ten furlongs round,
And the tanned peasant and his ruddy bride
Were born together, and together died;
Where early larks best tell the morning light,
And only Philomel disturbs the night?
'Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,
With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dyes;
All savage where th' embroidered gardens end,
The haunt of echoes, shall my woods ascend;

And oh! if Heaven th' ambitious thought approve,
A rill shall warble 'cross the gloomy grove —
A little rill o'er pebbly beds conveyed,
Gush down the steep, and glitter through the glade.
What cheering scents these bordering banks exhale!
How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale!
That thrush how shrill! his note so clear, so high,
He drowns each feathered minstrel of the sky.
Here let me trace beneath the purpled morn
The deep-mouthed beagle and the sprightly horn,
Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies,
Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the skies.
Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
The downy peach, or flavored nectarine;
Or rob the beehive of its golden hoard,
And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
Sometimes my books by days shall kill the hours,
While from thy needle rise the silken flowers,
And thou, by turns, to ease my feeble sight,
Resume the volume, and deceive the night.
O, when I mark thy twinkling eyes opprest,
Soft whispering, let me warn my love to rest;
Then watch thee, charmed, while sleep locks every sense,
And to sweet Heaven commend thy innocence.
Thus reigned our fathers o'er the rural fold,
Wise, hale, and honest, in the days of old;
Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,
And specious joys are bought with real woe.
See Flavia's pendants large, well spread and right;
The ear that wears them hears a fool each night.
Mark how th' embroidered colonel sneaks away,
To shun the withering dame that made him gay;
That knave, to gain a little, lost his fame;
That raised his credit by a daughter's shame;
This coxcomb's ribbon cost him half his land,
And oaks unnumbered bought that fool a wand.
Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few,
Acquires strange wants that nature never knew;
By midnight lamps he emulates the day,
And sleeps, perverse, the cheerful suns away;
From goblets high-embost his wine must glide,
Round his closed sight the gorgeous curtains slide;

Fruits ere their time to grace his pomp must rise,
And three untasted courses glut his eyes.
For this are nature's gentle calls withstood,
The voice of conscience, and the bonds of blood;
This wisdom thy reward for every pain,
And this gay glory all thy mighty gain.
Fair phantoms wooed and scorned from age to age,
Since bards began to laugh, and priests to rage.
And yet, just curse one man's aspiring kind!
Prone to ambition, to example blind.
Our children's children shall our steps pursue,
And the same errors be for ever new.
Meanwhile in hope a guiltless country swain,
My reed with warblings cheers the imagined plain.
Hail, humble shades, where truth and silence dwell!
The noisy town and faithless court, farewell!
Farewell ambition, once my darling flame!
The thirst of lucre, and the charm of fame!
In life's by-road, that winds through paths unknown,
My days, though numbered, shall be all my own.
Here shall they end (O might they twice begin!),
And all be white the Fates intend to spin.

TICKNOR, GEORGE, an American historian; born at Boston, Mass., August 1, 1791; died there, January 26, 1871. He was graduated from Dartmouth in 1807; studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1813; but instead of practicing the profession, he devoted himself to scholarship. In 1815 he went to Europe; studied for two years in the University of Göttingen, and spent three years more at various places, studying the languages and literature of modern Europe. He returned to America in 1820, having during his absence been elected to the newly founded Professorship of Modern Languages in Har-

vard College. He resigned this chair in 1835 and spent three years in Europe, engaged especially in making his unsurpassed collection of works in Spanish. In 1840 he set himself strenuously at work upon the composition of his *History of Spanish Literature,* which was published in 1849. The work was at once recognized as the best upon the subject in any language, and was almost immediately translated into Spanish and German. In the numerous translations from Spanish poets, Mr. Ticknor evinced poetical ability of a high order. Besides this great work he contributed some valuable papers to the *North American Review.* He also published a *Memoir of Nathaniel Appleton Hazen* (1837); *Life of William H. Prescott* (1864); *Remarks on the Character of Edward Everett* (1865). *The Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor* appeared in 1871.

CERVANTES AND DON QUIXOTE.

Cervantes shows the impulses of an original power with most distinctness in his development of the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho — characters in whose contrast and opposition is hidden the full spirit of his peculiar humor, and no small part of what is most characteristic of the entire fiction. They are his prominent personages; he delights therefore to have them as much as possible in the front of his scene. They grow visibly upon his favor as he advances; and the fondness of his liking for them makes him constantly produce them in lights and relations as little foreseen by himself as they are by his readers. The Knight, who seems originally intended for a parody of the *Amadis,* becomes gradually a detached, separate, and wholly independent personage, into whom is infused so much of a generous and elevated nature, such gentleness and delicacy, such a pure sense of honor, and such a warm love for whatever is noble and good, that we feel almost the same attachment to him that the barber

and the curate did, and are almost as ready as his family was to mourn over his death.

The case of Sancho is again very similar, and perhaps in some respects stronger. At first he is introduced as the opposite of Don Quixote, and used merely to bring out his master's peculiarities in more striking relief. It is not until we have gone through nearly half of the First Part that he utters one of those proverbs which form afterward the staple of his conversation and humor. And it is not until the opening of the Second Part — and indeed not until he comes forth, in all his mingled shrewdness and credulity, as Governor of Barataria — that his character is quite developed and completed to the full measure of its grotesque yet congruous proportions.

Cervantes, in truth, came at last to love these creations of his marvellous power as if they were real, familiar personages, and to speak of them and treat them with an earnestness and interest that tend much to the illusion of his readers. Both Don Quixote and Sancho are thus brought before us like such living realities that at this moment the figure of the crazed, gaunt, dignified knight, and of his round, selfish, and most amusing esquire, dwell bodied forth in the imagination of more, among all conditions of men throughout Christendom, than any other of the creations of human talent. The greatest of the great poets — Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton — have no doubt risen to loftier heights, and placed themselves in more imposing relations with the noblest attributes of our nature; but Cervantes — always writing under the unchecked impulses of his own genius, and instinctively concentrating in his fiction whatever was peculiar to the character of his nation — has shown himself of kindred to all times and all lands, to the humblest degrees of cultivation as well as to the highest; and has thus, beyond all other writers, received in return a tribute of sympathy and admiration from the universal spirit of humanity for one of the most remarkable monuments of modern genius.

But though this may be enough to fill the measure of human fame and glory, it is not all to which Cervantes is entitled. For if we would do him the justice that would

have been dearest to his own spirit, and even if we would ourselves fully comprehend and enjoy the whole of his *Don Quixote,* we should, as we read it, bear in mind that this delightful romance was not the result of a youthful exuberance of feeling and a happy external condition, nor composed in his best years, when the spirits of its author were light and his hopes high; but that — with all its unquenchable and irresistible humor, with its bright views of the world, and his cheerful trust in goodness and virtue — it was written in his old age, at the conclusion of a life nearly every step of which had been marked with disappointed expectation, disheartening struggles, and sore calamities; that he began it in prison, and that it was finished when he felt the hand of death pressing heavy and cold upon his heart

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TIECK, LUDWIG, a German poet and critic; born at Berlin, May 31, 1773; died there, April 28, 1853. He studied at Halle, Göttingen, and Erlangen, and subsequently at Jena, where he was associated with the Schlegels and other romanticists. In 1805 he undertook a journey to Italy and in 1817 to England. In 1820 he was made a member of the directorate of the Royal Theatre at Dresden. In 1841 he was called to Berlin by Frederick William IV., by whom he was later granted a pension.

Among his poetical works may be mentioned two collections of popular tales, partly from old German sources and partly original, entitled *Volksmärchen* (1797); and *Phantasus* (1812–17); *Franz Sternbald's Wanderings,* a romantic novel (1798); a classical translation of *Don Quixote* (1799–1801); two novels, *Abdallah* and *William Lovell;* the comedies

Bluebeard; Puss in Boots; and *Prince Zerbin,* and the dramas *Life and Death of St. Genevieve Fortunatus;* and *Emperor Octavian.* Foremost of these are the versified tales embodied in the *Phantasus,* in which popular myths, such as "True Eckart" and "Tannhäuser" are pleasingly set forth. He also wrote essays upon art and literature, not without value. Among the best of these is the following, written at twenty-seven:

THE SEDUCTIVE CHARACTER OF ART.

Surely it is a noble endeavor in man to create a work of Art, transcending all the low and common utilities of life — a work independent, complete in itself, subservient to no utilitarian purpose — a beautiful object shining in its own splendor. The instinct to produce such a work seems to point more directly to a higher world than any other impulse of our nature. And yet this beautiful Art is a seductive and forbidden fruit; and he who has once been intoxicated with its sweetness may be regarded as a lost man in practical life. He becomes more and more absorbed in his own internal pleasures, and at length finds that he has no heart to feel, no hand to labor for his fellow-men. . . .

I am shocked when I reflect on my whole life devoted to the luxury of music. Here have I sat, a self-indulging hermit, drawing sensations of sweetness from harmonious tones. I cannot avoid knowing that thousands are suffering under as many varieties of affliction. I know that every vibration of the pendulum is like the stroke of a sword for some fellow-creature, and that the world is crying loudly for all possible help; and still here I sit, amusing myself with luxurious music, as carelessly as a child playing with bubbles; as if I knew nothing of the earnestness of the life around me, or the death that awaits me. There is evidently a seductive poison in the apparently innocent love of Art. In striving to be an Artist, I may become like a theatrical hero, who fancies his stage to be the real world, looks on the world

round his theatre a very dull place, and only regards the actions and the sorrows of mankind as crude materials out of which dramas may be manufactured.

The best of Tieck's novels, on the whole, is the *Insurrection in the Cévennes,* excited by the "Dragonnades" set on foot by Louis XIV. of France. The story is told by a person who had made his way as a spy into a Camisard conventicle, and becomes mysteriously converted to that faith.

THE CAMISARD CONVENTICLE.

As we advanced farther among the hills, there passed us — going stealthily along the narrow foot-path — several dimly seen figures. Following them, we arrived after a two miles' walk at a solitary, barn-like shed. They knocked at the door and it was opened.

I cannot describe the sensation with which I entered to play my part as one of this assembly of fanatical peasants. I felt a shudder of horror pass at once through soul and body. Some were kneeling, others were standing. I took my place among the latter, and endeavored to imitate their demeanor so as to avoid detection. All for a time went on quietly. Every eye was fixed upon the ground, and only a few aged women interrupted the silence by their muttering of psalms; but suddenly a boy of about eight years fell to the ground, and struggled, as in convulsions. My feeling of aversion was at its height. . . .

The assembly broke up, and the worshippers went forth to find their ways to their several places of abode. I followed them; and, like one introduced into a new world, returned down the valley, and plunged into the densest part of the forest. "What is Nature?" I had often asked when, in a bit of imaginative inspiration, I had roamed far among the wooded hills and green valleys, decked in all the lights and shades of morning or fanned by the light wind, and breathing a charm to lull the heart in soothing dreams. Now I could understand the

deep voice of lamentation in the forest, on the mountain, and in the murmuring stream. I could hear and understand it now as the voice of the Eternal Himself uttering His sympathy with all His creatures. His voice seemed sounding from every wave of the river, and whispering from every leaf and twig of the forest. All things around me seemed to rebuke me for my past cold, unbelieving, and indolent existence. I thought at once of the past and the future. Every thought was a prayer, and my heart was melted down to one feeling of devotion.

What with his versatility, the facility with which he wrote on so many topics, and, in no small degree, his power of improvisation, Tieck was by a sort of tacit consent held during much of the second quarter of this century to be the foremost German man of letters.

SPRING.

Look all around thee! How the Spring advances!
New life is playing through the gay, green trees;
See how in yonder bower the light leaf dances
To the bird's tread and to the quivering breeze,
How every blossom in the sunlight glances;
The Winter frost to his dark cavern flees,
And earth, warm-wakened, feels through every vein
The kindling influence of the vernal rain.

Now silvery streamlets, from the mountain-glades,
Dance joyously the verdant vales along;
Cold fear no more the songster's tongue is sealing;
Down the thick dark groves is heard his song,
And all their bright and lovely views revealing,
A thousand plants the fields and forests throng;
Light comes upon the earth in radiant showers,
And mingling rainbows play among the flowers.

— *Translation of* CHARLES T. BROOKS.

AUTUMN'S SONG.

A little bird flew o'er the lea,
And in the sunshine, merrily,
It sang so sweetly and so clear:
"Farewell! I flee far, far from here
Away,
This very day."

I listened long unto the lay,
I felt so sad, I felt so gay,
With sorrow's joys, with pleasure's woes,
My breast alternate sank and rose.
Rends pain
Or joy my heart in twain?

But when some leaves fell at my side,
"Alas! the Autumn comes," I cried,
"The swallow seeks a warmer clime.
Thus Love, perhaps, on the wings of Time
Will flee,
So far from me."

But 'gain the sun shone o'er the lea,
The little bird flew back to me;
It saw my eyes suffused with tears,
And sang: "True love no Winter fears.
No! No!
Its Spring shall ever glow!"

—*Translation of* A. BASKERVILLE.

CONFIDENCE.

Arise! arise! the sunbeams hail,
And bid thee God's wide world survey;
Go, wander over hill and dale,
E'er cheerfully upon thy way.

The torrent's course ne'er standeth still,
It gayly runs its race;

Hear'st thou the winds that laugh so shrill?
They rush from place to place.

The moon, she journeys to and fro,
The sun doth daily flee,
Unwearied, o'er the mountain's brow,
Then down into the sea.

And man, thou sittest e'er at home,
Yet longest to be gone:
Up! up! and o'er the valley roam
And seek the distant zone.

Who knows when Fortune blooms for thee?
Go, seek her, wouldst thou win;
The evening comes, the morn doth flee,
Thy pilgrimage begin.

Then banish fear and anxious care —
Are not the heavens blue?
Our joy with grief alternates e'er,
Trust Fortune's guiding clue!

Where'er extends the heaven's zone,
Doth love its fruit reveal,
And every heart will find its own,
If it but seek with zeal.

Translation of A. Baskerville.

TIGHE, Mary Blackford, an Irish poet; born in County Wicklow in 1773; died March 24, 1810. She was the daughter of a clergyman, and was married to Henry Tighe, a member of Parliament. She was early noted for her personal beauty and social charms, but was an invalid for the last six

years of her life. A collection of her *Poems,* edited by her husband, was published soon after her death. This includes her longest poem, *Psyche,* in six cantos, founded on the classic myth of the wedlock of Cupid and Psyche. Several of the smaller poems written during her illness are replete with melancholy grace.

THE NUPTIALS OF PSYCHE AND CUPID.

For thee his love a bridal banquet crowned;
The sun looks glorious, 'mid a sky serene,
And bids bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide;
The clear blue ocean, at a distance seen,
Bounds the gay landscape on the western side;
While closing round it with majestic pride
The lofty rocks 'mid citron-groves arise.
"Sure some divinity must here reside,"
As, tranced in some bright vision, Psyche cries,
And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her charmèd eyes,

When lo! a voice divinely sweet she hears;
From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly sound:
"Psyche, approach; dismiss thy timid fears;
At length his bride thy longing spouse has found,
And bids for thee immortal joys abound;
For thee the palace rose at his command;
He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand,
Prompt every wish to serve — a fond, obedient band."

Increasing wonder filled her ravished soul,
For now the pompous portals opened wide;
There, pausing oft, with timid foot she stole
Through halls high-domed, enriched with sculptured pride,
While gay saloons appeared on either side.
In splendid beauty opening to her sight;
And all with precious gems so beautified,
And furnished with such exquisite delight,
That scarce the beams of heaven emit such lustre bright. . . .

Now through the hall melodious music stole,
And self-prepared the splendid banquet stands;
Self-poured the nectar sparkles in the bowl;
The lute, and viol, touched by unseen hands,
Aid the soft voices of the choral bands;
O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams
Than Persia's monarch at his feast commands,
For sweet refreshments all inviting seems
To taste celestial food and pure ambrosial streams.

But when meek eve hung out her dewy star
And gently veiled with gradual hand the sky,
Lo! the bright folding-doors retiring far,
Display to Psyche's captivated eye
All that voluptuous ease could e'er supply
To soothe the spirit in serene repose:
Beneath the velvet's purple canopy,
Divinely formed, a downy couch arose,
While alabaster lamps a milky light disclose.

Once more she hears the hymeneal strain,
For other voices now attune the lay;
The swelling sounds approach, a while remain,
And then retiring, faint dissolve away;
The expiring lamps emit a feebler ray,
And soon in fragrant death extinguished lie.
Then virgin terrors Psyche's soul dismay,
When through the obscuring gloom she nought can spy;
But softly rustling clouds declare some being nigh.

Oh, you for whom I write! whose hearts can melt
At the soft, thrilling voice whose power you prove,
You know what charm, unutterably felt,
Attends the unexpected voice of love;
Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above,
With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals,
And bears it to Elysium's happy grove;
You best can tell the rapture Psyche feels,
When Love's ambrosial lip the vow of Hymen seals.

"'Tis he, 'tis my deliverer! deep imprest
Upon my heart those sounds I well recall!"
The blushing maid exclaimed, and on his breast,
A tear of trembling ecstasy let fall.
But ere the breezes of the morning call
Aurora from her purple, humid bed,
Psyche in vain explores the vacant hall;
Her tender lover from her arms is fled,
While sleep his downy wings had o'er her eyelids spread.

TILLIER, CLAUDE, a French satirist and novelist; born at Clamecy, Nièvre, April 11, 1801; died at Nevers, October 12, 1844. He appears to have been educated above his station; he belonged, however, to the sturdy bourgeoisie, the French element which speaks least and does the most. At nineteen he was appointed usher at board-wages in a mixed French and English school in Paris. When Louis Philippe came into power, Tillier became a soldier; and, returning to his province, he expected advancement at the hands of Dupin, the legal adviser of Marshal Ney. But Dupin, in the name of the people, abandoned the King, and Tillier became the anti-Dupin pamphleteer. The best point in his numerous philippics is where he attacks the existing evil in French government, its representative administration. Besides his pamphlets, he wrote a few stories. He contributed also to a small paper, called the *Independent,* published at Clamecy; and afterward edited a newspaper at Nevers called *l'Association.* His pamphlets and stories were collected soon after his death, and an edition in four volumes was published at

Nevers by one Sionest. This edition, which is dated 1846, has long been exhausted, and, as it has not been succeeded by others, Tillier's works are exceedingly difficult to obtain. Sionest's edition comprises thirty political, religious, and philosophical pamphlets, and four novels: *Mon Oncle Benjamin; Belle Plante et Cornélius; Comment le Chanoine eut Peur;* and *Comment le Capitaine eut Peur.*

Mon Oncle Benjamin, a coarse, lively picture of bourgeois society in the reign of Louis Philippe, is marked by robust, vigorous sense and broad humor. The smaller stories of Tillier exhibit a pure and tender humor, enlivened by a wit as natural and unaffected as it is brilliant.

THE CHARACTER OF DUPIN.

You were liberal when young, but liberty was for you a poor grisette, prodigal of all the treasures of her love, while you negotiated a mercenary marriage with a dame of high descent, with royalty. You have had, M. Dupin, a deplorable influence in the district of Clamency. The shade of your protection stifled generous opinions. Our young men have become at twenty old calculators. You have developed among us a sad spirit of selfishness and intrigue. You have made good and great qualities nothing by the sponging for office. Idiots are educated to fill places — you supply them; daughters marry valets, hoping a *dot* from your patronage. Your recommendation takes the place of acquired rights, virtue, capacity. Favors, employments, public advantage, all come through your hands. If you had asked a basilica, the municipality of Clamency would have consecrated it. — *From the Pamphlets.*

HOW THE CANON GOT SCARED.

Once more I continued: "M. Dinot, why will you kill me? Murder is an abominable thing, condemned by all

law, human and divine; but the murder of a priest is the greatest of all crimes: it is a sacrilege. A single drop of the blood of a priest on your hands will prevent your entering into the eternal kingdom. It is written, M. Dinot, 'Thou shalt not touch the Lord's anointed.' I would I had my Bible here; I would show you the sacred text. They are God's own words, M. Dinot. But the words apply to priests as to kings, because the chief priest receives a consecration as well as the crowned king."

"Since you are so wise," said Papa Dinot, "tell me: Which is the most culpable, the one that assassinates a reputation in a pulpit or the one that takes a life in the woods?"

"It is true, M. Dinot, I have sinned against you. Thou shalt not bear false witness, is also written. I agree, even, if you insist, that I sing false; but, priest as I am, M. Dinot, I am the father of a family. I have a sister, widow of a soldier, of a brave man like yourself, M. Dinot (this compliment caused M. Dinot to make a terrible grimace), and two small nephews of whom I am the only support. May I place these poor angels at your feet and let them ask mercy for their uncle?"

I said many other things to Papa Dinot which I found very touching; but his stony eye was unmoistened, and his gallows face had always the same expression. Always he kept whetting his terrible knife.

"Follow me," said Papa Dinot; and he made me traverse a long narrow court like an alley. On the snow I remarked a track of blood; and at the end of the alley a little round door opened, black as the gate of a sepulchral grave. When my eyes were a little accustomed to the gloom, I perceived overhanging a shelf something hideous, formless, of death, covered by a linen cloth, white and bloody. This, then, was the slaughter-chamber of the Dinots. I saw Papa Dinot grasp his knife.

"M. Dinot," I said to him, "but a few moments, if you please, for prayer."

"For whom?" he asked.

"For you, first, because you are my assassin; for myself, next, who am about to die without a priest's saying,

'Go, thy sins be forgiven thee.' For my sister; for those poor orphans who will no more have any father but God; and for that unhappy victim on the shelf whom you are going to give me as a companion in my coffin."

Then the mask of ferocity fell from Dinot, and he set up great shouts of laughter.

"Parbleu!" said he, "you cannot do better than pray for that unfortunate, for I suspect he was not in a state of grace when he died. Moreover, he was the father of a family like yourself, and left two or three little orphans. And if he is not the companion of your coffin, he will at least do for a table companion." And he cut an enormous slice from the boar, saying: "That is for you. Tell your sister to let it pickle three days in white wine. And this is to show you, M. Curé, that there is no safety in judging from appearances."—*From Comment le Chanoine eut Peur.*

TILTON, THEODORE, an American poet and journalist; born at New York, October 2, 1835. He was educated at the Metropolitan public schools; became connected with the New York *Observer* while still a mere youth, and subsequently joined the editorial staff of the New York *Independent,* of which he was one of the editors from 1863 to 1871, then of the Brooklyn *Union,* and subsequently of the *Golden Age,* a semi-religious journal published in New York. In 1866 he published *The King's Ring,* and in 1867 *The Sexton's Daughter and Other Poems; Tempest Tossed* (1875); *Thou and I,* poems (1880); *Suabian Stories,* ballads (1882). In 1885 he took up his residence in Paris and lived in retirement, occasionally writing verse for the magazines.

THEODORE TILTON.

GOD SAVE THE NATION.

Thou, who orderest, for the land's salvation,
Famine, and fire, and sword, and lamentation,
Now unto Thee we lift our supplication:
God save the Nation!

By the great sign foretold of Thy appearing,
Coming in clouds while mortal man stands fearing,
Show us, amid the smoke of battle clearing,
Thy chariot nearing!

By the brave blood that floweth like a river,
Hurl Thou a thunder-bolt from out Thy quiver!
Break Thou the strong gates! every fetter shiver!
Smite and deliver!

Stay Thou our foes, or turn them to derision,
Then, in the blood-red Valley of Decision,
Clothe Thou the fields, as in the prophet's vision,
With peace Elysian!

SIR MARMADUKE'S MUSINGS.

I won a noble fame;
But, with a sudden frown,
The people snatched my crown,
And in the mire trod down
My lofty name.

I bore a bounteous purse,
And beggars by the way
Then blessed me, day by day;
But I, grown poor as they,
Have now their curse.

I gained what men called friends;
But now their love is hate,
And I have learned too late
How mated minds unmate,
And friendship ends.

I clasped a woman's breast,
As if her heart I knew,
Or fancied would be true;
Who proved alas! she, too,
False like the rest.

I now am all bereft —
As when some tower doth fall,
With battlements and wall
And gate and bridge and all —
And nothing left.

But I account it worth
All pangs of fair hopes crossed,
All loves and honors lost,
To gain the heavens at cost
Of losing earth.

So, lest I be inclined
To render ill for ill,
Henceforth in me instil,
O God, a sweet good-will,
To all mankind.

THE GREAT BELL ROLAND.

Toll! Roland, toll!
High in St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour,
The great bell Roland spoke,
And all who slept in Ghent awoke.
What meant its iron stroke?
Why caught each man his blade?
Why the hot haste he made?
Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet -
All flying to the city's wall?
It was the call,
Known well to all,
That Freedom stood in peril of some foe;
And even timid hearts grew bold,

Whenever Roland tolled,
And every hand a sword could hold;
For men
Were patriots then,
Three hundred years ago!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Bell never yet was hung,
Between whose lips there swung
So true and brave a tongue!
If men be patriots still,
At thy first sound
True hearts will bound,
Great souls will thrill.
Then toll! and wake the test
In each man's breast,
And let him stand confessed!

Toll! Roland, toll!
— Not in St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour;
Nor by the Scheldt, nor far-off Zuyder Zee;
But here — this side the sea! —
And here, in broad, bright day!
Toll! Roland, toll!
For not by night awaits
A brave foe at the gates,
But Treason stalks abroad — inside! — at noon!
Toll! Thy alarm is not too soon!
To arms! Ring out the Leader's call!
Re-echo it from east to west,
Till every dauntless breast
Swell beneath plume and crest!
Till swords from scabbards leap!
What tears can widows weep
Less bitter than when brave men fall?
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till cottager from cottage wall
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun —
The heritage of sire to son —
Ere half of Freedom's work was done!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Till son, in memory of his sire,
Once more shall load and fire!
Toll! Roland, toll!
Till volunteers find out the art
Of aiming at a traitor's heart!

Toll! Roland, toll!
St. Bavon's stately tower
Stands to this hour —
And by its side stands Freedom yet in Ghent;
For when the bells now ring,
Men shout, "God save the king!"
Until the air is rent!
Amen! — So let it be;
For a true king is he
Who keeps his people free.
Toll! Roland, toll!
This side the sea!
No longer they, but we,
Have now such need of thee!

Toll! Roland, toll!
And let thy iron throat
Ring out its warning note,
Till Freedom's perils be outbraved,
And Freedom's flag, wherever waved,
Shall overshadow none enslaved!
Toll! till from either ocean's strand
Brave men shall clasp each other's hand,
And shout, "God save our native land!"
And love the land which God hath saved!
Toll! Roland, toll!

BABY BYE.

Baby Bye,
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and
How he crawls
Up the walls,

Yet he never falls!
I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes
On his toes,
Tickling Baby's nose.

Spots of red
Dot his head;
Rainbows on his back are spread;
That small speck
Is his neck;
See him nod and beck.
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes —
Three small pairs,
Made of hairs;
These he always wears.

Black and brown
Is his gown;
He can wear it upside down;
It is laced
Round his waist;
I admire his taste.
Yet though tight his clothes are made,
He will lose them, I'm afraid,
If to-night
He gets sight
Of the candle-light.

In the sun
Webs are spun;
What if he gets into one?
When it rains
He complains
On the window-panes.
Tongue to talk have you and I;
God has given the little fly

No such things,
So he sings
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat
Bread and meat;
There's his mouth between his feet.
On his back
Is a pack
Like a pedler's sack.
Does the baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand;
Put a crumb
On her thumb,
Maybe he will come.

Catch him? No!
Let him go;
Never hurt an insect so;
But no doubt
He flies out
Just to gad about.
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk;
Fie, oh, fie,
Foolish fly!
How will he get dry?

All wet flies
Twist their thighs;
Thus they wipe their heads and eyes;
Cats, you know,
Wash just so,
Then their whiskers grow.
Flies have hairs too short to comb,
So they fly bareheaded home;
But the gnat
Wears a hat.
Do you believe that?

Flies can see
More than we,
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly,
Ope your eye;
Spiders are near by.
For a secret I can tell —
Spiders never use flies well.
Then away,
Do not stay.
Little fly, good day.

TIMROD, HENRY, an American poet and journalist; born at Charleston, S. C., December 8, 1829; died at Columbia, S. C., October 6, 1867. He entered the University of Georgia at sixteen, but ill-health compelled him to leave before completing the course, and for ten years he was engaged as a private tutor, writing many poems which were published in Southern periodicals. During the Civil War he wrote many war-songs. After a short service as war correspondent at Shiloh, he became editor of a newspaper at Columbia. In 1873 his *Poems* were collected and edited by Paul H. Hayne, who prefixed a *Biographical Sketch* of the author.

Timrod's poetry is of the school of Wordsworth — studious, thoughtful, and meditative rather than passionate or sensuous, showing often high finish, and always a lofty ideal.

THE SOUTHERN LAND.

Yonder bird —
Which floats, as if at rest,
In those blue tracks above the thunder, where

No vapors cloud the stainless air,
And never sound is heard,
Unless at such rare time
When from the City of the Blest
Rings down some golden chime —
Sees not from his high place
So vast a cirque of summer space
As widens round me in one mighty field,
Which, rimmed by seas and sands,
Doth hail the earliest daylight in the beams
Of gray Atlantic dawns;
And broad as realms made up of many lands,
Is lost afar
Behind the crimson hills and purple lawns
Of sunset, among the plains that roll their streams
Against the Evening Star!
And lo!
To the remotest point of sight,
Although I gaze upon no waste of snows,
The endless field is white;
And the whole landscape glows,
For many a shining league away,
With such accumulated light
As polar lands would flash beneath a tropic day. . .
Nor lack there pastures rich and fields all green
With all the common gifts of God,
For temperate airs and torrid sheen
Weave Edens of the sod.
Through lands which look one billowy sea of gold
Broad rivers wind their devious ways;
A hundred isles in their embraces fold
A hundred luminous bays;
And through yon purple haze
Vast mountains lift their plumèd peaks cloud-crowned;
And save where up their sides the ploughman creeps,
An unknown forest girds them grandly round,
In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps!
Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet with me gaze
Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth!
Thou Sun, that kindlest all thy gentlest rays
Above it, as to light a favorite hearth!

Ye Clouds, that in yon temples of the West
See nothing brighter than its humblest flowers,
And you, ye winds that in the ocean's breast
Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bowers,
Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man! . . .

As men who labor in that mine
Of Cornwall, hollowed out beneath the bed
Of ocean, when a storm rolls overhead,
Hear the dull booming of the world of brine
Above them, and a mighty, muffled roar
Of winds and waters, and yet toil calmly on,
And split the rock, and pile the massive ore,
Or carve a niche or shape the archèd roof;
So I, as calmly, weave my woof
Of song, chanting the days to come,
Unsilenced, though the quiet summer air
Stirs with the bruit of battles, and each dawn
Wakes from its starry silence to the hum
Of many gathering armies.— Still
In that we sometimes hear,
Upon the Northern winds the voice of woe,
Not wholly drowned in triumph, though I know
The end must crown us, and a few brief years
Dry all our tears,
I may not sing too gladly. To Thy will
Resigned, O Lord! we cannot all forget
That there is much even victory must regret.
And therefore, not too long
From the great burden of our country's wrong
Delay our just release!
And, if it may be, save
These sacred fields of peace
From stain of patriot or of hostile blood!
Oh, help us, Lord! to roll the crimson flood
Back on its course; and, while our banners wing
Northward, strike with us! till the Goth shall cling
To his own blasted altar-stones, and crave

Mercy; and we shall grant it, and dictate
The lenient future of his fate
There, where some rotting ships and trembling quays
Shall one day mark the port which ruled the Western seas.

THE TWO ARMIES.

Two armies stand enrolled beneath
The banner with the starry wreath;
One, facing battle, blight, and blast,
Through twice a hundred fields has passed;
Its deeds against a ruffian foe,
Stream, valley, hill, and mountain know,
Till every wind that sweeps the land
Goes glory-laden from the strand.

The other, with a narrower scope,
Yet led by not less grand a hope,
Hath won perhaps as proud a place,
And wears its fame with meeker grace.
Wives march beneath its glittering sign,
Fond mothers swell the lovely line,
And many a sweetheart hides her blush
In the young patriot's generous flush.

No breeze of battle ever fanned
The colors of that tender band;
Its office is beside the bed
Where throbs some sick or wounded head;
It does not court the soldier's tomb,
But plies the needle and the loom;
And by a thousand peaceful deeds
Supplies a struggling nation's needs.

Nor is that army's gentle might
Unfelt amid the deadly fight;
It nerves the son's, the husband's hand,
It points the lover's fearless brand;
It thrills the languid, warms the cold,
Gives even new courage to the bold;

And sometimes lifts the veriest clod
To its own lofty trust in God.

When Heaven shall blow the trump of peace,
And bid this weary warfare cease,
Their several missions nobly done,
The triumph grasped, and freedom won,
Both armies, from their toils at rest,
Alike may claim the victor's crest,
But each shall see its dearest prize
Gleam softly from the other's eyes.

SPRING IN CAROLINA.

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest-tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,

A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

In gardens you may note, amid the dearth,
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrops tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet:

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

TINCKER, Mary Agnes, an American novelist, born at Ellsworth, Me., July 18, 1833. She is the author of *The House of Yorke* (1871); *A Winged Word* (1872); *Grapes and Thorns* (1873); *Six Sunny Months* (1874); *Signor Monaldini's Niece* (1878); *By the Tiber* (1880); *The Jewel in the Lotus* (1883); *Aurora* (1885), and *Two Coronets* (1889).

L'ESPRIT QUI VOYAIT L'AVENIR.

The hours wore on into the cool night. The sounds of human life ceased, one by one. A white mist gathered over the plain, grew deeper, and filled it like a sea, spreading a thin veil over the heights even. On one of the mountain-tops the mist grew luminous, and the moon came up quivering with brilliancy like a flame in the unsteady air.

Glenlyon had forgotten where he was. A quiet coldness had crept over him as he sat there thinking, and once something flashed through him like silent summer lightning through a cloud. It made him start with a momentary physical alarm which did not touch his mind. Then a heaviness succeeded, and his thoughts grew indistinct and were lost in a light sleep.

There is a silence of deep night through which, if you listen all alone, you may hear at times a sobbing, lamentable sigh, widely pervading, as if the earth were sentient and breathed out that long, weary respiration through her patient suffering of some immemorial penitence. This tremulous wave of air arose, and swelled, and died away about Glenlyon as he slept; and, as it touched him, he dreamed that someone spoke, or sang, mournfully —

> "A voice is heard in Ramah,
> Lamentation, and bitter weeping,
> Rachel weeping for her children,
> And will not be comforted."

It was something far from his thoughts, though not discordant with it.

"What!" he said, still dreaming, "does she weep yet? The Prophet heard her when he foretold the captivity of Babylon, and the Apostle heard her when the Innocents were sacrificed. Does she still lament from Ramah, the mystical mother of Israel?"

As if in answer to him, still more clearly came the lament again, in tones that had no home, it seemed, in heaven or on earth. . . .

It seemed to Glenlyon that the complaint was meant for him to hear, and, moved with pity, he raised his arms, and gave the Prophet's answer to that cry:

"Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears; . . .
For there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord,
That thy children shall come again to their own border."

His own voice roused him, but he seemed to wake in another world than any he had known. The sky with all its stars looked him in the face with something awful and significant in their burning gaze. The supernatural seemed close at hand, piercing the material with its holy rays. He rose, and began to walk the terrace again, quietly, but with a sense of exaltation.

"Yes," he said aloud, "it is they who shall come to the rescue of Christianity. Who else could it be? What else is worthy of their past? What else can assure their future? When the time is full, they will believe. They will come and take their place as leaders, divinely called, not answering the Gentiles, and they will be the apostles of a renewed faith. There will be no more vain struggles of isolated men and women to purify the streams which flow from an impure source. Reform must come from the head."

Glenlyon, walking still, but with an uneven step, felt a second time that silent lightning flash by him and circle for a dizzy instant round his head. And again a blank moment, and a heavy sense of sleepiness. But his mind held with a tenacious grasp his one surviving thought, and carried it into sleep which was half a trance, where it became again a dream, and a voice that spoke:

"We have suffered all that was foretold. Our glory flew away from us like a bird, Mount Ebal with its curses fell upon us, and we have been stoned in the Valley of Achor. Mockery and outrage and blood and fire have pursued us. We were hungry and dreamed that we ate, and, when we waked, our souls were empty; we were thirsty and drank in our dreams, and, waking, we

fainted. And everywhere we looked upon His image, and we thought He mocked us. Not so. He said, 'While you suffer, I hang upon the cross. And I will not come down till Israel come and draw the nails from My hands and feet, and the thorns from My head.'"

A pause; then the voice spoke again:

"What would you more than me? Your prophets and leaders, are they Hebrews? So am I. Are they Israelites? I also. Are they children of Abraham? Even so am I. And I am more: I am the head of the Christian Church, and I have taken the golden candlestick out of the mud of Tiber, and it shall light the altar of the risen Lord in Sion!

> "Oh, house of Jacob, come ye,
> And let us walk in the light of the Lord."

"We have Moses and the prophets, and One is risen from the dead. The era of the Crucified is ended, and the era of the risen Lord begun."

Glenlyon tried to speak, and the effort waked him.

A faint glimmer of dawn shone over the eastern mountains. A few large stars burned steadily. The moon hung dazzling in the south. He rose, went to the parapet, and knelt there, his face toward the coming day. The silence round him was like the silence which surrounds a bell when it has just ceased ringing. What he had heard and thought was to him a vision and a solution. The mystic lotos-flower that symbolizes time afloat upon eternity had stirred before him, and he had caught a glimpse of golden peace hidden within the folded centuries.

The day grew over Italy. There was an aurora of rose-color over the pale-blue west, an aurora of silver over the dark northern cliffs; a background of red gold behind the lapiz-lazuli of the southwestern mountains, and soft opal hues touching the deep mists that filled the valley. Like angels floating in a ring about the throne of God, their wings and locks and garments intermingling, while one swift rapture whirling through them whirls their spirits into one, so all the circling glories of the

rising day melted into each other round the skies — as Glenlyon's soul went out into eternity.— *The Jewel in the Lotos.*

TIRUVALLUVAR, an Indian poet, who flourished between the ninth and eleventh centuries. He was born a pariah and worked as a weaver at Mayilapur, now a suburb of Madras. He tells of having an intimate friend, probably a patron, called Elelacinkan, which means "Lion of the Surf," who was a captain of a small vessel. Tiruvalluvar became the greatest poet of the ancient Hindoos by his *Kurral,* a name which means anything short, but in the sense used by the author comes nearer to "aphorism" in English. It is a collection of couplets treating of Virtue, Wealth and Pleasure, divided into three books and consisting of one hundred and thirty-three chapters, each chapter containing ten couplets, making 2,660 lines in all. The Venpa metre in which it is composed is very curious and in fact unique. Every Hindoo sect claims the poet and interprets his verses to suit its own dogmas. He was influenced by Shankara's reforms, the latter developments of Jainism, and the Bhagavadgita, his philosophy inclining toward the eclectic school represented by the latter.

GRATITUDE.

A benefit finds its only measure in the worth of those who have received it.

Heaven and earth are not an equivalent for a benefit conferred where none has been received.

The wise will remember through sevenfold births the love of those who have wiped away their falling tears.

Though the benefit be small as a millet-seed, they who know its advantage will see it large as a palmyra-tree.

Forget not the benevolence of the blameless: forsake not the friendship of those who have been your staff in adversity.

It is not good to forget a benefit: it is good to forget an injury, even on the moment. He who has forgotten every virtue may escape; there is no escape for him who forgets a benefit.

PATIENCE.

Bear even when you can retaliate; to forget is still better.

No pious abstinence equals the abstinence of those who overcome injury by patience.

If others wrong you, compassion for their affliction should keep you from harming them.

To neglect hospitality is poverty of poverty. To bear with the ignorant is might of might.

The pleasure of the resentful is for a day; the praise of the patient lasts while the world lasts.

To bear with those who revile us, even as the earth bears with those who dig it, is the first of virtues.

If you desire that greatness should never leave you, preserve patience. The wise will not at all esteem the resentful. They will treasure the patient as fine gold.

TOCQUEVILLE, Alexis Charles Henri Clérel de, a French statesman and political economist; born at Paris, July 29, 1805; died at Cannes, April 16, 1859. After a course of study in law, he became a judge. In 1831 he was sent to the

United States, to examine the American penitentiary systems, and, with his fellow-commissioner, Gustave de Beaumont, made a report, entitled *Du système pénitentiaire aux États-Unis* (1832), translated by Dr. Lieber (1833). From this visit resulted the famous work by de Tocqueville, *Democracy in America,* published in French in 1835, translated in 1838. Other works are *The Ancient Régime and the Revolution* (1856), translated the same year, and his *Works and Correspondence* (1860), translated in 1861. In 1839 he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies; in 1848, to the Constituent Assembly; and became Minister of Foreign affairs in 1849. In 1851 he opposed the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III., was imprisoned, and, on his release, retired from public life.

DESPOTISM IN DEMOCRACIES.

I had remarked during my stay in the United States, that a democratic state of society, similar to that of Americans, might offer singular facilities for the establishment of despotism; and I perceived, upon my return to Europe, how much use had already been made, by most of our rulers, of the notions, the sentiments, and the wants created by this same social condition, for the purpose of extending the circle of their power. This led me to think that the nations of Christendom would perhaps eventually undergo some oppression like that which hung over several of the nations of the ancient world.

A more accurate examination of the subject, and five years of further meditation, have not diminished my fears, but have changed the object of them.

No sovereign ever lived in former ages so absolute or so powerful as to undertake to administer by his own agency, and without the assistance of intermediate powers, all the parts of a great empire; none ever attempted to subject all his subjects indiscriminately to

strict uniformity of regulation, and personally to tutor and direct every member of the community. The notion of such an undertaking never occurred to the human mind; and if any man had conceived it, the want of information, the imperfection of the administrative system, and above all, the natural obstacles caused by the inequality of conditions, would speedily have checked the execution of so vast a design. . . .

It would seem that, if despotism were to be established amongst democratic nations in our days, it might assume a different character; it would be more extensive and more mild; it would degrade men without tormenting them. I do not question that, in an age of instruction and equality like our own, sovereigns might more easily succeed in collecting all political power into their own hands, and might interfere more habitually and decidedly with the circle of private interests, than any sovereign of antiquity could ever do. But this same principle of equality which facilitates despotism tempers its rigor. We have seen how the manners of society become more humane and gentle, in proportion as men become more equal and alike. . . .

Our contemporaries are constantly excited by two conflicting passions; they want to be led, and they wish to remain free; as they cannot destroy either the one or the other of these contrary propensities, they strive to satisfy them both at once. They devise a sole tutelary and all-powerful form of government, but elected by the people. They combine the principle of centralization and that of popular sovereignty; this gives them a respite; they console themselves for being in tutelage by the reflection that they have chosen their own guardians. Every man allows himself to be put in leading-strings, because he sees that it is not a person or a class of persons, but the people at large, who hold the end of his chain. . . . I do not deny, however, that a constitution of this kind appears to me infinitely preferable to one which, after having concentrated all the powers of government, should rest them in the hands of an irresponsible person or body of persons. Of all the forms which democratic despotism could assume, the latter

would surely be the worst. . . . To create a representation of the people in every centralized country is, therefore, to diminish the evil which extreme centralization may produce, but not to get rid of it.

I admit that by this means room is left for the intervention of individuals in the more important affairs; but it is not the less suppressed in the smaller and more private ones. It must not be forgotten that it is especially dangerous to enslave men in the minor details of life. For my own part, I should be inclined to think freedom less necessary in great things than in little ones, if it were possible to secure the one without possessing the other. . . . The question is not how to reconstruct aristocratic society, but how to make liberty proceed out of that democratic state of society in which God has placed us.—*Democracy in America.*

POWER OF THE PRESS.

In periods of aristocracy, every man is always bound so closely to many of his fellow-citizens that he cannot be assailed without their coming to his assistance. In ages of equality, every man naturally stands alone; he has no hereditary friends whose co-operation he may demand; no class upon whose sympathy he may rely; he is easily got rid of, and he is trampled on with impunity. At the present time, an oppressed member of the community has therefore only one method of defence — he may appeal to the whole nation; and if the whole nation is deaf to his complaint, he may appeal to mankind: the only means he has of making this appeal is by the press. Thus, the liberty of the press is infinitely more valuable amongst democratic nations than amongst all others; it is the only cure for the evils which equality may produce. Equality sets men apart and weakens them; but the press places a powerful weapon within every man's reach, which the weakest and loneliest of them all may use. Equality deprives a man of the support of his connections; but the press enables him to summon all his fellow-countrymen and all his fellow-men to his assistance. Printing has accelerated the progress

of equality, and it is also one of its best correctives.—*Democracy in America.*

TODHUNTER, JOHN, an Irish poet and dramatist; born at Dublin, December 30, 1839. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and studied at Vienna and Paris. He was Professor of English Literature at Alexandria College, Dublin, from 1870 to 1874. His works include *Laurella and Other Poems* (1876); *Alcestis* (1879); *A Study of Shelley* (1880); *The Banshee and Other Poems* (1888), and several plays, *Helena in Troas* (1886); *Prison Flower* (1891), and *A Comedy of Sighs* (1894).

THE BANSHEE.

Green, in the wizard arms
Of the foam-bearded Atlantic,
An isle of old enchantment,
A melancholy isle,
Enchanted and dreaming lies:
And there, by Shannon's flowing,
In the moonlight, spectre-thin,
The spectre Erin sits.

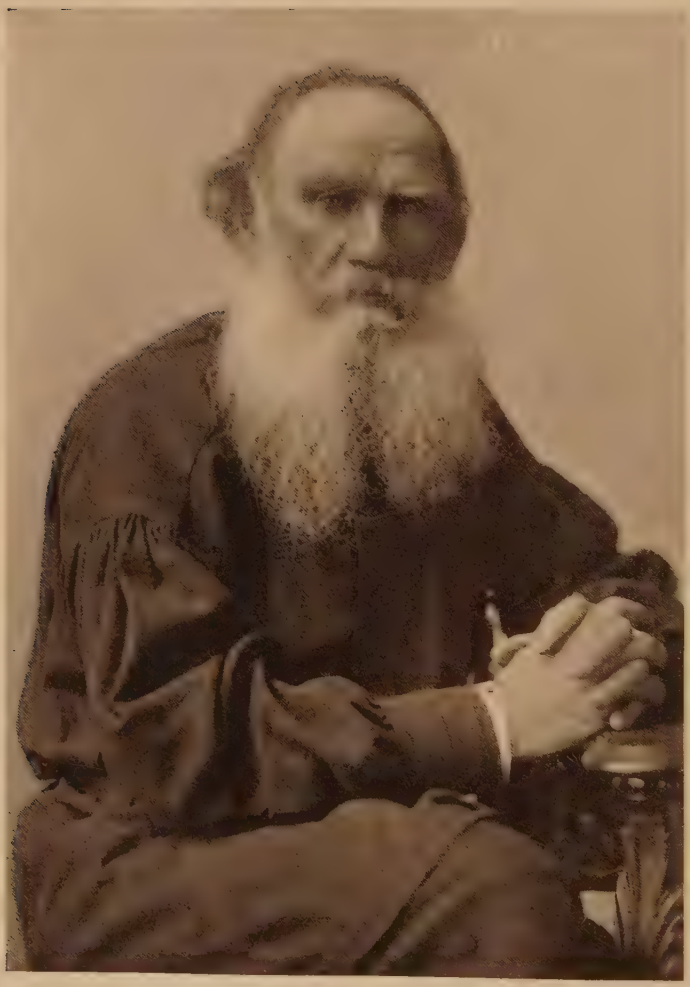
An aged desolation,
She sits by old Shannon's flowing,
A mother of many children,
Of children exil'd and dead,
In her home, with bent head, homeless,
Clasping her knees she sits,
Keening, keening!

And at her keene the fairy-grass
Around the foot of her ancient crosses
And grave-grass shakes and the nettle swings;
Trembles on dun and barrow;
In haunted glens the meadow sweet
Flings to the night wind
Her mystic mournful perfume;
The sad spearmint by holy wells
Breathes melancholy balm.
Sometimes she lifts her head,
With blue eyes tearless,
And gazes athwart the reck of night
Upon things long past,
Upon things to come.

And sometimes, when the moon
Brings tempest upon the deep,
And rous'd Atlantic thunders from his caverns in the west,
The wolfhound at her feet,
Springs with a mighty bay,
And chords of mystery sound from the wild harp at her side,
Strung from the heart of poets;
And she flies on the wings of tempest
Around her shuddering isle,
With gray hair streaming:
A meteor of evil omen,
The sceptre of hope forlorn,
Keening, keening!

She keenes, and the strings of her wild harp shiver
On the gusts of night:
O'er the four waters she keenes — over Moyle she keenes,
O'er the sea of Milith, and the Strait of Strongbow,
And the ocean of Columbus.

And the Fianna hear, and the ghost of her cloudy hovering heroes;
And the Swan, Fiaoula, wails o'er the waters of Inisfail,
Chanting her song of destiny,
The rune of the weaving Fates.



TOLSTOI.

And the nations hear in the void and quaking time of night,
Sad unto dawning, dirges,
Solemn dirges,
And snatches of bardie song;
Their souls quake in the void and quaking time of night,
And they dream of the weird of kings,
And tyrannies moulting, sick
In the dreadful wind of change.

Wail no more, lonely one, mother of exiles, wail no more,
Banshee of the world — no more!
Thy sorrows are the world's, thou are no more alone;
Thy wrongs, the world's.

— *The Banshee and Other Poems.*

TOLSTOÏ, Count Lyeff Nikolaievitch, a Russian novelist and philosopher; born near Tula, a provincial capital, September 9, 1828. He is a descendant of a distinguished nobleman, a military officer and friend of Peter the Great. The Counts Dimitri Tolstoï, Minister of Public Instruction, and Alexis Tolstoï, a writer of tragedies, are among his relatives. Count Lyeff resides on his estate, Jasnaja Polyana, where he received his early education, afterward advanced by two years at the University of Kazan. He served in the army of the Caucasus and at Sevastopol. He is accounted the first of living realist novelists, but many of his later works are didactic, and extremely radical in respect to religion and government. Among his works are *The Cossacks* and *Childhood and Youth* (1851–53); *My*

Religion and *Christ's Christianity* (1855); *War and Peace* (1860); *Anna Karénina* (1866–67); *A Russian Proprietor* (1880); *The Long Exile* (1881); *Sevastopol* (1882); *Katia* (1883); *The Invaders; Ivan Ilyitch* (1886); *In Pursuit of Happiness* (1885); *What People Live By* (1889); *Family Happiness, My Confession* (1886); *The Physiology of War* (1887); *What to Do* (1888); *Thoughts Evoked by the Census of Moscow* (1888); *Life* (1889); *Kreutzer Sonata* (1890); *The Kingdom of God Within Us* (1893); *Patriotism and Christianity* (1894); *What is Art* (1898); *Resurrection* (1900); *War and Peace* (1903).

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BATTLE OF BORODINO.

For what reason and in what manner was the battle of Borodino fought? It had no meaning either for the Russians or the French. The immediate result of the battle was for the Russians what they most dreaded, a retreat to Moscow; and for the French what they feared more than anything else, the destruction of their army. Now, although the result was the only one possible, and might have been clearly foreseen, Napoleon offered battle, and Koutouzof accepted the challenge.

If he had been a commander governed by reasonable motives, Napoleon would have seen clearly that at twelve hundred miles from his own country he could not engage in a battle involving the possible loss of a fourth of his army without marching to certain destruction. In like manner Koutouzof might have seen clearly that a battle which exposed him to a loss of a fourth of his army would result at the same time in the loss of Moscow. . . . Up to the time of the battle of Borodino the Russian forces were to the French forces as five to six; after the battle the proportion was only one to two. . . . Napoleon, man of genius as he is called, fought this battle, which destroyed a fourth of his army and obliged him to continue his advance.

The objection may perhaps be made that Napoleon

expected to end the campaign by the occupation of Moscow, as he had ended another campaign by the occupation of Vienna; but we have sufficient evidence for thinking that such was not his idea. The historians most favorable to Napoleon assert that he wished to end his advance at Smolensk, because of the danger of extending his lines, and because he knew very well that the capture of Moscow would not end the campaign. He had seen at Smolensk how the Russians got their towns ready for him, and when he offered parley he met with no response.

Napoleon, in offering battle at Borodino, and Koutouzof, in accepting battle, acted each entirely contrary to the dictates of common-sense. But now come the historians, and, to justify accomplished facts, they have brought together an ingenious tissue of foresight and genius on the part of the commanders, whereas, in truth, these commanders were the most passive and involuntary instruments of all the involuntary instruments that ever served in the execution of great historic events. . . .

The progress of the battle was not directed by Napoleon, for no part of his plan was carried out; and during the engagement he did not know what was going on before his eyes.

Hence the manner in which these men undertook to kill one another was independent of Napoleon and not influenced by the action of his will, because it was determined by the thousands of men who took part in the combat. But it seemed to Napoleon as if his will was the mainspring of action. . . . The plan, which we have already given, is not at all inferior — it is even superior — to plans that in his preceding campaigns led him to victory. The fictitious combinations prepared for this battle were not in the least inferior to those of previous battles; they were, in fact, of absolutely equivalent value. But the dispositions and the combinations seem less fortunate, because the battle of Borodino was the first battle that Napoleon did not win. The best plan and the most sagacious combinations in the world seem very poor when they do not end in victory, and the veriest tyro in military matters does not

hesitate to criticise them. On the other hand, the feeblest plans and combinations appear to be excellent when they are crowned with success.— *The Physiology of War.*

LIFE AND HAPPINESS.

To live is, for every man, the same thing as to desire and to attain bliss; to desire and to attain bliss is synonymous with living. Man is conscious of life only in himself, only in his own personality, and hence, at first, man imagines that the bliss which he desires for himself personally is happiness, and nothing more. . . . And behold, in striving for the attainment of this, his own individual welfare, man perceives that his welfare depends on other beings. And, upon watching and observing these other beings, man sees that all of them, both men, and even animals, possess precisely the same conception of life as he himself. . . .

But, nevertheless, if the man is placed in such favorable conditions that he can successfully contend with other personalities, fearing nothing for his own, both experience and reason speedily show him that even those semblances of happiness which he wrests from life, in the form of enjoyment for his own personality, do not constitute happiness, and are but specimens of happiness, as it were, vouchsafed him in order that he may be more vividly conscious of the suffering which is always bound up with enjoyment.

The longer man lives, the more plainly does he see that weariness, satiety, toils and sufferings become ever greater and greater, and enjoyments ever less and less.— *Life.*

CREEDS.

On no point does that false direction of science followed by contemporary society express itself with such warmth as on the place which is held in this society by the doctrines of those great teachers of life by which mankind has lived and developed, and by which it still

lives and develops itself; it is affirmed in the calendars, in the department of statistical information, that the creeds now professed by the inhabitants of the globe number one thousand. Among the list of these creeds are reckoned Buddhism, Brahmanism, Confucianism, Taoism, and Christianity. There are a thousand creeds, and the people of our day believe this implicitly. There are a thousand creeds, they are all nonsense — why study them? And the men of our time consider it a disgrace if they do not know the latest apothegms of wisdom of Spencer, Helmholtz, and others; but of Brahma, Buddha, Confucius, Mentzuis, Lao-dzi, Epictetus, and Isaiah they sometimes know the names, and sometimes they do not even know that much. It never enters their heads that the creeds professed in our day number not one thousand, but three, in all: the Chinese, the Indian, and the European-Christian (with its offshoot, Mahometanism), and that the books pertaining to these faiths can be purchased for five rubles, and read through in two weeks, and that in these books, by which mankind has lived and now lives, with the exception of seven per cent., almost unknown to us, is contained all human wisdom, all that has made mankind what it is. But, not only is the populace ignorant of these teachings; the learned men are not acquainted with them, unless it is their profession; philosophers by profession do not consider it necessary to glance into these books.

And why, indeed, study those men who have solved the inconsistency of his life admitted by the sensible man, and have defined true happiness and the life of men?

The wise men, not understanding this contradiction or inconsistency which constitutes the beginning of intelligent life, boldly assert that there is no contradiction, because they do not perceive it, and that the life of man is merely his animal existence.— *Life.*

WHAT IS LIFE.

Life is that process which goes on in the body of man, as well as in that of the animal in the interval of time between birth and death. What can be clearer?

Thus have the very rudest people, who have hardly emerged from animal existence, always looked upon life, and thus they look upon it now. And lo! in our day, the teaching of the scribes, entitling itself science, professes the same coarse, primitive presentation of life as the only true one. Making use of all those instruments of inward knowledge which mankind has acquired, this false teaching is systematically desirous of leading man back into that gloom of ignorance from which he has been striving to escape for so many thousand years.

"We cannot define life in our consciousness," says this doctrine. "We go astray when we observe it in ourselves. That conception of happiness, the aspiration toward which in our consciousness constitutes our life, is a deceitful illusion, and life cannot be understood in that consciousness. In order to understand life, it is only necessary to observe its manifestations as movements of matter. Only from these observations, and the laws deduced from them, can we discover the law of life itself, and the law of the life of man. . . ."

The science of biology deals with the forms of life, putting to itself no questions as to what life it, and not seeking to define its nature. And force and matter and life are accepted as real sciences, not as subjects for study, but adopted as axioms from other realms of learning, as bases of operation upon which is constructed the edifice of separate science. Thus does real science regard the subject, and this science cannot have any injurious influence upon the masses, inclining them to ignorance. But not thus does the false, philosophizing science look upon the subject. "We will study matter and force, and life: and, if we study them, we can know them," say they, not reflecting that they are not studying matter, force, and life, but merely their relations and their forms. . . .

"Looking upon man, as an object of observation," say the wise men, "we see that he is nourished, grows, reproduces his species, becomes old and dies, exactly like any other animal: but some phenomena (psychical, as they are designated) prevent accuracy of observation, present too great complications, and hence, in order

the better to understand man, we will first examine his life in the simpler phenomena, similar to those which we see in animals and plants, which lack this psychical activity.

"With this aim, we will investigate the life of animals and plants in general. But, on investigating animals and plants, we see that in all of them there reveal themselves still more simple laws of matter, which are common to them all. And as the laws of the animal are simpler than the laws of the life of man, and the laws of the plant simpler still, investigation must be based upon the simplest, upon the laws of matter. We see that what takes place in the plant and the animal is precisely what takes place in the man," say they, "and hence we conclude that everything which takes place in man we can explain to ourselves from what takes place in the very simplest dead matter which is visible to us, and open to our investigations, the more so as all the peculiarities of the activity of man are found in constant dependence upon powers which act in matter. Every change of the matter constituting the body of man alters and infringes upon his whole activity." And hence, they conclude, the laws of matter are the cause of man's activity. But the idea that there is in man something which we do not see in animals and plants, or in dead matter, and that this something is the only subject of knowledge without which every other is useless, does not disturb them.

It does not enter their heads that, if the change of matter in the body infringes upon his activity, this merely proves that the change of matter is one of the causes which affect the activity of man, but not in the least that the movement of matter is the cause of his activity. . . . The knowledge of the laws that are accomplished is instructive for us, but only when we acknowledge that law of reason to which our animal personality must be subservient, but not when that law is not recognized at all. . . . Man, however well he may know the law which guides his animal personality, and the laws which control matter — these laws will not afford him the slightest guidance as to how he is to

proceed with the bit of bread which is in his hands: whether he is to give it to his wife, to a stranger, to a dog, or to eat it himself, to defend this bit of bread or give it to the person who shall ask him for it. But a man's life consists solely of the decision of these and similar questions. . . . On the assumption that the life of man is merely his animal existence, and that the happiness indicated by rational consciousness is impossible, and that the law of reason is but a vision — such study [of natural laws] becomes not only vain but deadly, since it conceals from man the sole object of knowledge. . . .

In the case of an animal, activity which does not have for its object its individual welfare is renunciation of life; but in the case of man it is precisely the reverse. The activity, directed solely to the attainment of individual happiness, is a complete renunciation of the life of man. . . . For man, personality is merely that step in existence with which the true happiness of his life, which is not synonymous with the happiness of his personality, is revealed to him. . . . His animal personality is, for man, that instrument with which he works. Animal existence is, for man, the spade given to a rational being in order that he may dig with it, and, as he digs, dull and sharpen it, and wear it out; but it is not to be polished up and laid away. This talent is given him to increase, and not to hoard. "And whoso saveth his life shall lose it. And he that loseth his life, for my sake, shall find it." . . .

"But this is not life," replies the troubled and erring consciousness of man. "That renunciation of life is suicide." "I know nothing about that," replies rational consciousness. "I know that such is the life of man and that there can be no other. I know more than that, I know that such a life is life and happiness both for a man and for all the world. I know that, according to my former view of the world, my life and the life of every living being was an evil and without sense; but according to this view, it appears as the realization of that law of reason which is placed in man. I know that the greatest happiness of the life of every being, which is

capable of being infinitely enhanced, can be attained only through this law of service of each to all, and, hence, of all to each."—*Life.*

POWER AND SLAVERY.

People, apparently with a clear conscience, join the police force, the department of collection of taxes, the army, not only by the order of the Government, but also of their own free will. They become policemen, investigators, procurators, soldiers, generals, ministers, Czars, and they all do this with apparently light hearts; at least, with entire outward self-confidence, they occupy themselves with taking away from other people their last cows for taxes, which is used for luxury, for murder; or they put people into prison, torture, execute them; or they devise and prepare methods of murder, and they reign amidst the poor over the property and the land which is taken away from them, and they are proud of it.

The so-called intelligent people, those who ought to show an example of the attitude which a sensible being should take toward violence, the learned, liberal, even revolutionary people are arguing and criticising, and preaching Freedom, the dignity of man. But they do all this until the moment when the whistle calls them to go under the yoke, and suddenly all arguments cease, all their liberalism and their talks of freedom stop. And they are dressed up in colored liveries; a gun or a sword is given into their hands, and the sergeant commands them to run and to jump, to stand and to turn around, to put on the cap and to bow and shout hurrah at the sight of the Czar, and, above all, to be ready, at the command of the sergeant, to kill their own fathers, and they, the liberals, the learned people — by the law of evolution — jump and bow to whomever they are told to bow, and they shout hurrah, and they are ready to kill with their guns anybody they are ordered to kill.

So that the same intelligent people, for whom it is most natural to strive toward harmonizing life with consciousness, these people are occupied with mixing up and distorting this consciousness.

It is clear to them that it is altogether unnecessary to argue the question of resistance of evil and how it is solved by Christianity. All this is mysticism. They must be the obedient slaves of slaves. . . .

To the man who has not yet awakened the power of empire consists of several sacred institutions which represent the organs of a live body, a condition essential to the life of man. To the awakened man it consists of so many people gone astray and yet ascribing to themselves some fantastic importance which has not the slightest reasonable justification, of people who accomplish their desires by means of violence. Senates, synods, courts of justice, the administration — to the awakened man all this consists of people gone astray, of corrupt people doing violence to other people; they are exactly like those robbers who hold up people on the highways and do violence to them. The age of this violence, the proportions of this violence, and its organization, all this cannot change the essence of the matter.

To the awakened man that which is called empire does not exist; and, therefore, there is no justification for all violence done in the name of this empire; hence his participation in such violence is impossible.

Government violence will be done away with not by any outward means, but by the consciousness of the people who have awakened to the truth.

It is not necessary to think of death, but one should live having it in view. Then all life becomes solemn, significant and truly fruitful and joyous. In view of death we cannot help working diligently, because death may at any moment interrupt our work, and because in view of death one cannot but do that which is necessary for all life — that is, for God. And when you work thus life becomes joyous and there is no longer that scarecrow, the fear of death, which poisons the life of those not living in view of death. The fear of death is in inverse proportion to a good life. In a holy life this fear is null.

And such an attitude toward life and death can be trained. But we have not been trained thus, and therefore we must work hard with ourselves. A general re-

ligious education is possible. And what a blessing it would be! — *The Independent.*

TOOKE, JOHN HORNE, an English politician and philologist; born at London, June 25, 1736; died at Wimbledon, March 18, 1812. The name of Tooke was assumed by him in honor of a Mr. Tooke, of Purley, from whom he received a considerable fortune; whence also the title of his principal work, *The Diversions of Purley,* ostensibly a work on philology, one main purpose being to show that all words, even to "ands" and "ifs" and "buts," may, in the ultimate analysis, be resolved into nouns and verbs; but politics and metaphysics are in this work quite as prominent as etymology and syntax. John Horne, as he was styled until middle life, was educated for the Church at Eton and Cambridge, and took orders; but he soon abandoned theology, and entered upon other pursuits, among others, those of traveling tutor, student of law, and political agitator. One of the most characteristic incidents of his life occurred in 1770. King George III. had in a "speech from the throne" censured an address from the city authorities; these — headed by the Lord Mayor, Mr. Beckford, father of the author of *Vathek* — waited upon the sovereign with a "humble request" and remonstrance, in which they asked for the dissolution of Parliament and the dismissal of the obnoxious Ministers. They were coldly received, and the Lord Mayor, who was to have made an elaborate speech, was so flustered that nobody could hear what he said, and he

himself could not recall it to mind. "Your speech," said Horne Tooke, "must go into the papers; I will write it for you." This was done, and the printed speech, which was never delivered, was accepted as genuine, and was eventually engraved on the pedestal of a public monument erected to Beckford.

FABRICATED SPEECH FOR THE LORD MAYOR.

Most Gracious Sovereign: — Will your Majesty be pleased so far to condescend as to permit the Mayor of your loyal City of London to declare in your royal presence, on behalf of his fellow-citizens, how much the bare apprehension of your Majesty's displeasure would at all times affect their minds? The declaration of that displeasure has already filled them with inexpressible anxiety, and with the deepest afflictions. Permit me, Sire, to assure your Majesty, that your Majesty has not in all your dominions any subjects, more faithful, more dutiful, or more affectionate to your Majesty's person or family, or more ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes in the maintenance of the true honor and dignity of your crown.

We do, therefore, with the greatest humility and submission, most earnestly supplicate your Majesty that you will not dismiss us from your presence without expressing a more favorable opinion of your faithful citizens, and without some comfort — without some prospect at least of redress. Permit us, Sire, further to observe that whoever has already dared, or shall hereafter endeavor, to alienate your Majesty's affections from your loyal subjects in general, and from the City of London in particular, and to withdraw your confidence in and regard for, your people, is an enemy to your Majesty's person and family, a violation of the public peace, and a betrayer of our happy constitution, as it was established at the glorious and necessary revolution.

Horne Tooke busied himself in politics and literature. He espoused the cause of John Wilkes, and

afterward quarreled with him; broke a lance, not unsuccessfully, with "Junius"; vehemently opposed some obnoxious measures which were proposed in Parliament, and put forth, in 1778, a pamphlet on the rudiments of grammar, which was in time expanded into *The Diversions of Purley,* the first part of which appeared in 1786, followed by a second part in 1805. In 1794 he was arraigned for high-treason, being charged, in company with Thelwall and others, with having carried on a correspondence with the French Revolutionists for the subversion of the English Government. He was zealously defended by Erskine, and the trial resulted in his acquittal. Some time afterward he represented in Parliament the almost uninhabited "borough" of Old Sarum, but made no mark in the House of Commons. His later years were spent in lettered ease at Wimbledon.

TOPELIUS, Zachris, a Finnish poet, novelist and historian; born at Kudnas, January 14, 1818; died at Helsingfors, March 13, 1898. He entered the national university at Helsingfors in 1833 at the age of fifteen and was graduated with the degree of Master of Arts in 1840, at the age of twenty-two. His thesis was *Early Marriage Customs of the Finns.* At the age of twenty-four his abilities had already procured for him the editorship of the Helsingfors *Tidningar,* the chief paper of the Finnish capital. In 1845 his first book of verse appeared under the title *Ljung-blommor* (Heather Flowers). Already many of these lyrics had appeared in his paper

or in other journals. In 1850 he published another volume of verse, entitled *Sylvia's Visar* (Sylvia's Songs), which volume is considered to contain the best of his verses. Another volume did not appear until 1870, when he published a small collection of new and old lyrics under the name *Nya Blad* (New Leaves). Topelius was, while editing his paper, pouring into it not merely his best verse but also marvelously interesting and instructive tales for young and old about historic times in Finland. Thus in 1851 he began a series of stories dealing with Finnish and Swedish historic personages, under the name of *Feltskären's Berättelsar* (The Surgeon's Stories), which became, perhaps, the most famous of his works. He also began at about the same time a series of nature-fables for children which was afterward published in a volume under the name *Naturen's Bok* (The Book of Nature). This came out as a book in 1856. He has also published two other works for children under the titles *Bok om vart Land* (Book about Our Country) and *Läsning for Barn* (Tales for Children). In 1881 he published a volume of stories and sketches under the title *Vinterquällar* (Winter Evenings) which contains what are considered by the critics to be the very gems of his life-work. In 1845 he was appointed extraordinary professor of history in his alma mater, the Finnish National University at Helsingfors, and in 1863 was constituted the chief professor of history in that university. In 1875 he was made Rector of the University, serving as its head for three years, after which he retired. Though his romances and stories are classic and very popular, he is decidedly out of harmony with the realism of the Finnish renaissance. His style is charming, elegant,

ornate, but simple. His works for children have developed in his style a peculiar clearness. He writes perhaps as good prose as can be found in Swedish literature. *The Surgeon's Stories,* comprising six cycles, known as *Times of Gustaf Adolf, Times of Battle and Rest, Times of Charles XII., Times of Frederick I., Times of Linnæus,* and *Times of Alchemy,* have been translated into English. We quote one of the cleverest and most brilliant passages from a story called *The Freethinker,* contained in the cycle *Times of Linnæus.*

PUBLIC SCANDAL.

"I entertain the most sincere deference (*sincerissimam venerationem*) for the learning and profundity of the author," began Magister Seleen, in sounding Latin. "I am also willing to acknowledge the merits of his work *in amplissima forma.* There are a few little defects, like intercepting clouds before the bright sun (*nubila Phœbi*), which I think ought to be lightly touched upon (*leviter tangere*), in order to give the author further opportunity to unfold his brilliant store of knowledge (*præclaram eruditionem*). First, concerning the exterior, several typographical errors are to be laid to the charge of the otherwise very scrupulous (*scrupulosissima*) French printing-house" (which are enumerated).

It was now the respondent's turn. He arose and made the customary speech, in which he sought dutifully to solicit forbearance for his youth and inexperience, and did not neglect to insert phrases as sounding as possible about the enormous superiority of the opponent. Paul recited that lesson very punctiliously and seriously, but his words chanced to have such a strangely ambiguous sound that it was hardly known whether it was he or the opponent who here stood in need of forbearance. It was done, though, and it now became his duty to review briefly the objections of the opponent, during which the originator found time to think over the defence.

"The highly learned and estimable opponent," said the respondent, "declares that the author's *opus* is certainly extraordinary, but yet upon nearer view seems to him like a huge typographical error."

"*Nequaquam,* by no means!" interposed the opponent, greatly astonished at such a misunderstanding; and a suspicious merriment was immediately discovered in the audience.

"The opponent declares that the author's work is by no means extraordinary," recapitulated Paul.

The face of the Magister Saleen flushed red as a peony, but he fortunately appealed to the words of the author, and with much profundity explained the true sense and spiritual meaning of those passages where the errata occurred.

"Furthermore," said the opponent, "I should consider that the author had not very thoroughly exhibited the historic source of the ontological proof. The author ascribes it to Bishop Anselm of Canterbury, while others regard Origenes as its first originator. To the fathers of the Church here appear obscure passages."

. . . . . .

"The opponent claims that the fathers of the Church are obscure," recapitulated Paul.

"I do not say that the fathers of the Church are obscure," resumed Magister Seleen, intensely irritated; "and I beg the respondent to adhere *verba formalia.* No obscure places exist here which require illumination."

"The opponent maintains that no obscure places exist here which require illumination," very seriously cited the respondent.

The audience burst into laughter.

The author, who was visibly annoyed, sought with praiseworthy courage to lead his listeners back to his subject, while he amply proved how to the scholiastics of the Middle Ages had been reserved the honor of first making the existence of the Supreme Being demonstrably plain. But his opponent had become excited, and had interrupted him with a thundering, "*Nego,* I dispute that!"

"The opponent disputes the existence of the Supreme Being," recapitulated Paul, with his imperturbable tranquillity.

"*Nego, iterumque nego!*" exclaimed Magister Seleen.

"The opponent further, and in the most decided manner, disputes the existence of any Supreme Being," continued the inexorable respondent.

A loud murmur of diverse opinions ran through the closely packed ranks of the audience. The elderly were angry, the students delighted, and all were astonished at the incredible temerity of the young respondent, in the presence of the vice-chancellor, the rector, the dean, and all the professors.

"*Dominus respondens* misunderstands the highly learned opponent," said the author, Magister Alanus, anxious to put an end to the vexatious scene. Unfortunately, while thus speaking, he smiled, in his embarrassment, in a manner which the quick-tempered opponent regarded as a new insult, and after a few vain attempts to mollify his wrath, Magister Seleen broke off his speech of opposition with the declaration that he intended to waste no further arguments on deaf ears.

It was now the turn of the second opponent, Magister Hjelt, professor of exegesis. He had delivered lectures on the most difficult passages in the Old Testament, and in any war of words was a veteran. He criticised the Bible texts appealed to by the author with such success that it was not long before the cunning of the respondent found some exposed point in his stout battle-equipments. Meantime the interpretation of the Bible-language quoted by the author became the topic of the discussion.

"The most learned opponent claims that the Old Testament is doubtful," interposed the respondent.

"The question is about passages difficult of comprehension, in the prophecy of Isaiah," corrected the opponent.

"The highly learned opponent regards the prophecy of Isaiah doubtful," said Paul.

"I declare the interpretation difficult of comprehension," corrected Hjelt.

"The highly learned opponent declares that he does not comprehend the prophet Isaiah."

Once more a murmur arose, which was very unusual on the silent seats of *auditorium majus*. Alanus again interposed, and after the customary harangue, the opponent retired from the field, with his military honor intact.

And now, according to the rules of the university, the author challenged anyone whomsoever in the audience, who was so inclined, further to appear with remarks against his work.

There was a universal silence, for the audience was prepared for remarkable things.

Then Professor Mesterton, cold and calm as Logic herself, whose sworn champion he was, arose, and after a few dry words to the author, began to criticise the logical proof in his work.

"The widely renowned and most venerable opponent says that in the author's treatise there is neither logic nor reason," said the respondent, with deliberation.

Secretly the author wished that Belus of Babylon might swallow up his respondent, but pretended not to notice the thrust, and met the objection with much dignity. Mesterton, the disciple of Wolf, was, by his mathematical assurance, a dangerous antagonist. His words fell sharp as icicles; but while he was seeking the principal support of theology in the consciousness, he did not himself observe how he was undermining that building he wished to sustain.

"The renowned and reverend opponent describes theology as a metaphysical edifice of learning where no reality exists except the idea, and no idea except the tenets. Consequently the most reverent defines all theology as tenets," recapitulated Paul, with a keen, indisputable syllogism, before which the audience shuddered. It was even said that the Bishop himself perceptibly changed color: but the cold philosopher, in his priestly vestments, without vouchsafing the respondent the least attention, continued to demonstrate the sovereign sway of thought, and thus gave the death-blow to the cause he wished to defend.

Alanus was on nettles; the theologians flushed and paled. Then arose Gadolin the mighty, before whose keen genius every opposition had hitherto been scattered like chaff before the wind. He took up the fallen Church, as it were, in his giant arms. In a thundering speech he grasped with assured glance the very core of the present question, and lashed atheism with a murderous irony. He clearly showed how atheism is practically and theoretically impossible; how deniers of God deceive themselves; how in the place of the Eternal God they make themselves little idols, which they adore; how a falling leaf terrifies them, and two straws crossed strike them with dread; how they think themselves omnipotent, and every need becomes their master, every passion their tyrant; how a breeze sweeps them away, how posterity derides them, how the child in the cradle laughs at their imagined wisdom. Powerfully, gloriously, wittily he spoke, and but one thing was lacking to make the speech a perfect master-work — and that was the warm breath of Christian love within it.

The audience was delighted. The brief, fleeting impression of the young student's mockery was suddenly blown away. Paul himself was near blushing, but he was too proud for that. He was to recapitulate the speech, and he did so all the more boldly because he wanted to silence something within him which almost resembled a bad conscience.

"The most renowned and esteemed opponent," said he, "first declares atheism impossible, and afterward fights it with fire and sword. The most renowned and estimable opponent wishes to lead humanity back to the innocence of a sucking babe, and declares every other nourishment than the mother's milk of the Church to be an absolute deadly poison."

At these presumptuous words, uttered by a student of eighteen, to one of the most esteemed men of the country and the university, who was a clergyman and a teacher besides, an indescribable tumult arose in the room. The theologians were the first who arose excitedly from their seats, and their example was quickly followed by all the teachers, while the students divided into two ranks,

one for and the other against the defiant speaker. In a manner extremely unusual in these halls, the discussion was broken off, and the audience gathered in dense, noisy groups.

Then the Bishop Menander, dignified and venerable, arose.

"Young man," said he to Paul, "at four o'clock to-day you will present yourself to me, for private explanation. And you, sir magister," added he to Alanus, "will close the services with a prayer for the king."

DOCTOR MARTIN.

The delapidated one-story house was owned by the widow of a burgher, who, however, did not occupy it herself, but for the last year had rented it to a singular old stranger, who had come to Abo, it was not known whence, and who was called by the few who knew him, by way of honor, Doctor Martin Weis. But as the title of doctor was at Abo too great a dignity to be wasted on a personage whom many suspected of being a German barber's man, not to speak of anything worse, it more frequently happened that by way of mockery, his sounding name was translated and he was called Martin the Wise, or plainly The Wise, by which appellation he was also best known to the neighborhood. He was said to be a physician by occupation, although no one had seen him practise; but when he produced a regular passport from Frankfort or Hamburg, whichever it may have been, and for further guaranty submitted to a *colloquium familiare* with Professor Johan Haartman, which is said to have resulted in the wonderful surprise of that renowned physician, no lawful reason was found for preventing Martin the Wise from taking up his abode in the old house, and there shutting himself in with an old man-servant, who was, if possible, even more taciturn and inaccessible than the master himself. No one knew with what he there busied himself, but the neighbors made various wonderful guesses, when they found the door bolted all day long, but always saw a faint firelight shining at night through the cracks around the covered window. One or another

who from curiosity attempted to peep through the cracks even ventured to assert that he smelt brimstone in there, and that discovery was not calculated to inspire the superstitious neighbors with more confidence.

Into the innermost of the three rooms which constituted Wise Martin's habitation let us venture to cast a glance. Judging from the outside, not a single beam of the bright spring sunshine would have been able to make its way through the barricades of the window; but that was not quite the case. Upon entering that extraordinary room, it was seen to be half-illuminated from two points: first from an enormous walled, iron-plate furnace, which occupied half of the room, and in which a great coal-fire was glowing; and next from a scarcely perceptible round hole in the window-post, through which a slender sunbeam of dazzling brightness fell on a glass retort, which seemed solely calculated to receive the ray. The effect of this illumination, three-fourths of light from the coals and one-fourth sunshine, all that environment of night-black shadows from the dark walls completely covered with shelves and unfamiliar, dimly seen objects, would have been the despair of an unsuccessful artist and the rapture of him who succeeded in copying it on canvas.

In that double glow, a little, crooked man, apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, clad in the wig and cue, brown, wide-skirted coat with large buttons, short brown small-clothes, long silk stockings, and shoes with broad silver buckles, the ordinary costume of that time, was slowly moving about. He had tied a leather apron before him, and in his hand he carried a pair of tongs, with which he sometimes placed a crucible to his better satisfaction on the coals. His small, penetrating gray eyes seemed attentively to follow the work of the fire. That which occupied his thoughts was evidently something important. After a while he went to the glass retort, which for a moment had been abandoned by the shifting sunbeam. He moved it into the light again, he examined its contents with the greatest attention, and shook his head with dissatisfaction.

"*Nondum vita!*" sighed he. "*Quousque tandem mort prævalebit!*"—*From Times of Linnæus.*

SWEDISH MAIDEN'S SONG.

When I am a bride, and am wearing the crown,
In roses some day,
Oh, finely I'll dance in my garlanded gown,
Then I shall be gay!

My crown shall be splendid with leaves all bedight,
And roses that day;
And never a crown was with beauty so bright,—
Oh, I shall be gay!

The laddies may dance, but they'll ne'er dance me down,
In roses that day,
And never a troll get my garlands or crown,—
Oh, I shall be gay!
—*From Times of Alchemy.*

TOPLADY, AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE, an English theologian and poet; born at Farnham, Surrey, November 4, 1740; died at London, August 4, 1778. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and became Vicar of Broad Hembury, Devonshire. He was a zealous opponent of Arminianism, as held by Wesley, and his theological works form six volumes; but he is best known by several favorite hymns. His *Rock of Ages* is very generally considered the finest hymn in the language.

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood

From Thy riven side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

Nothing in my hands I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar through parts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne —
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

LOVE DIVINE.

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

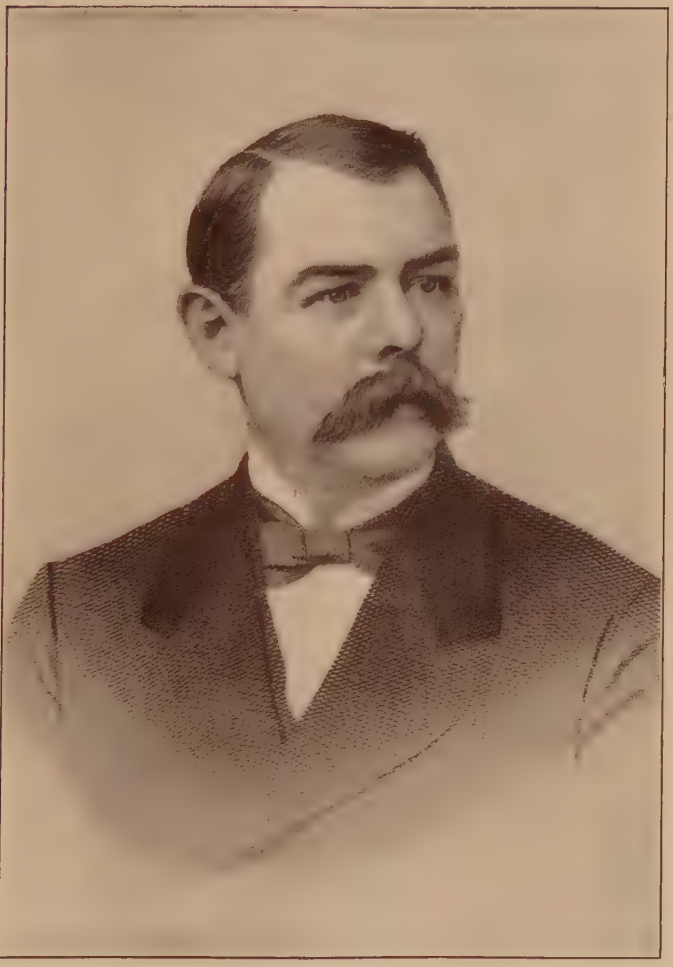
Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,

Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy precious love.

Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see Thy great salvation
Perfectly restored by Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place.
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

TOURGEE, ALBION WINEGAR, an American jurist and novelist; born at Williamsfield, O., May 2, 1838; died at Bordeaux, France, May 21, 1905. He studied at Rochester University for two years, and was in the army from 1861 to 1865; after the war he was a lawyer, editor, and farmer in Greensboro, N. C., a prominent member of the North Carolina Constitutional Convention, a commissioner for the revision of the State laws, and (1868–74) Judge of the Superior Court. From 1882 to 1885 he edited *Our Continent,* at Philadelphia. Besides several law-books he published *Toinette* (1874)



ALBION W. TOURGEE.

(since republished as *The Royal Gentleman,* together with *'Zouri's Christmas*); *Figs and Thistles* and *A Fool's Errand* (1879); *Bricks Without Straw* (1880); *Hot Ploughshares* (1883); *An Appeal to Cæsar* (1884); *Black Ice* and *Button's Inn* (1887); *With Gauge and Swallow* (1888); *Pactolus Prime* (1889); *Murvale Eastman* (1890); *A Son of Old Harry* (1891); *The Queen of Hearts* (1894); and *The Mortgage on the Hiproof House* (1896). He was appointed consul at Bordeaux, France, in 1897.

COMPY 'SIDERS ON'T.

Aunt Compy had promised little 'Zouri "to 'sider on't," which she proceeded to do by talking to herself with no little vigor of tone and language, as soon as the child had left the hut.

"'Clar ef dat chile didn't mos' make me break down an' cry right out! On'y jes think on't now. Compy, yer's ben a mitey mean, bad auntie ter dat ar chile. What yer s'pose yer sister 'Zouri, her ez de dear chile's named atter — jes ez ef hit ed ben done a purpose ter 'mind yer on her ebbry time yer speaks her name — what d'yer s'pose she think on yer now? P'raps she's lookin' down outen der sky an' a watchin' yer doins toward dat ar gal o' hern; wouldn't be one bit s'prised ef she was; an' what d'yer s'pose now dat ar delicate creetur tinks ob her big, strappin' sister what she lef' her little gal tu ter take keer on?

"Yer *hev* tuk keer on her? Now, yer mean, lyin' huzzy, don' yer tell me dat when yer know ef de deah ghos' ob yer dead sister should come fou dat ar doah yer couldn't find a word ter say ter it 'bout its little gal. No, yer hain't done jes der same by hit' ez by yer own chillen. First place yer's jes made it a nuss gal an' a nigger fer yer own chillen eber since yer's hed it. Den, yer's shirked an' shifted on ter dat ar mite uv a gal nigh 'bout half yer oughter done yer own black, lazy self! Jes' tink how yer's let her bring water from dat

dar spring, 'long dat slippery side-hill path whar de sun shines de hottest an' de win' blows de coldest uv any place in der whole country, while yer's sot here in de shade er by der fire doin' nuffin' on airth, only smokin' er snuffin', p'raps. Ain't yer 'shamed, yer mean, lazy, good-fer-nothin' black huzzy! . . . Hev a Christmas! Pore chile, dat she shel, an' a good un too, jes ez shuah ez my name's Comp. I'll speak ter Peter 'bout it, dis berry day." . . .

Compy was not one to let her good resolution rust or rot from disuse. She was dull and easy, and it was but natural for her to forget that the little child whom her sister had left to her care had been unusually faithful over the few things which constituted the duties of her young life, and that she had left both her love and her gratitude to be regarded as a matter of course by the little orphan. When, however, her attention was directed to the fact, and her somewhat sluggish nature once aroused, there was no such thing as rest for her until she had made amends for what she deemed her neglect. She at once determined to give the child a Christmas which should be ever memorable. . . .

"What yer gwine ter do Christmas time, Peter?" she asked, as they strolled along the road to the ford.

"Wal, I der know," said Peter; "specs I go down ter de co't-house, Christmas Day, an' den p'raps hev a hunt or two, an' kinder slosh roun' loose like."

"An' spen' a month's wages in 'blockade,' I spec, afore de week's out," said Compy, laughing.

"Wal, honey, I did 'low to hev a little egg-nogg of a Christmas Eve. Br'er Sam's comin' over wid his wife an' some o' de nayburs up de ribber dat we aint seen a smart while. Br'er Sam's gwine ter furnish de eggs, an' Jim Black 'lowed he'd bring over a poun' er two ob sugar. So 'twon't be all our treat, honey," said Peter, soothingly, as if he had anticipated dissent on her part to the proposed entertainment. Compy made no reply, and walked along a moment in silence. Then Peter asked, somewhat uneasily:

"What's der matter wid yer, Compy? What yer lookin' so sober 'bout?"

They had reached the ford, and Compy sat down at the end of the foot-log.

"I'se been t'inkin', Peter," she said, "an' I'se been ober ter see Miss Sophy, an' been a talkin' wid her, an' it's all sot me to t'inkin' a heap mo'. D'yer know how long we'se been free?"

"Ebber sence de surrender, hain't we?" said Peter, wonderingly.

"Yes, to be sure," answered Compy, "but how long's dat? How many year?"

"Wal, dar yer got me now, honey," said the man, with a blank smile. "I nebber could make head or tail at rememberin' figgers. It mout be tree year, an' den agin it mout be five, for aught I knows to de contrary."

"Psha!" said the woman, impatiently, "don't be so stupid, Peter. It's gwine on *ten* year!"

"Yer don't say now!" said Peter, in surprise. . . .

"I was jes a thinkin'," said Compy, "dat in all dis time we hadn't done but monstr'us little to show we's glad ob de freedom we've hed, er ter make it good ter de chillen."

"Why, Compy, hain't we allers got long well 'nuff? hed enuff ter eat an' drink an' war — sech as 'tis?" asked Peter.

"Sartin, sartin," said Compy; "an' we's had strong han's ter git wid ebbery daw! Bress der good Lor' der haint none on us been sick — 'cept little Jim ez died" — there was a break in her voice for an instant, and then she said — "but we haint got nuffin ahead — dat is, nuffin uv any account — an' de chillen ain't any better off dan we wuz at dar age. Dey haint got no larnin' an' aint no nearer bein' like white folk dan dey wuz de day ob de s'render, ez I ken see!"

"Dat's a fac'," said Peter, solemnly.

"Yes, 'tis a fac'," said the woman; "an' I say, hit oughtn't ter be so nuther, dat it oughtn't."

"Of co'se," assented the man, dully.

"An', I say, Peter," continued Compy, "dar's 'Zouri; we'd orter do jes ez well by her an' be jes as kerful uv her ez ef she wuz our own gal."

"Ob co'se," assented Peter, with somewhat of animation; "I've allus thought dat."

"But we hain't done it, Peter!"

"Dat's so," said her husband seriously.

"An' it's time we wuz athinkin' uv our own chillen, too."

"Dat's so, again," said Peter, looking admiringly at his wife.

"I've been axin Miss Sophy 'bout it," she continued, "an' axin her ter tell me how we's gwine ter mend, kase I knowed yer'd be willin' ter take her advice, Peter."

"Dat I would, honey," said he; "she jes is de mos' masterful woman dat ebber drew breí, ef she is puny-like."

"Wal, Pete," Compy never called her husband Pete, except when she wished to coax him to her way of thinking, "Miss Sophy says ez how we jes kinder fritters away what we make, an' 'stead of makin' ebbery t'ing go jes as fur ez 'twill we don't take no sort o' keer fer things dat's little, an' first we know dey mount up ter all we've got, er a little mo'; an' I bleeve it's so."

"More'n likely 't mout be so," said Peter, dubiously.

"She axed me," continued Compy, "what our last Chris'mas cost us, an' when I tole her I reckoned a matter of two or three dollars, she kinder laughed like, an' went an' got Mars Ben's 'count-book, an' what wid de figgers she got from dat an' what I could make out ter remember, she figgered out dat we ate, an' drunk, an' frowed away in dat Chris'mas week more'n we'd bofe made in the month afore it."

"Yer don't say!" ejaculated Peter.

"It's so, shuah," responded Compy.

"Wal, what yer gwine to do 'bout it, honey? Jes not hab any Chris'mas?" asked he, dubiously.

"No," answered Compy, "she showed me how we could hev a heap better one an' not cost nigh so much."

"Dar now, didn't I say she was a powerful peart woman, dat Miss Sophy? Hit's a mighty good thing fer Mars Ben he's got jes sech a wife," said Peter, philosophically.

"An' dis is de way she says fer to do it," says Compy; "she says ez how ye're a great hunter an' fisher, ez everybody knows ter be true, Pete, only yer allers gives

away all yer cotches. Yer see yer could cotch atwixt now an' Chris'mas Day right smart o' nice fish, an' den yer mout cotch two or three possums o' nights, an' p'raps yer mout bait up a turkey er two and shoot 'em. An' dis, she sez, wid de bacon, an' de meal, an' jes a dust of flour an' a little buttah and sugah 'll jes be all we needs fer a better Chris'mas, a heap sight, dan lots of white folks hab."

"An' not a bit of 'blockade,' honey? Is dat what yer mean?" asked Peter.

"Wal," said Compy meditatively, "we mout hev a Chris'mas dinner, an' ax Br'er Sam's folks an' de odders you spoke 'bout, an' we *mout* hev jes *one* glass ur egg-nogg — jes kinder fer dessert like. An' den yer know, honey, we could take de rest ob de money and gib de chillen a power of presents dat dey needs."

There was a moment of silence. Then the husband said:

"Compy, I'll be dod-derned if we don't try dat ar new-fangled plan ob Miss Sophy's. I couldn't git fru de Chris'mas widout jes' a drap o' spirits, but I'll 'low a good dinner wid a good egg-nogg arter it'll do nigh 'bout ez well ez more sperits an' less grub. I'll try it anyway. I reckon it's all right, an' whether 'tis so or no I'm boun' ter do dat much jes to pleasure you, honey."

It was said with a sly wink and grin, and Compy, springing up, threw her arms about his neck and gave him a kiss.

"Oh, you good old boy!"

Then they crossed the foot-log together, and, as they went up the hill, she told him of 'Zouri's desire for a stocking for Christmas, and showed him the one she had begun.

"So yer gwine ter have a reg'lar white folks' Chris'-mas?" he added.

"Dat's it, honey," she replied, "why shouldn't we? We's free now, an' drinkin', an' carousin', an' shootin' off guns ain't der way we ought to be adoin' no mo'."

"Dat's so, honey," responded he.—*'Zouri's Christmas.*

TOWNE, EDWARD OWINGS, an American lawyer and dramatist; born in Iowa, February 19, 1860. His father was the founder of the Iowa Central University, from which the son was graduated. In 1880 he went to Chicago and began the study of law, and entered upon its practice as soon as he was old enough to be admitted to the bar. His first book, published in 1886, was entitled *Aphorisms of the Three Threes,* and has passed through five editions. His next book, *The Completion of the Spire and Other Poems,* was published in 1889. *Literary Dust* (1896) is a work somewhat similar to his book of *Aphorisms.* His greatest literary success has been as a playwright. His plays include *By Wits Outwitted* (1892); *In Old Madrid* (1894); *Other People's Money* (1895); *The Little Drunkardess* (1896). His one-act play, *For Sweet Charity's Sake,* won a one-thousand-dollar prize.

APHORISMS.

To be kind is to be wise.

Our hopes end in — *hopes.*

Patience is the noblest form of courage.

A mistake can never be wholly rectified.

Arm wit with sneers and you have sarcasm.

An unhappy childhood embitters a whole life.

More faults have been cured by ridicule than by reason.

The things that cost most are the things that are given to us.

The past were easily forgiven were it not for what the past promises for the future.

Envy is a thing that no one desires and yet of which no one would be thought unworthy.

From childhood the world constantly becomes narrower, until it reaches a point in death.

They that govern by fear are themselves governed by passion.

One should in youth practice the virtues of old age, if he would in old age enjoy the delights of youth.— *Aphorisms of the Three Threes.*

TOWNSEND, EDWARD WATERMAN, an American journalist and humorist; born at Cleveland, O., February 10, 1855. He removed in early life to San Francisco, where he became well known as a writer of short stories for the *Argonaut.* In 1892 he joined the staff of the New York *Sun,* in which appeared his series of tenement-house studies. His best-known work is *Chimmie Fadden,* in two series (1895), a series of character-sketches of Bowery life. *A Daughter of the Tenements* appeared in 1895, and *Lees and Leaven,* a novel, was published in 1903.

CHIMMIE FADDEN.

"Say, I'm a dead easy winner today. See? It's a fiver, sure 'nough. Say, I could give Jay Gould weight fer age an' lose 'im in a walk as a winner. See? How'd I collar it? Square. See? Dead square, an' easy. Want it fer a story? Why, sure.

"Say, you know me. When I useter sell poipers, wasn't I a scrapper? Dat's right, ain't it? Was dere a kid on Park Row I didn't do? Sure. Well, say, dis mornin' I seed a loidy I know crossin' de Bow'ry. See? Say, she's towworbred, an' dat goes. Say, do you know wot I've seed her done? I've seed her feedin' dem kids wot gets free turk on Christmas by dose East side missioners. She's one of dem loidies wot comes down here an' fixes up old women and kids.

"Well, say, I was kinder lookin' at 'er when I sees a mug wid a dyed mustache kinder jolt ag'in 'er, an' he

raises his dicer an' grins. See? Say, dat sets me crazy. Lemme tell ye. Remember when der truck run over me toes? Well, I couldn't sell no poipers nor nutting den. See? Say, she was de loidy wot comes ter me room wid grub an' reads to me. Dat's what she done.

"Well, I runs up to her dis mornin', an' I says: 'Scuse me, loidy, but shall I tump der mug?'

"She was kinder white in the gills, but dere was fight in her eye. Say, when yer scrap yer watches de odder felly's eye, don't ye? Yer kin always see fight in de eye. Dat's right. Well, say, dere was fight in her eye. When I speaks to her she kinder smiles, an' says: 'Oh, dat's you, is it, Chimmie?'

"Say, she remembered me name. Well, she says: 'If you'll tump de mug'—no, dat wasn't wot she says—'If you'll trash de cur I'll give yer somethin',' an' she pulled out her wad an' flashed up a fiver. Den she says somethin' about it not being Christian, but de example would be good. I don't know what she meaned, but dat's straight. See? Wot she says goes, wedder I'm on or not.

"'Can you trash 'im, Chimmie?' she says.

"Den I went for 'im. Say, I jolted 'im in de vest so sudden he was paralyzed. See? Den I give 'im de heel, an' tover he went in de mud, an' me on top of 'im. Say, you should have seed us! Well, I'd had his odder ear off if de cop hadn't snatched me.

"Say, he ran me in, but it wasn't ten minutes before she come dere and squared me. See? When she got me outside, she was kinder laffin' an' cryin', but she gave me de fiver an' says: 'I hope de Lord'll forgive me, Chimmie, for leadin' yer into temptation, but yer done 'im brown.'

"Dat's right; dem's 'er very words. No, not 'done 'im brown;' dat's what dey meaned — say, 'trashed 'im well.' Dat's right. 'Trashed 'im well' was her very words. See?"

TOWNSEND, GEORGE ALFRED ("GATH"), an American journalist; born at Georgetown, Del., January 30, 1841. The son of a Methodist clergyman, he was educated in Philadelphia, and devoted himself to journalism. In 1862 he was war-correspondent for the New York *Herald*, and also went to Europe, where he lectured on the civil war, and wrote for American and English periodicals. In 1864 he became war-correspondent for the New York *World*. His pen-name, "Gath," was first used in 1868 as a signature to his letters for the Chicago *Tribune*. In 1885 he built a house on the battle-field of Crampton's Gap, South Mountain, Md., where a small village has grown, to which he has given the name Gapland. His chief works are *The Bohemians*, a play (1862); *Campaigns of a Non-Combatant* (1865); *Life of Garibaldi* (1867); *Real Life of Abraham Lincoln* (1867); *The New World Compared with the Old* (1868); *Poems* (1870); *Washington, Outside and Inside* (1871); *Mormon Trials at Salt Lake* (1872); *Washington Rebuilded* (1873); *Tales of the Chesapeake* (1880); *Bohemian Days* (1881); *Poetical Addresses* (1883); *The Entailed Hat* (1884); *Lost Abroad* (1884); *President Cromwell*, a drama (1885); *Kitty of Catoctin*, a novel (1886); *Life of Levi P. Morton* (1888); *Mrs. Reynolds and Hamilton* (1890); and *Columbus in Love* (1892).

OLD "BEAU" AND "CRUTCH" THE PAGE.

They gave him many a present; they put a silver watch in his pocket, and dressed him in a jacket with gilt buttons. He had a boquet of flowers to take home every day to that marvellous sister of whom he spoke so often: and

there were times when the whole committee, seeing him drop off to sleep, as he often did through frail and weary nature, sat silently watching lest he might be awakened before his rest was over. But no persuasion could take him off the floor of Congress. In that solemn old Hall of Representatives, under the semicircle of gray columns, he darted with agility from noon to dusk, keeping speed upon his crutches with the healthiest of the pages, and racing into the document-room, and through the dark and narrow corridors of the old Capitol loft, where the House library was lost in twilight. Visitors looked with interest and sympathy at the narrow back and body of this invalid child, whose eyes were full of bright, beaming spirit. He sometimes nodded on the steps by the Speaker's chair; and these spells of dreaminess and fatigue increased as his disease advanced upon his wasting system. Once he did not awaken until adjournment. The great Congress and audience passed out, and the little fellow still slept, with his head against the Clerk's desk, while all the other pages were grouped around him, and they finally bore him off to the committee-room in their arms, where, amongst the sympathetic watchers, was old Beau. When Uriel opened his eyes the old mendicant was looking into them.

"Ah! little Major," he said, "poor Beau has been waiting for you to take those bad words back. Old Beau thought it was all bob with his little cove."

"Beau," said the boy, "I've had such a dream! I thought my dear father, who is working so hard to bring me home to him, had carried me out on the river in a boat. We sailed through the greenest marshes, among white lilies, where the wild ducks were tame as they can be. All the ducks were diving and diving, and they brought up long stalks of celery from the water and gave them to us. Father ate all his. But mine turned into lilies and grew up so high that I felt myself going with them, and the higher I went the more beautiful grew the birds. Oh! let me sleep and see if it will be so again."

The outcast raised his gold-headed cane and hobbled up and down the room with a laced handkerchief at his eyes.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "another generation is going out, and here I stay without a stake, playing a lone hand forever and forever."

"Beau," said Reybold, "there's hope while one can feel. Don't go away until you have a good word from our little passenger."

The little boy unclosed his eyes and looked around on all those kindly, watching faces.

"Did anybody fire a gun?" he said. "Oh! no. I was only dreaming that I was hunting with father, and he shot at the beautiful pheasants that were making such a whirring of wings for me. It was music. When can I hunt with father, dear gentlemen?"

They all felt the tread of the Mighty Hunter before the Lord very near at hand — the hunter whose name is Death. "There are little, tiny birds along the beach," muttered the boy. "They twitter and run into the surf and back again, and am I one of them? I must be; for I feel the water cold, and yet I see you all, so kind to me." . . .

The beach-birds played again along the strand; the boy ran into the foam with his companions and felt the spray once more. The Mighty Hunter shot his bird — a little cripple that twittered the sweetest of them all. Nothing moved in the solemn chamber . . the committee but the voice of an old, forsaken man, sobbing bitterly.— *Tales of the Chesapeake.*

TOWNSEND, MARY ASHLEY ("XARIFFA") an American poet; born at New York, in 1832; died at New Orleans, La., in 1901. Her works include *Xariffa's Poems; Down the Bayou; Distaff and Spindle; The Captain's Story* and *The Brother Clerks.*

AT SET OF SUN.

A scent of guava-blossoms and the smell
Of bruised grass beneath the tamarind-trees;
The hurried humming of belated bees
With pollen-laden thighs; far birds that tell
With faint, last notes of night's approaching spell,
While smoke of supper-fires the low sun sees
Creep through the roofs of palm, and on the breeze
Floats forth the message of the evening bell.
Our footsteps pause, we look toward the west,
And from my heart throbs out one fervent prayer:
O love! O silence! ever to be thus,—
A silence full of love and love its best,
Till in our evening years we two shall share
Together, side by side, life's Angelus!

DOWN THE BAYOU.

The cypress swamp around me wraps its spell,
With hushing sounds in moss-hung branches there,
Like congregations rustling down to prayer,
While Solitude, like some unsounded bell,
Hangs full of secrets that it cannot tell,
And leafy litanies on the humid air
Intone themselves, and on the tree-trunks bare
The scarlet lichen writes her rubies well.
The cypress-knees take on them marvellous shapes
Of pygmy nuns, gnomes, goblins, witches, fays,
The vigorous vine the withered gum-tree drapes,
Across the oozy ground the rabbit plays,
The moccasin to jungle depths escapes,
And through the gloom the wild deer shyly gaze.

EMBRYO.

I feel a poem in my heart to-night,
A still thing growing,—
As if the darkness to the outer light
A song were owing:
A something strangely vague, and sweet, and sad,

Fair, fragile, slender;
Not tearful, yet not daring to be glad,
And oh, so tender!

It may not reach the outer world at all,
Despite its growing;
Upon a poem-bud such cold winds fall
To blight its blowing,
But, oh, whatever may the thing betide,
Free life or fetter,
My heart, just to have held it till it died,
Will be the better!

TOWNSEND, VIRGINIA FRANCES, an American novelist and writer of juvenile stories; born at New Haven, Conn., in 1836. She at one time edited *Arthur's Home Magazine*, and has been a popular writer for girls. Her books include *It Was Morning* (1859); *Amy Deane and Other Tales* (1862); *The Battlefields of Our Fathers* (1864); *Janet Strong* (1865); *One Woman's Two Lovers* (1872); *Elizabeth Tudor* (1874); *Only Girls* (1876); *Six in All* (1878); *Our Presidents* (1888); *That Queer Girl* (1890); *But a Philistine* (1892), and others.

MADELINE EARLE.

It was just three o'clock in the afternoon. The sound of the village bell came clear and pleasant through the bright, still air, and across the meadows and the river of Bayberry Bend. A young girl, who had just clambered in a breathless fashion over the stile which divided the great cornfield from the lane, stood still and listened. There was a bright look on her face, as though she heard some loud, cheery, human voice calling to her. She

thought to herself that three o'clock in the afternoon was the best time in the whole day.

"Don't you think so, too, Floss?" she said, turning to a little yellow-brown Scotch terrier, who was darting and frisking about in the long grass, and playfully snapping at her dress. He had a blue ribbon about his neck, and his bits of bright eyes glittered fiercely at you through the shaggy locks of hair that fell across them. He was altogether as homely a bit of canine flesh as you can well imagine, and his round, waddling body might have suggested a small heap of wool which had been considerably soiled in a mud-puddle.

But the owner of the dog would never have forgiven you for this comparison. She thought Floss was a splendid creature; that his little, fierce eyes were like stars, and his coarse, shaggy hair like the shining silken floss after which she had named him, and that his instinct and sagacity were something approaching the marvellous.

She is just on the edge of her thirteenth birthday, as she stands there by the stile, in the wide lane, in the pleasant June afternoon. All about her are the light, the warmth, the gladness of the fresh summer. The bees hum in their busy, happy way, and the birds sing the songs of a new June, and the big golden butterflies flash through the air.

Right in front of the girl lies the great pasture-lot, which slopes to the river, half a mile away. Sly little winds rumple the white clover into crests of foam, and then smooth them all out again. Down below is the river, with the great curve, which makes it look in the far distance like a vast dark arm stretching into the meadows.

I may as well tell you here that the old town of Bayberry Bend lies on both banks of the river, and makes, on either side, a slow ascent for a couple of miles, to meet the hills. It is a very old town, in the heart of New York, and it has its traditions of Indian ambushes and desperate battles of brave men and high-hearted women, who did their work grandly in those perilous times.

But with all this you and I have nothing to do. The Bayberry Bend of to-day sleeps with its peaceful orchards and farm-houses between its watching hills; and artists

seek it for its delicious scenery, and invalids for its cool, hill-side breezes.

Madeline Earle — the young girl who stands by the stile, under the light weight of her dozen birthdays, with her Scotch terrier poking his bit of cold nose into her palm, and frisking in the grass at her feet — makes a picture — not a pretty one, perhaps, but one which an artist seeing would be in a hurry to get on his canvas. When it was all done, however, it would only be a little girl standing by the stile, a great cornfield behind, a grassy lane around her, the great slope of pasture-meadow in front, and beyond the dark, bright glimmer of the river.

The bright June light is over everything. It shines into the girl's face; but there is a deeper shining there now than the warm summer light. The gladness of the afternoon fills and floods her soul. The great happiness which looks out of her eyes makes them beautiful. Her face is not that: the sallow complexion, the large features, the pale mouth, would make Madeline Earle, in most eyes, a homely girl. But she is very young yet, and the years can chisel the features, and the soul, coming slowly into some women's faces, can work its own great mystery of beauty there, mightier than any of color or form.

Around the face is a heavy mass of fine, dark hair — brown, with beautiful bronze lights in it. The girl evidently does not know how to make the most of this, by the loose, careless way in which it is pushed from her low, broad forehead; and the sly little winds are at work here as well as in the clover opposite, and they make wild work with that fine loose hair.

The girl's straw hat is in her hands; it is more likely to be there at all times than on her head; and sunburn and freckles do not improve a sallow complexion. But Madeline Earle honestly believes that hers is past being injured. She is mistaken here; and you will find before you get through with her, that she is quite liable to be mistaken in many things, but never in the way of a small, ignoble nature.

Nothing could be simpler than the girl's dress — some

light summer fabric, with soft pink stripes on a white ground. The only ornament about her, the string of gold beads,— an heirloom, evidently,— around her neck.

Have I made her clear to you, as she stands there by the stile, in the summer light and warmth?

I like myself to pause a moment and look at this Madeline Earle, with the gladness shining in her young face. All that will go out so soon! Something is coming, something will happen before the loud, cheery voice of the town clock comes again across the meadow and the river, which will fix this hour one of life's great boundary-marks in her memory.— *That Queer Girl.*

TRACY, LOUIS ("GORDON HOLMES"), an English journalist and novelist; born at London in 1858. He has published under his own name *Souls on Fire* (1898); *An American Emperor* (1899); *The Wings of the Morning* (1902); *The Great Mogul* (1904); *Karl Grier* (1905). Under the nom de plume of "Gordon Holmes," Mr. Tracy's novels include *A Mysterious Disappearance* (1904), and *The Arncliffe Puzzle* (1905).

KIDNAPPED.

In the forest of Fontainebleau shrubs spring from the bare rock; in Vansittart's helpless case, his solitary shred of hope budded from the fact of de Tournon's absence.

His captors were now reduced to three in number. For the most unfortunate element in rascality is that honor among thieves cannot pass beyond the region of proverb. They never trust each other, so one of the gang was necessarily told off to watch M. de Tournon, and to see that he did not look with too envious eyes on the share which fell to his companions. In so far as this unnamed

scoundrel's morality might be weak and open to persuasion, it was still further essential that the Gouger should be sent to follow him in turn.

There were left in the hut "The Plasterer," who took possession of the log which de Tournon had quitted, "String-the-Neck," and the humbler member of the corporation, who lay, groaning at times with the pain of his broken ankle, in a corner of the dark room.

Jerome Vansittart carefully surveyed each in turn.

His antagonists, it was clear, might have been a hundred, for all the difference it made to his position, when the two who had come scathless from the contest had the strength of bulls.

Their ingenuity in tying Vansittart was such that any kind of movement was almost impossible, unless he elected to roll along the floor, a form of exercise little likely to relieve his situation.

The lamp began to flicker. It cast extraordinary gleams around the hut making strange shadows of the uncouth shapes of "String-the-Neck" and "The Plasterer."

Scarce a word had been spoken. "The Plasterer" sat moodily gazing upon his victim with a puzzled look, the nature of which Jerome was not long in guessing, now turning to curse his querulous companion in the corner.

"String-the-Neck" was restless. He flitted about with the air of a man who is robbed of his night's sleep and of the cognac that he would have lapped up with such satisfaction in his fetid den.

Vansittart did not flinch from the terrible inquiry set before him. Was it possible to escape, and if so, how?

As he lay there hour after hour, he calculated every chance, however minute, however airy, however ridiculous, which might occur to a mind constantly practised in summing up every element of the most complex problems.

Plans occurred to him such as came to prisoners in the Bastile. These, to our ears, now appear sublimely ridiculous, even though we knew that they were successfully

achieved by those who had to suffer the torturing questionings from which they were evolved.

The chief element of difficulty was that by no possibility could he obtain the practical use of any of his limbs. Indeed, if he were left alone, he did not at first see how he could succeed in releasing himself from the bonds so cunningly fixed upon him.

De Tournon's helpmates had experience extending through long years in the art of making their victims helpless. Moreover, if with all his magnificent strength he was able to gain his feet, it would but result, not, it is true, in death — for they would wait at least until they had learned of the check being honored — but in a blow so violent that he would be left incapable of attempting any such rash and impracticable plan as might occur to him again.

He knew that they would ultimately kill him. For that consummation he was fully prepared. He even thought, with a sigh of satisfaction, that the Sahara Scheme had now been demonstrated beyond the domain of a doubt, and that at least he had not been found wanting in the great task of his life.

Vansittart was content. To anticipate vengeance is not attractive to one of his healthy organism.

Whilst he had been thinking of these things the hideous face of "The Plasterer" was often stretched slightly forward towards his, with a look of unusual excitement, as of a professor examining a new animal submitted to his knife. He felt the need of speech, so he deigned to honor Vansittart with a question.

"Have you any particular partiality in regard to death?" asked the grotesque.

"To tell the truth," replied Jerome, "I have not given it much thought. It is a wide region for speculation. There are very many different methods of quitting existence."

"Eh! Ah! exclaimed the other impatiently, "far many more than you amateurs know about. What can you tell of all the dozen little ways which men of observation learn whilst practising their profession. Dear me!

Life would be monotonous if there were only the knife and the revolver."

"I feel assured that you are an expert," replied Jerome in a tone of admiration. "You must have spent a long apprenticeship before you gained renown?"

"Oh, I have killed my share," replied "The Plasterer." "But I often regret my early years. I was too fond of garroting them. You see, I was of an easy nature. My inclinations made a sacrifice of art, and I did things simply; but, fortunately, I learned better, and I think I may say it, who shouldn't, that there is hardly another in Europe who would kill his man as variously or with such delicacy of feeling and firmness of execution as I."

"You are a murderer of taste, plainly," murmured Jerome, sympathetically, "Merely to kill is nothing, of course, to one of your education and refinement. You add to it something of the unusual, a spice, perhaps, of the humorous, even a *soupcon* of the tragic, and I suppose that you succeed in obtaining as many graduations of note through the different methods you adopt, as the poet through the varying moods in which he regards nature and man.

"The Plasterer" eyed the millionaire sharply. His blunted mind could scarce understand whether he was being laughed at or not.

"Now as to yourself, Mr. Vansittart," he continued blandly, "I should rather like your opinion, for I feel that a gentleman like you should have an end becoming his position and therefore it would be a pleasure for me and my companions to feel, whilst we were arranging your affairs, that we were meeting your views and accomplishing everything in a gentlemanly way."

"You are indeed too kind," replied Vansittart, "but really your question opens such a vast field for reflection that you must permit me to give a few hours thought to it. I am a man of simple habit, and although I should appreciate the honor of being despatched in your most artistic manner, for instance in a way which would separate me from the rest of your subjects, and give me the distinction of having a unique death; yet I don't know whether the greater dignity is attached to the simplicity

of throat-cutting or a more time-honored veneration to the blowing out of one's brains. However, I will ponder the matter and let you know in the morning."

"The Plasterer" appeared to be mollified by the obvious admiration displayed by his victim for an art that he had found not so generally appreciated as it should be. In good humor with the conceit he bade his uninjured companion light in the middle of the room a wood fire. Vansittart then learnt for the first time that the massive iron fireplace was a mere decoration rendered useless by the lack of a chimney, and a hole had consequently been cut in the roof to permit the smoke to escape.

In a few minutes the sharp crackling of dry timber was followed by the ruddy leaping of bright flames, and the wood gave out a white smoke, which, spreading steadily downwards from the roof, tended to obscure the apartment.

"Time for supper," observed "The Plasterer" to "String-the-Neck."

The latter growled acquiescence. Some food was laid upon the floor, and looked upon with disdain by the artist in murder.

"A dry meal this," he observed with an oath. "You might have brought some wine."

"String-the-Neck" scratched his head.

"You are right, but you know as well as I that it is not impossible to get it. There is a *cabaret* just outside the wood."

"Umph," growled the other, "a good two miles on this dark night, with the lamp gone and the way tangled."

Here the sufferer chimed in with a pathetic request for liquor.

"How long do you think it will take you to get a couple of litres?" said the leader of the gang.

"Never you fear, Plasterer," cried his companion, "I will be back in an hour. Supper without wine is not the fare for gentlemen and artists."

With a sigh of satisfaction he stumbled out of the hut into the darkness of the wood.

There were but two left now, but Vansittart was not

fool enough to rejoice. His chance of escape was in no visible way bettered. He would have preferred twelve men more and his limbs free, to being thus left helpless with a single stout and sturdy scoundrel. Besides, he did not leave out of his reckoning the man who lay in the corner. He could do no damage, but his injured state shut out the hope of bribery. One, perhaps, might be tempted, but the two of them would be honest. These scoundrels could as little afford to betray as to trust.

By this time "The Plasterer" had grown tired of sitting. So he slowly paced backward and forwards between the fireplace and the fire, showing all his physical defects to the eye of Jerome. He was not a tall man, and Vansittart noted as an idle fact that he was not indeed quite so tall as the iron stove, which was a lofty piece of furniture.

It had been one of Jerome's passions in his youth to study the most difficult and curious problems in mathematics. Tedious and fatiguing work he often now relieved by a return for an hour to the complicated study of differential calculus.

His eye had consequently become trained to a nicety in observation and to the most accurate comparisons and calculations of space and distance.

He was now employing his time by submitting "The Plasterer" to a few fanciful measurements. He found that the garroter would probably stand five inches beneath the mantel-shelf.

He mentally placed him by the side of the great square columns of metal which supported the transverse piece on either hand, their blunt and jagged edges standing out grimly in the flickering light.

Suddenly there came to him a speculative scheme, which he first dismissed as impracticable, but which recurred to his mind constantly and with growing domination.

He began to compare the height of his chief gaoler with the height of the farther column, and to ascertain the precise spot upon the floor on which "The Plasterer" would need to stand in order that he might dash his head

against the corner of this iron support, if violently flung against it from behind.

It was an inquiry which might seem useless, but to one in Vansittart's desperate state it presented a single dim ray of hope. To have the least chance of success, it needed the nicest of calculation, the swiftest of action, and the most heroic physical effort on his own part.

There was a peculiar moment and a peculiar spot which occasionally coincided, when "The Plasterer" stood in direct line between Jerome and the pillar. If by any possibility Vansittart could at the psychological instant attack the garroter, he would hurl him with terrific force against the jagged edge of the iron upright and undoubtedly render him senseless. The other could not help himself, for his hands were deep in his pockets.

Unfortunately, on most occasions when "The Plasterer" was in a direct line between Jerome and the pillar he was not on the precise spot necessary for the absolute certainty of the experiment, and when he lurched exactly into the proper distance he seemed to be almost invariably out of the line. But both of these factors must absolutely coincide.

Nevertheless, they did, very seldom, agree, and Jerome now anxiously asked himself if there was enough nervous energy in his body, enough muscular force in his stiffened limbs, to enable him to spring to his feet, and with one gigantic effort, dash his enemy in the desired direction.

Anyhow, that was what Vansittart determined to try. He silently worked his muscles to free them from cramp, though the experiment caused the numb pain of his bonds to develop into active torture. His hands, which had been freed to enable him to write the check, had been tied again, of course, but they were not now trussed to his waist. Otherwise, all his scheming would have been useless. Ten minutes of fearful agony passed. The whole nervous and physical strength of this extraordinary man were centered in the accomplishment of a single act.

Such things he had read of in records of adventures among savages, and with ready altruism he contrasted his case with the most desperate struggle for life he could recall. And the odds went the wrong way for him.

At length all was ready. Jerome, it must be confessed, watched with unusual interest the perambulations of his gaoler as he walked up and down, all unconscious of the stupendous effort about to be made. "The Plasterer's" foot was about to fall upon the predetermined spot. Vansittart with silent ease, apparently, rose to his feet. There was needed only a slight bend of the body, but the fierce tension of his muscles, and the veins upon his forehead, swollen as though they were like to burst, showed what the almost superhuman effort cost.

He rose and fell with a tremendous crash upon "The Plasterer," whose head was rammed with savage violence against the corner of the column. His skull was fractured by the blow, and with a gurgling groan he collapsed upon the floor.

So far, science, aided by dauntless resolution, had been justified. But there was much yet to be done. "String-the-Neck" might be back at any moment. Jerome jumped towards the fire, which was now burning fiercely. He sank upon his knees, and withdrawing a half-consumed log, did not spare his wrists whilst he burned through the rope that bound them.

When it fell smouldering from his scorched flesh he made for "The Plasterer's" knife which lay close at hand, but at that moment he heard a movement on the other side of the hut, and an ominous click warned him of danger. Instinctively he recoiled, there was a sudden glare, a loud report, and through the smoke there came a bullet which grazed him on the cheek, drawing blood. Careless of consequences, and with the rage of a hunted animal, he leaped across the fire, though his legs were still untied, and fell upon this unexpected assailant, disconcerting a second shot by the rapidity of his action, and clutching the would-be murderer's pistol-arm with his left hand, whilst with the right he grasped his throat as in a vice.

He never afterwards knew what had happened, nor did he strive to remember. But when his senses returned, he again sought "The Plasterer's" knife and quickly liberated his legs and feet.

He was free.

Free! Yes, but each limb was scarred with wounds, and every atom of strength was spent. Few who had seen Vansittart at that moment would have recognized in him the handsome athlete who had calmly walked forth from his palace a few hours earlier on an imaginary errand of mercy.

He mechanically put on his hat, picked up the revolver with its four undischarged chambers, and then staggered feebly through the door. With uncertain motions he crawled rather than walked through the dark and tangled wood, unable for some time to find the path.

The night air, however, revived him. The exhilaration of gaining this last great victory over his foes brought back much of his mental vigor.

He stumbled laboriously in the direction where he thought St. Cloud lay. Soon he reached a path which seemed to be familiar, and a little further on conviction grew into certainty. He had hit upon the roadway.

There was one consideration still left to crown his victory. No one must know what had befallen him. He was compelled to walk the whole distance to his residence, for at such an hour there was no train, and to obtain a conveyance was not to be thought of, so he staggered onward through the night, buoyant, even in his weakness, at the knowledge of de Tournon's discomfiture.

When he felt a roll of notes in his breast-pocket, and realized that his assailants had not got a single sou for their pains, he made shift to laugh. But he desisted, for his ribs were sore; he had been sufficiently amused for one evening.— *An American Emperor.*

TRAIN, GEORGE FRANCIS ("CITIZEN TRAIN"), an American financier and eccentric philosopher; born at Boston, Mass., March 24, 1829; died at New York, January 18, 1904. In 1854 he introduced a packet ship service between Boston and Australian ports, and in 1858 interested English capital in the building of the Atlantic and Great Western railway, later the Union Pacific railway. In 1870 he made a tour of the world, organized the Commune in Paris, and was arrested, and imprisoned for thirteen days at Lyons. He owned property valued at $30,000,000 at Omaha, Neb., the title of which remained in litigation. Train called himself "The Citizen of the World," and wrote much eccentric verse during his later years. His works include *An American Merchant in Europe, Asia and Australia* (1851); *Young America Abroad* (1857); *Young America in Wall Street* (1858); *Young America on Slavery* (1860); *Irish Independency* (1865); *The Championship of Women* (1868); *My Life in Many Lands* (1903).

WORLD DIES, BUT TIME ROLLS ON.

(*Written upon hearing of death of Robert G. Ingersoll.*)

No Mourning! No Sermon! No Crape!
No Music! No Pall Bearers! No Chimes!
Nothing but Flowers (Rooms to Drape)
Fading as Fame, where no Sun shines!
No Mourning (Where all came to Mourn);
No Tears! (Where each one came to Weep);
Flowers piled around, Casket Deep;
No signs that Death had Lifehood torn
Believer! (who did not believe)
House crowded! (with no one to grieve)

But Lovely Family Forlorn!
A Marble Bust (from last Death Mask)
And ashes from Cremating Urn,
When those Lovely Women return
Is only Souvenir they ask!
"Memento Mori" (forget not Death)
No "Requiescat in Pace" stone
They "In Memoriam" alone
The Mystery of Life's Dying Breath.
Blood Relation Affinities,
Psychic Eternal Verities
Were Out-Rainbowed in Lovely Home!
One would suppose that Death was New,
So long, not knowing what to do
With Oldest of all Mysteries!
What are we all but Shooting Stars?
Darkness to Darkness, Light to Light,
Even Lifehood oft behind bars,
Our Brightest Day, oft Darkest Night!
Though Everything dies, Time Rolls on,
Infancy, Youth and Manhood gone,
Who knows where ship went down in Storm.
Where Death-Disaster first begun?

TRENCH, Richard Chenevix, an Irish poet, essayist and theologian; born at Dublin, September 9, 1807; died at London, March 28, 1886. He studied at the University of Cambridge and took orders in the Anglican Church. He became rector of Itchinstoke in 1845; Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge in 1846; professor and examiner at King's College, London, in 1847; Dean of Westminster in 1856. In 1864 he succeeded Dr. Whately as Archbishop of Dublin. His principal poems are: *Justin Martyr, and Other Poems* (1835); *Sabbation* (1838);

Elegiac Poems (1850); *Poems from Eastern Sources* (1851). Among his numerous prose works are: *Notes on the Parables* (1841); *Notes on the Miracles* (1846); *Lectures on the Study of Words* (1851); *The Lessons Contained in Proverbs* (1853); *English, Past and Present* (1854); *Lectures on Mediæval Church History* (1878); *Westminster and Other Sermons,* posthumously (1888).

USES OF THE STUDY OF WORDS.

There are few who would not readily acknowledge that mainly in worthy books are hoarded the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which the world has accumulated; and that chiefly by aid of these they are handed down from one generation to another. I shall urge on you in these lectures something different from this: namely, that not in the books only which all acknowledge, nor yet in connected oral discourse, but often also in words contemplated singly, there are boundless stores of moral and historic truth, and no less of passion and imagination laid up; that from these, lessons of infinite worth may be derived, if only our attention is roused to their existence. I shall urge on you how well it will repay you to study the words which you are in the habit of using or of meeting, be they such as relate to the highest spiritual things, our common words of the shop or the market, and of all the familiar intercourse of life. It will indeed repay you far better than you can easily believe. I am sure, at least, that for many a young man his first discovery of the fact that words are living powers, are the vesture — yea, even the body — which thoughts weave for themselves, has been like the dropping of scales from his eyes, like the acquisition of another sense, or the introduction into a new world; he is never able to cease wondering at the marvels that surround him on every side, and ever reveal themselves more and more to his astonished gaze. . . .

A great writer has borne witness at once to the pleasantness and profitableness of this study. "In a language

like ours," he says, "where so many words are derived from other languages, there are few modes of instruction more useful or more amusing than that of accustoming young people to seek for the etymology or primary meaning of the words they use. There are cases in which more knowledge of more value may be conveyed by the history of a word than by the history of a campaign." Impressing the same truth, Emerson has somewhere characterized language as "fossil poetry." He evidently means that, just as in some fossil a curious and beautiful shape of vegetable or animal life — the graceful fern or the finely vertebrated lizard, such as now, it may be, has been extinct for thousands of years — are permanently bound up with the stone, and rescued from that perishing which would otherwise have been theirs, so in words are beautiful thoughts and images, the imagination and the feeling of past ages, of men long since in their graves, of men whose very names have perished — these, which would so easily have perished, too, are preserved and made safe forever. The phrase is a striking one; the only fault with it is that it is too narrow.— *The Study of Words.*

MORAL INFLUENCE OF PLUTARCH.

Plutarch belongs to and is a principal figure in a very remarkable epoch of the moral history of the ancient world. It was not indeed an epoch of quickening to a new life, not a palingenesy, nor even a rejuvenescence. The second century after Christ was an epoch of a very signal recovery and restoration, a final rallying of whatever energies for good the heathen world possessed, and in this way a postponing of its fall, with the total collapse of the old order of things, for a good deal more than a century. The ancient virtues were not wholly dead. The old religion could still wake up a passionate devotion in the hearts of its votaries. Philosophy could still make good her claims to assist those who submitted to her teaching in the right ordering of their lives. There went forth everywhere the teachers of a morality larger and purer than the heathen world had yet pro-

duced — Greek literature itself partaking in the revival, and enjoying in Plutarch and Lucian the several representatives of faith and unbelief, in Arrian, in Epictetus, in Musonius, and in Dio Chrysostom a kind of later and Martinmas summer of its own.

It was certainly not an easy task, and, regarded from the stand-point of absolute truth, it was an impossible task, which Plutarch, and those who wrought with him in this new and noble propaganda, set before them. Undertaken by him and by others in perfect good faith, it was yet nothing less than a reconciling of the popular religion with right reason: openly assailed, or secretly undermined, as that popular religion was by so many potent forces arrayed against it, by philosophy, by atheism, by Christianity; encumbered, too, and embarrassed by a mass of fables, many of them puerile, not a few immoral. There was need to disengage it from the immoral, to trace in the seemingly puerile or trivial such an underlying meaning as should justify its retention; while there was no choice but to abandon many outworks, if only the citadel might so the better be defended. Such was their task, among whom Plutarch was the foremost and most influential worker of all. If their success was only partial and temporary, if in the end they failed where failure was inevitable, who shall lay this to their charge? While for what they effected let them have the honor which is their due, and which cannot without injustice be withheld.

How far he and his fellow-workers may have served as heralds of the Gospel, and, though they meant not this, have prepared a way for its coming triumphs; how far they may have rather hindered and delayed those triumphs, is a question which has often been debated, and to which very different answers have been given. Doubtless, in the quickening of the old faiths it was sought by some to find weapons for the resisting of the advances of the new; even as a little later there were not wanting those — as, for instance, Julian the Apostate — who were fain to play off the revived heathen morality against the ethics of the Church, as equal or superior to these; while from the school of the Neo-

Platonists, who were the philosophic outcome of the revival, some of the ablest and most determined enemies of the Christian faith proceeded. Yet all this cannot rob the movement of its interest for us, nor for myself can I believe that anything which is good, so far as it is such, can do otherwise in the long run than help forward the recognition and reception of that which is best and highest of all.

Be this, however, as it may, and to whatever uses others may have sought to turn this revival, Plutarch himself may be entirely acquitted of any conscious attempt to fight against that truth which was higher than any which he had, and which within two centuries was to take the world for its own. Strange to say, Christianity is to him utterly unknown. Even such passing notices of it as we have in Tacitus, in Suetonius, in Epictetus, would be sought in his writings in vain. As far as has hitherto been traced there is in these no single distinct reference, nor so much as an allusion to it. When we call to mind his extensive travels, his insatiable curiosity, the profound interest which he felt in all moral and religious speculations, the manner in which he was instinctively drawn to whatever was noblest and best, we could have no more remarkable commentary than this on that word of Scripture, "the kingdom of God cometh not with observation." If we placed his birth, as I have suggested, at about the year A.D. 50, then long before he began to write St. Peter and St. Paul must have finished their course. All around him, at Rome, where he dwelt so long, in that Greece where the best part of his life was spent, in Asia Minor, with which Greece was in constant communication, in Macedonia, there were flourishing churches. Christianity, if I may say so, was everywhere in the air, so that men unconsciously inhaled some of its influences, even where they did not submit themselves to its positive teaching. But for all this, no word, no allusion of his, testifies of his knowledge of the existence of these churches, or to the slightest acquaintance on his part with the Christian books. Of such an acquaintance, whether mediate or immediate, it seems to me that we can hardly refuse to

acknowledge some traces and tokens in the writings of Seneca and Epictetus, but none in his. If any notices of that sect, which was still everywhere spoken against, and which his contemporary Pliny could style "a perverse and excessive superstition," reached his ears, he probably looked at it as a mere variety of Judaism; for of that he often speaks, although without any insight into its true significance, and, like most of the Greek and Latin writers of the time, seeing it only on its least attractive, or, we might say, its most repulsive side.

Champagny, indeed — the historian, in many respects admirable, of the Antonines — traces a covert allusion to Christianity, and to the entrance into noblest houses which by the agency of women is often found, when in his *Precepts of Wedlock* Plutarch admonishes the wife that she shall have no private worship of her own, apart from and unknown to her husband, but shall honor the gods whom he honors, "shutting the door to all supervacaneous worships and foreign superstitions." It must be admitted that the language of Plutarch lends itself to such an interpretation; while yet, taking into account the many Oriental rites of all kinds which were at this time gaining a footing in the West, it is impossible to urge this as the only interpretation which his words will bear.— *Lectures on Plutarch.*

BE PATIENT.

Be patient, oh, be patient! put your ear against the earth:
Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth;
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in the day.

Be patient, oh, be patient! the germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth, must under ground be wrought;
But as sure as there is Power that makes the grass appear,

Our land shall be green with Liberty, the blade-time
shall be here.

Be patient, oh, be patient! go and watch the wheat-
ears grow,
So imperceptibly that eye can mark nor change nor
throe,
Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown;
And then again, day after day, till the ripened field is
brown.

Be patient, oh, be patient! though yet our hopes are
green,
The harvest-fields of Freedom shall be crowned with
sunny sheen;
Be ripening! be ripening! mature your silent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on Free-
dom's harvest-day.

HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne
was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory
won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth
to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I perish in my
thirst;
Give me but a drink of water, and then let arrive the
worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet; but a while the draught
forebore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foeman to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest, for around
him angry foes

With a hedge of naked weapons did the lonely man enclose.

"But what fearest thou?" cried the Caliph, "it is, friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not! our gallant Moslems no such treacherous dealing know.

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water; this reprieve is thine — no more."

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sank forever, lost amid the burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that cup
I have drained; then bid thy servants that spilled water gather up!"

For a moment stood the Caliph, as by doubtful passions stirred;
Then exclaimed, "Forever sacred must remain a monarch's word.
"Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give,
Drink, I said before, and perish; now I bid thee, drink and live!"

DIFFERENT MINDS.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night

In palaces are hearts that ask,
  In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
  And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
  How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
  Such rich provision made.

TREVELYAN, GEORGE OTTO, an English statesman and historian; born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, July 20, 1838. His mother, Hannah More Macaulay, was the sister of Thomas Babington Macaulay, whom she accompanied to India in 1834, where, a few months after her arrival, she was married to Charles Edward Trevelyan, of the Indian service. George Otto Trevelyan was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1865 he was returned to Parliament, as a Liberal, for Tynemouth. In 1868 he was appointed Civil Lord of the Admiralty. In 1880 he became Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, and in 1882 was made Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Besides contributions to periodicals he has written *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay* (1876); *The Early History of Charles James Fox* (1880).

MACAULAY'S LAST DAY.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 28th day of December, 1859, he mustered strength to dictate a letter to a poor curate, enclosing twenty-five pounds; after signing which letter he never wrote his name again. Late in the afternoon of the same day I called at Holly

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Lodge, intending to propose myself to dinner; an intention which was abandoned as soon as I entered the library. My uncle was sitting with his head bent forward on his chest, in a languid and drowsy revery. The first number of the *Cornhill Magazine* lay unheeded before him, open at the first page of Thackeray's story of *Lovel the Widower*. He did not utter a word except in answer, and the only one of my observations that at this distance of time I can recall, suggested to him painful and pathetic reflections which altogether destroyed his self-command.

On hearing my report of his state, my mother resolved to spend the night at Holly Lodge. She had just left the drawing-room to make her preparations for the visit (it being, I suppose, a little before seven o'clock in the evening), when a servant arrived with an urgent summons. As we drove up to the porch of my uncle's house, the maids ran, crying, out in the darkness to meet us; and we knew that all was over. We found him in his library, seated in his easy-chair, and dressed as usual, with his book on the table beside him, still open at the same page. He had told his butler that he should go to bed early, as he was very tired. The man proposed his lying on the sofa; he rose as if to move, sat down again, and ceased to breathe. He died, as he had always wished to die — without pain — without any formal farewell; preceding to the grave all whom he had loved; and leaving behind him a great and honorable name, and the memory of a life every action of which was as clear and transparent as one of his own sentences.— *Life and Letters of Macaulay.*

TROLLOPE, ANTHONY, an English novelist; born at London, April 24, 1815; died there, December 6, 1882. His education was desultory, though he studied for a while at Winchester and Harrow schools. At thirty he was stationed in Ire-

land in a somewhat responsible postoffice position, where he soon manifested unusual capacity for the service, and was promoted from one position to another, and was several times sent abroad upon postal business. He wrote several books describing the countries to which he had gone. Among these are *The West Indies and the Spanish Main* (1859); *North America* (1862); *Australia and New Zealand* (1873), besides a volume of *Hunting Sketches* (1865); *Traveling Sketches* (1866); *British Sports and Pastimes* (1868). He is, however, most distinctively known as a novelist. His earliest work of fiction, *The Kellys and the O'Kellys,* appeared in 1847, and this was followed by several others of no very marked character. He came into general notice by *The Warden* (1855), the first of a long series of novels, not fewer than forty in all, among which are: *Barchester Towers* (1857); *Doctor Thorne* (1858); *The Bertrams* (1859); *Castle Richmond* (1860); *Orley Farm* (1861); *Framley Parsonage* (1862); *Rachel Ray* (1863); *The Small House at Allington* (1864); *Miss Mackenzie* (1865); *The Belton Estate* (1866); *The Last Chronicle of Barset* (1867); *The Claverings* (1868); *Phineas Finn* (1869); *The Vicar of Bullhampton* (1870); *Ralph the Heir* (1871); *The Eustace Diamonds* (1872); *The Golden Lion of Grandpere* (1873); *Phineas Redux* (1874); *The Way We Live Now* (1875); *The Prime Minister* (1876); *Ayala's Angel* (1878); *An Old Man's Love; Can You Forgive Her,* and *Autobiography* (1878).

In quantity of production he far exceeded any of his contemporaries, while as to quality perhaps a dozen of his best novels are exceeded by only three or four of the best works of Dickens, Thackeray, and George

Eliot. Anthony Trollope was emphatically the painter of actual men and manners of his own day. His characters belong almost exclusively to gentlefolks, using the term in its widest sense. In the social scale they rarely rise to the rank of a duke, or fall as low as that of a shop-keeper. They are marked by few eccentricities or oddities in character or aspect; there are no execrable villains, and no persons of superhuman excellence. His sphere as a novelist was not the highest, nor was it a wide one; but within that sphere he has no superior in English fiction.

THE RECTORY AND THE OLD PARISH CHURCH.

No room could have been more becoming for a dignitary of the Church. Each wall was loaded with theology; over each separate bookcase was printed in small gold letters the names of those great divines whose works were ranged beneath. Beginning from the early Fathers, in due chronological order, there were to be found the precious labors of the chosen servants of the Church down to the last pamphlet written in opposition to the consecration of Dr. Hampden; and raised high above this were to be seen the busts of the greatest among the great — Chrysostom, St. Augustine, Thomas à Becket, Cardinal Wolsey, Archbishop Laud, and Dr. Philpotts. Every appliance that could make study pleasant and give ease to the over-toiled brain was there: chairs made to relieve each limb and muscle; reading-desks and writing-desks to suit every attitude; lamps and candles mechanically contrived to throw their light on any favored spot, as the student might desire; a shoal of newspapers to amuse the few leisure moments which might be stolen from the labors of the day; and then from the window a view right through a bosky vista, along which ran a broad green path from the rectory to the church, at the end of which the tawny-tinted fine old tower was seen with all its variegated pinnacles and parapets.

Few parish churches in England are in better repair,

or better worth keeping so, than that of Plumstead Episcopi; and yet it is built in a faulty style. The body of the church is low — so low that the nearly flat leaden roof would be visible from the churchyard were it not for the carved parapet with which it is surrounded. It is cruciform, though the transepts are irregular, one being larger than the other; and the tower is much too high in proportion to the church. But the color of the building is perfect; it is that rich yellow-gray which one finds nowhere but in the south and west of England, and which is so strong a characteristic of most of our old houses of Tudor architecture. The stone-work is also beautiful; the mullions of the windows and the rich tracery of the Gothic workmanship are as rich as fancy can desire; and though in gazing on such a structure, one knows by rule that the old priests who built it built it all wrong, one cannot bring oneself to wish that they should have made it any other than it is.— *Doctor Thorne.*

THE REVEREND MR. SLOPE.

Mr. Slope soon comforted himself with the reflection that, as he had been selected as chaplain to the Bishop, it would probably be in his power to get the good things in the Bishop's gift without troubling himself about the Bishop's daughter; and he found himself able to endure the pangs of rejected love. As he sat himself down in the railway-carriage, confronting the Bishop and Mrs. Proudie, as they started on their first journey to Barchester, he began to form in his own mind a plan of his future life. He knew well his patron's strong points, but he knew the weak ones as well. He understood correctly enough to what attempts the new Bishop's high spirit would soar, and he rightly guessed that public life would better suit the great man's taste than the details of diocesan duty.

He, therefore — he, Mr. Slope — would in effect be Bishop of Barchester. Such was his resolve; and, to give Mr. Slope his due, he had both courage and spirit to bear him out in his resolution. He knew that he should have a hard battle to fight, for the power and

patronage of the see would be equally coveted by another great mind; Mrs. Proudie would also choose to be Bishop of Barchester. Slope, however, flattered himself that he could out-manœuvre the lady. She must live much in London, while he would be always on the spot. She would necessarily remain ignorant of much, while he would know everything belonging to the diocese. At first, doubtless, he must flatter and cajole, perhaps yield in some things; but he did not doubt of ultimate triumph. If all other means failed, he could join the Bishop against his wife, inspire courage into the unhappy man, lay an axe at the root of the woman's power, and emancipate the husband.

Such were his thoughts as he sat looking at the sleeping pair in the railway-carriage, and Mr. Slope is not the man to trouble himself with such thoughts for nothing. He is possessed of more than average abilities, and is of good courage. Though he can stoop to fawn — and stoop low indeed, if need be — he has still within him the power to assume the tyrant; and with the power he has certainly the wish. His acquirements are not of the highest order; but such as they are, they are completely under control, and he knows the use of them. He is gifted with a certain kind of pulpit eloquence, not likely indeed to be persuasive with men, but powerful with the softer sex. In his sermons he deals greatly in denunciations, excites the minds of his weaker hearers with a not unpleasant terror, and leaves the impression on their minds that all mankind are in a perilous state — and all womankind, too, except those who attend regularly to the evening lectures in Baker Street. . . .

In doctrine, he, like his patron, is tolerant of Dissent — if so strict a mind can be called tolerant of anything. With Wesleyan Methodists he has something in common, but his soul trembles in agony at the iniquities of the Puseyites. His aversion is carried to things outward as well as inward. His gall rises at a new church with a high-pitched roof; a full-breasted black silk waistcoat is with him a symbol of Satan; and a profane jest-book would not, in his view, more foully desecrate the church-seat of a Christian than a book of prayer printed

with red letters, and ornamented with a cross on the back. . . .

Mr. Slope is tall, and not ill-made. His feet and hands are large, as has ever been the case with all his family; but he has a broad chest and wide shoulders to carry off these excrescences; and on the whole his figure is good. His countenance, however, is not specially prepossessing. His hair is lank, and of a dull, pale-reddish hue. It is always formed into three straight lumpy masses, each brushed with admirable precision, and cemented with much grease; two of them adhere closely to the sides of his face, and the other lies at right-angles above them. He wears no whiskers, and is always scrupulously shaven. His face is nearly of the same color as his hair, though perhaps a little redder. It is not unlike beef; beef, however, one would say of a bad quality. His forehead is capacious and high, but square and heavy, and unpleasantly shining. His mouth is large, though pale and bloodless; and his big, prominent eyes inspire anything but confidence. His nose, however, is his redeeming feature; it is pronounced, straight, and well-formed; though I myself should have liked it better did it not possess a somewhat spongy, porous appearance, as though it had been cleverly formed out of a red-colored cork.

I never could endure to shake hands with Mr. Slope. A cold, clammy perspiration exudes from him; the small drops are ever to be seen standing on his brow, and his friendly grasp is unpleasant. — Such is Mr. Slope. Such is the man who has suddenly fallen into the midst of Barchester Close, and is destined there to assume the station which has heretofore been filled by the son of the late bishop.— *Barchester Towers.*

THE HUMANITY OF THE AGE.

This is undoubtedly the age of humanity — as far, at least, as England is concerned. A man who beats his wife is shocking to us, and a colonel who cannot manage his soldiers without having them beaten is nearly equally so. We are not very fond of hanging; and some of us go

so far as to recoil under any circumstances from taking the blood of life. We perform our operations under chloroform; and it has even been suggested that those schoolmasters who insist on adhering in some sort to the doctrines of Solomon should perform the operations in the same guarded manner. If the disgrace be absolutely necessary, let it be inflicted; but not the bodily pain.

So far as regards the low externals of humanity, this is doubtless a humane age. Let men, women, and children have bread; let them have, if possible, no blows, or, at least, as few as may be; let them also be decently clothed; and let the pestilence be kept out of their way. In venturing to call these low, I have done so in no contemptuous spirit; they are comparatively low if the body be lower than the mind. The humanity of the age is doubtless suited to its material wants, and such wants are those which demand the promptest remedy. But in the inner feelings of men to men, and of one man's mind to another man's mind, is it not an age of extremest cruelty?

There is sympathy for the hungry man, but there is no sympathy for the unsuccessful man who is not hungry. If a fellow-mortal be ragged, humanity will subscribe to mend his clothes; but humanity will subscribe nothing to mend his ragged hopes, so long as his outside coat shall be whole and decent.

To him that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath. This is the special text that we delight to follow, and success is the god that we delight to worship. "Ah, pity me! I have struggled and fallen — struggled so manfully, yet fallen so utterly — help me up this time that I may yet push forward again!" Who listens to such a plea as this? "Fallen! do you want bread?" "Not bread, but a kind heart and a kind hand." "My friend, I cannot stay by you; I myself am in a hurry; there is that fiend of a rival there even now gaining a step on me. I beg your pardon, but I will put my foot on your shoulder — only for one moment." *Occupet extremus scabies.*

Yes. Let the devil take the hindmost; the three or

four hindmost if you will; nay, all but those strong-running horses who can force themselves into noticeable places under the judge's eye. This is the noble shibboleth with which the English youth are now spurred on to deeds of — what shall we say? — money-making activity. Let every place in which a man can hold up his head be the reward of some antagonistic struggle, of some grand competitive examination. Let us get rid of the fault of past ages. With us, let the race be ever to the swift; the victory always to the strong. And let us always be racing, so that the swift and the strong shall ever be known among us. But what, then, for those who are not swift, not strong? *Væ victis!* Let them go to the wall. They can hew wood probably; or, at any rate, draw water.

BEVERLEY.

Very early in life, very soon after I had become a clerk in St. Martin's-le-Grand, when I was utterly impecunious and beginning to fall grievously into debt, I was asked by an uncle of mine, who was himself a clerk in the War Office, what destination I should like best for my future life. He probably meant to inquire whether I wished to live married or single, whether to remain in the Post-office or to leave it, whether I should prefer the town or the country. I replied that I should like to be a Member of Parliament. My uncle, who was given to sarcasm, rejoined that, as far as he knew, few clerks in the Post-office did become Members of Parliament. I think it was the remembrance of this jeer which stirred me up to look for a seat as soon as I had made myself capable of holding one by leaving the public service. My uncle was dead, but if I could get a seat, the knowledge that I had done so might travel to that bourne from whence he was not likely to return, and he might there feel that he had done me wrong.

Independently of this, I have always thought that to sit in the British Parliament should be the highest object of ambition to every educated Englishman. I do not by this mean to suggest that every educated En-

glishman should set before himself a seat in Parliament as a probable or even a possible career; but that the man in Parliament has reached a higher position than the man out — that to serve one's country without pay is the grandest work that a man can do — that of all studies the study of politics is the one in which a man may make himself most useful to his fellow-creatures — and that of all lives, public political lives are capable of the highest efforts. So thinking — though I was aware that fifty-three was too late an age at which to commence a new career — I resolved with much hesitation that I would make the attempt.

Writing now, at an age beyond sixty, I can say that my political feelings and convictions have never undergone any change. They are now what they became when I first began to have political feelings and convictions. Nor do I find in myself any tendency to modify them, as I have found generally in men as they grow old. I consider myself to be an advanced, but still a conservative, Liberal, which I regard not only as a possible but as a rational and consistent phase of political existence. I can, I believe, in a very few words, make known my political theory; and as I am anxious that any who know aught of me should know that, I will endeavor to do so.

It must, I think, be painful to all men to feel inferiority. It should, I think, be a matter of some pain to all men to feel superiority, unless when it has been won by their own efforts. We do not understand the operations of Almighty wisdom, and are therefore unable to tell the causes of the terrible inequalities that we see — why some, why so many, should have so little to make life enjoyable, so much to make it painful, while a few others, not through their own merit, (have had gifts poured out to them from a full hand. We acknowledge the hand of God and his wisdom, but still we are struck with awe and horror at the misery of many of our brethren. We who have been born to the superior condition — for in this matter I consider myself to be standing on a platform with dukes and princes, and all others to whom plenty and education and liberty have been given — cannot, I think, look upon the inane, unintel-

lectual, and tost-bound life of those who cannot even feed themselves sufficiently by their sweat, without some feeling of injustice, some feeling of pain.

This consciousness of wrong has induced in many enthusiastic but unbalanced minds a desire to set all things right by a proclaimed equality. In their efforts such men have shown how powerless they are in opposing the ordinances of the Creator. For the mind of the thinker and the student is driven to admit, though it be awe-struck by apparent injustice, that this inequality is the work of God. Make all men equal to-day, and God has so created them that they shall be all unequal to-morrow. The so-called Conservative, the conscientious, philanthropic Conservative, seeing this, and being surely convinced that such inequalities are of divine origin, tells himself that it is his duty to preserve them. He thinks that the preservation of the welfare of the world depends on the maintenance of those distances between the prince and the peasant by which he finds himself to be surrounded; and perhaps I may add, that the duty is not unpleasant, as he feels himself to be one of the princes.

But this man, though he sees nothing, and sees that very clearly, sees only a little. The divine inequality is apparent to him, but not the equally divine diminution of that inequality. That such diminution is taking place on all sides is apparent enough; but it is apparent to him as an evil, the consummation of which it is his duty to retard. He cannot prevent it; and therefore the society to which he belongs is, in his eyes, retrograding. He will even, at times, assist it; and will do so conscientiously, feeling that, under the gentle pressure supplied by him, and with the drags and holdfasts which he may add, the movement would be slower than it would become if subjected to his proclaimed and absolute opponents. Such, I think, are Conservatives; and I speak of men who, with the fear of God before their eyes and the love of their neighbors warm in their hearts, endeavor to do their duty to the best of their ability.

Using the term which is now common, and which will be best understood, I will endeavor to explain how the equally conscientious Liberal is opposed to the Conserva-

tive. He is equally aware that these distances are of divine origin, equally averse to any sudden disruption of society in quest of some Utopian blessedness; but he is alive to the fact that these distances are day by day becoming less and he regards this continual diminution as a series of steps towards that human millennium of which he dreams. He is even willing to help the many to ascend the latter a little, though he knows, as they come up towards him, he must go down to meet them. What is really in his mind is — I will not say equality, for the word is offensive, and presents to the imaginations of men ideas of communism, of ruin, and insane democracy, but — a tendency towards equality. In following that, however, he knows that he must be hemmed in by safeguards, lest he be tempted to travel too quickly; and therefore he is glad to be accompanied on his way by the repressive action of a Conservative opponent. Holding such views, I think I am guilty of no absurdity in calling myself an advanced Conservative-Liberal. A man who entertains in his mind any political doctrine, except as a means of improving the condition of his fellows, I regard as a political intriguer, a charlatan, and a conjurer — as one who thinks that, by a certain amount of wary wire-pulling, he may raise himself in the estimation of the world.

I am aware that this theory of politics will seem to many to be stilted, overstrained, and as the Americans would say, high-faluten. Many will declare that the majority even of those who call themselves politicians — perhaps even of those who take an active part in politics — are stirred by no such feelings as these, and acknowledge no such motives. Men become Tories or Whigs, Liberals or Conservatives, partly by education — following their fathers — partly by chance, partly as openings come, partly in accordance with the bent of their minds, but still without any far-fetched reasonings as to distances and the diminution of distances. No doubt it is so; and in the battle of politics, as it goes, men are led further and further away from first causes, till at last a measure is opposed by one simply because it is advocated by another, and Members of Parliament swarm

into lobbies, following the dictation of their leaders, and not their own individual judgments. But the principle is at work throughout. To many, though hardly acknowledged, it is still apparent. On almost all it has its effect; though there are the intriguers, the clever conjurers, to whom politics is simply such a game as is billiards or rackets, only played with greater results. To the minds that create and lead and sway political opinion, some such theory is, I think, ever present.

The truth of all this I had long since taken home to myself. I had now been thinking of it for thirty years, and had never doubted. But I had always been aware of a certain visionary weakness about myself in regard to politics. A man, to be useful in Parliament, must be able to confine himself and conform himself to be satisfied with doing a little bit of a little thing at a time. He must patiently get up everything connected with the duty on mushrooms, and then be satisfied with himself when at last he has induced a Chancellor of the Exchequer to say that he will consider the impost at the first opportunity. He must be content to be beaten six times in order that, on a seventh, his work may be found to be of assistance to some one else. He must remember that he is one out of 650, and be content with 1-650th part of the attention of the nation. If he have grand ideas, he must keep them to himself, unless by chance he can work his way up to the top of the tree. In short, he must be a practical man. Now I knew that in politics I should never become a practical man. I should never be satisfied with a soft word from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but would always be flinging my overtaxed catchup in his face.

Nor did it seem to me to be possible that I should ever become a good speaker. I had no special gifts that way, and had not studied the art early enough in life to overcome natural difficulties. I had found that, with infinite labor, I could learn a few sentences by heart, and deliver them, monotonously, indeed, but clearly. Or, again, if there were something special to be said, I could say it in a commonplace fashion, but always as though I were in a hurry, and with the fear before me of being thought

to be prolix. But I had no power of combining, as a public speaker should always do, that which I had studied with that which occurred to me at the moment. It must be all lesson, which I found to be best; or else all impromptu, which was very bad indeed, unless I had something special on my mind. I was thus aware that I could do no good by going into parliament; that the time for it, if there could have been a time, had gone by. But still I had an almost insane desire to sit there, and be able to assure myself that my uncle's scorn had not been deserved.

In 1867 it had been suggested to me that, in the event of a dissolution, I should stand for one division of the County of Essex; and I had promised that I would do so, though the promise at that time was as rash a one as a man could make. I was instigated to this by the late Charles Buxton, a man whom I greatly loved, and who was very anxious that the county for which his brother had sat, and with which the family were connected, should be relieved from what he regarded as the thraldom of Toryism. But there was no dissolution then. Mr. Disraeli passed his Reform Bill, by the help of the Liberal member for Newark, and the summoning of a new Parliament was postponed till the next year. By this new Reform Bill Essex was portioned out into three instead of two electoral divisions, one of which — that adjacent to London — would, it was thought, be altogether Liberal. After the promise which I had given, the performance of which would have cost me a large sum of money absolutely in vain, it was felt by some that I should be selected as one of the candidates for the new division, and as such I was proposed by Mr. Charles Buxton. But another gentleman, who would have been bound by previous pledges to support me, was put forward, by what I believe to have been the defeating interest, and I had to give way. At the election this gentleman, with another Liberal, who had often stood for the county, were returned without a contest. Alas! alas! They were both unseated at the next election, when the great Conservative reaction took place.

In the spring of 1868 I was sent to the United States

on a postal mission, of which I will speak presently. While I was absent the dissolution took place. On my return I was somewhat too late to look out for a seat, but I had friends who knew the weakness of my ambition; and it was not likely, therefore, that I should escape the peril of being put forward for some impossible borough as to which the Liberal party would not choose that it should go to the Conservatives without a struggle. At last, after one or two others, Beverley was proposed to me, and to Beverley I went.

I must, however, exculpate the gentleman who acted as my agent from undue persuasion exercised towards me. He was a man who thoroughly understood Parliament, having sat there himself — and he sits there now at this moment. He understood Yorkshire — or, at least, the East Riding of Yorkshire, in which Beverley is situated — certainly better than any one alive. He understood all the mysteries of canvassing, and he knew well the traditions, the condition, and the prospect of the Liberal party. I will not give his name, but they who knew Yorkshire in 1868 will not be at a loss to find it. "So," said he, "you are going to stand for Beverley?" I replied gravely that I was thinking of doing so. "You don't expect to get in?" he said. Again I was grave. I would not, I said, be sanguine, but nevertheless I was disposed to hope for the best. "Oh, no!" continued he, with good-humored raillery, "you won't get in. I don't suppose you really expect it. But there is a fine career open to you. You will spend £1000, and lose the election. Then you will petition, and spend another £1000. You will throw out the elected members. There will be a commission, and the borough will be disfranchised. For a beginner, such as you are, that will be a great success." And yet, in the teeth of this, from a man who knew all about it, I persisted in going to Beverley!

The borough, which returned two members, had long been represented by Sir Henry Edwards, of whom, I think, I am justified in saying that he had contracted a close intimacy with it for the sake of the seat. There had been many contests, many petitions, many void elec-

tions, many members, but, through it all, Sir Henry had kept his seat, if not with permanency, yet with a fixity of tenure next door to permanence. I fancy that, with a little management between the parties, the borough might at this time have returned a member of each color quietly; but there were spirits there who did not love political quietude, and it was at last decided that there should be two Liberal and two Conservative candidates. Sir Henry was joined by a young man of fortune in quest of a seat, and I was grouped with Mr. Maxwell, the eldest son of Lord Herries, a Scotch Roman Catholic peer who lives in the neighborhood.

When the time came I went down to canvass, and spent, I think, the most wretched fortnight of my manhood. In the first place, I was subject to a bitter tyranny from grinding, vulgar tyrants. They were doing what they could, or said that they were doing so, to secure me a seat in Parliament, and I was to be in their hands for, at any rate, the period of my candidature. On one day both of us, Mr. Maxwell and I, wanted to go out hunting. We proposed to ourselves but the one holiday during this period of intense labor; but I was assured, as was he also, by a publican who was working for us, that if we committed such a crime he and all Beverley would desert us. From morning to evening, every day, I was taken round the lanes and by-ways of that uninteresting town, canvassing every voter, exposed to the rain, up to my knees in slush, and utterly unable to assume that air of triumphant joy with which a jolly, successful candidate should be invested. At night, every night, I had to speak somewhere — which was bad; and to listen to the speaking of others — which was much worse. When, on one Sunday, I proposed to go to the Minster Church, I was told that was quite useless, as the Church party were all certain to support Sir Henry! "Indeed," said the publican, my tyrant, "he goes there in a kind of official profession, and you had better not allow yourself to be seen in the same place." So I stayed away and omitted my prayers. No Church of England church in Beverley would on such an occasion have welcomed a Liberal candidate. I felt myself to be

a kind of pariah in the borough, to whom was opposed all that was pretty, and all that was nice, and all that was — ostensibly — good.

But, perhaps, my strongest sense of discomfort arose from the conviction that my political ideas were all leather and prunella to the men whose votes I was soliciting. They cared nothing for my doctrines, and could not be made to understand that I should have any. I had been brought to Beverley either to beat Sir Henry Edwards — which, however, no one probably thought to be feasible — or to cause him the greatest possible amount of trouble, inconvenience, and expense. There were, indeed, two points on which a portion of my wished-for supporters seemed to have opinions, and on both these two points I was driven by my opinions to oppose them. Some were anxious for the ballot — which had not then become law — and some desired the Permissive Bill. I hated, and do hate, both these measures, thinking it to be unworthy of a great people to free itself from the evil results of vicious conduct by unmanly restraints. Undue influence on voters is a great evil, from which this country had already done much to emancipate itself by extended electoral divisions and by an increase of independent feeling. These, I thought, and not secret voting, were the weapons by which electoral intimidation should be overcome. And as for drink, I believe in no parliamentary restraint; but I do believe in the gradual effect of moral teaching and education. But a Liberal, to do any good at Beverley, should have been able to swallow such gnats as those. I would swallow nothing, and was altogether the wrong man.

I knew, from the commencement of my candidature, how it would be. Of course that well-trained gentleman who condescended to act as my agent had understood the case, and I ought to have taken his thoroughly kind advice. He had seen it all, and had told himself that it was wrong that one so innocent in such ways as I, so utterly unable to fight such a battle, should be carried down into Yorkshire merely to spend money and to be annoyed. He could not have said more than he did say, and I suffered for my obstinacy. Of course, I was not

elected. Sir Henry Edwards and his comrade became members for Beverley, and I was at the bottom of the poll. I paid £400 for my expenses, and then returned to London.

My friendly agent in his raillery had, of course, exaggerated the cost. He had, when I arrived at Beverley, asked me for a check for £400, and told me that that sum would suffice. It did suffice. How it came to pass that exactly that sum should be required I never knew, but such was the case. Then there came a petition — not from me, but from the town. The inquiry was made, the two gentlemen were unseated, the borough was disfranchised, Sir Henry Edwards was put on his trial for some kind of parliamentary offence, and was acquitted. In this way Beverley's privilege as a borough and my parliamentary ambition were brought to an end at the same time.

When I knew the result I did not altogether regret it. It may be that Beverley might have been brought to political confusion and Sir Henry Edwards relegated to private life without the expenditure of my hard-earned money, and without that fortnight of misery; but connecting the things together, as it was natural that I should do, I did flatter myself that I had done some good. It had seemed to me that nothing could be worse, nothing more unpatriotic, nothing more absolutely opposed to the system of representative government, than the time-honored practices of the borough of Beverley. It had come to pass that political cleanliness was odious to the citizens. There was something grand in the scorn with which a leading Liberal there turned up his nose at me when I told him that there should be no bribery, no treating, not even a pot of beer on one side. It was a matter for study to see how at Beverley politics were appreciated because they might subserve electoral purposes, and how little it was understood that electoral purposes, which are in themselves a nuisance, should be endured in order that they may subserve politics. And then the time, the money, the mental energy, which had been expended in making the borough a secure seat for a gentleman who had realized the idea that it would become him to be a

Member of Parliament! This use of the borough seemed to be realized and approved in the borough generally. The inhabitants had taught themselves to think that it was for such purposes that boroughs were intended! To have assisted in putting an end to this, even in one town, was to a certain extent a satisfaction.— *Autobiography.*

WRITING ANGRY LETTERS.

This at least should be a rule through the letter-writing world — that no angry letter be posted till four-and-twenty hours shall have elapsed since it was written. We all know how absurd is that other rule, of saying the alphabet when you are angry. Trash! Sit down and write your letter; write it with all the venom in your power; spit out your spleen at the fullest; 'twill do you good. You think you have been injured; say all that you can say with all your poisoned eloquence, and gratify yourself by reading it while your temper is still hot. Then put it in your desk; and, as a matter of course, burn it before breakfast the following morning. Believe me that you will then have a double gratification.

A pleasant letter I hold to be the pleasantest thing that this world has to give. It should be good-humored; witty it may be, but with a gentle diluted wit. Concocted brilliancy will spoil it altogether. Not long, so that it be not tedious in the reading; nor brief, so that the delight suffice not to make itself felt. It should be written specially for the reader, and should apply altogether to him, and not altogether to any other. It should never flatter — flattery in always odious. But underneath the visible stream of pungent water there may be the slightest undercurrent of eulogy, so that it be not seen, but only understood. Censure it may contain freely, but censure which, in arraigning the conduct, implies no doubt as to the intellect. It should be legibly written, so that it may be read with comfort; but no more than that. Caligraphy betokens caution, and if it be not light in hand, it is nothing. That it be fairly grammatical and not ill spelt, the writer owes to his schoolmaster, but this should come

of habit, not of care. Then let its page be soiled by no business; one touch of utility will destroy it all. If you ask for examples, let it be as unlike Walpole as may be. If you can so write it that Lord Byron might have written it, you will not be very far from high excellence.

TROLLOPE, Frances Milton, an English novelist; the mother of Anthony and T. Adolphus Trollope; born at Stapleton, where her father was rector, in 1780; died at Florence, Italy, October 6, 1863. In 1809 she married Thomas Anthony Trollope, a barrister who failed of success in his profession. In 1827 she took three of her children to the United States, landing at New Orleans, and soon afterward took up her residence at Cincinnati, where she set up some kind of business, expecting to be joined by her husband. Being unsuccessful she returned to England, and in 1832 published, under the title *Domestic Manners of the Americans,* a clever but by no means flattering account of the people and institutions of the United States. Thus commencing her literary career at fifty, she was a voluminous writer for a quarter of a century. She wrote a score of novels, the scene of several of which was laid in America; she made repeated tours on the European Continent, publishing accounts of all of them. Among her novels are *The Refugee in America; The Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw; The Vicar of Wrexhill; Jessie Phillips; The Leamingtons; The Widow Barnaby; The Barnabys in America; Petticoat Government,* and *Fashionable Life* — the last written at nearly fourscore. At the close of her *Domestic Manners*

of the Americans she thus sums up her conclusions respecting the people of the United States, their government and institutions, and the future which she hopes for them:

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

I suspect that what I have written will make it evident that I do not like America. Now as it happens that I met with individuals there whom I love and admire beyond the love and admiration of ordinary acquaintance, and as I declare the country to be fair to the eye, and most richly teeming with the gifts of plenty, I am led to ask myself why it is that I do not like it. I would willingly know myself and confess to others, why it is that neither its beauty nor its abundance can suffice to neutralize or greatly soften the distaste which the aggregate of my recollections has left upon my mind.

I remember hearing it said, many years ago, when the advantages and disadvantages of a particular residence were being discussed, that it was the *Who,* and not the *Where,* that made the difference between the pleasant or unpleasant residence. The truth of the observation struck me forcibly when I heard it; and it has been recalled to my mind since by the constantly recurring evidence of its justice. In applying this to America, I speak not of my friends, nor of my friends' friends. The small patrician band is a race apart; they live with each other, and for each other; mix wonderfully little with the high matters of state, which they leave rather supinely to their tailors and tinkers, and are no more to be taken as a sample of the American people than a head of Lord Byron as a sample of the heads of the British peerage. I speak not of these, but of the population generally, as seen in town and country, among the rich and the poor, in the Slave States and in the Free States. I do not like them; I do not like their principles; I do not like their manners; I do not like their opinions.

TROLLOPE, THOMAS ADOLPHUS, an English historian and biographer; elder brother of Anthony Trollope; born April 29, 1810; died November 11, 1892. His earliest book, *A Summer in Brittany* (1840), was "edited" by his mother, and was followed by several other books of travel in various parts of Europe. He finally took up his residence in Italy, and most of his writings relate to Italian subjects. They include several novels and sketches of character. Among his historical works are *The Girlhood of Catherine de' Medici* (1856); *A Decade of Italian Women* (1859); *History of the Commonwealth of Florence* (1865); *The Story of the Life of Pius IX.* (1877). Among his novels are *Giulio Malatesta* (1863); *Lindisfarn Chase* (1864); *The Dream Numbers* (1868), and *Durnton Abbey* (1871). His autobiography, entitled, *What I Remember,* was published in two parts (1887–90). His *Peep Behind the Scenes at Rome* (1877) opens with a sketch of Pope Gregory XVI.

POPE GREGORY XVI.

Let the calendar say what it will, the days of George the Third are not so far off in England as the days when Gregory the Sixteenth was Pope are in Italy, and especially at Rome. It is but three-and-thirty years since I — then seeing a Pope in the flesh for the first time — talked with the old Camaldolese monk whom Fortune's frolic had placed on the seat of St. Peter. There was no difficulty whatever in those days in getting access to the Holy Father by reason of the heretical pravity of the visitors. *Tros, Tyriusve,* old Gregory admitted and smiled on all, and chatted with many. Whatever else he may have been, he was an essentially good-natured man, but

utterly undignified in appearance and manner. He was extremely dirty in person. The Papal white was an unfortunate wear for him, having an apparently irrepressible tendency to become snuff-colored, in shades deepening as they neared the Papal chin and jowl. His bearing had not the remotest resemblance to that of a gentleman of any country, but was strongly marked by *bonhomie* and good humor. . . .

On the occasion to which mainly my memory is travelling back, there was an English lady present who had written and published many works of fiction. The Pope had evidently been told that she was an authoress; and intending, no doubt, to give her gratification, he addressed her thus: "You have written many books, I hear." She bowed assent. "On religion?" "No, Father; I have not presumed to touch so sacred a subject." "On — history?" "Not so, your Holiness; they were but stories, intended to amuse." "Ah, so, so; a very good purpose, too. In what language were they written?" "In English, Holy Father." "And where were they printed?" "At London, Holy Father." "Ah, indeed; yes," he added, with a meditative air; "I have heard that there have been many books printed in London." Of course he was answered only by a low courtesy.

No kneeling, except in case of the faithful of his own flock, was expected in those days; much less any kissing of slipper or even hand. Evening costume was the regulation attire of the worser sex; a black lace veil in lieu of either hat or bonnet, and no gloves, for the better sex. And in these matters, indeed, there has been no change.

It is said by those who had the means of knowing the truth on such a point that Gregory XVI. was really a learned man in canon law. And it is possible enough that such may have been the case; for such learning, cloister-gained, is very compatible with the most perfect ignorance on all other subjects. The present writer can testify to his having left pleasant memories in his old convent among the Apennines at Camaldola, where an aged and reverend bearded monk told him, while he was feasting on lenten fare, that a parcel of these same haricot

beans then on the table was sent every year to Rome as a present to the Holy Father, who always declared that there were none equal to them to be found elsewhere. Perhaps it was the memory of long-ago Fridays, when the appetite was sharpened by the bleak air from the crests of the Apennines, that gave the testimony rather than the practice of the Vatican dinners.

A KINDLY ESTIMATE.

There were very few formal meetings among the notabilities of the little Cincinnati world at that time, but there was an amount of homely friendliness that impressed me very favorably; and there was plenty of that generous and abounding hospitality which subsequent experience has taught me to consider an especially American characteristic. I have since that time shared the splendid hospitality of splendid American hosts, and I have been under American roofs when there was little save a heartfelt welcome to offer. But the heart-warming effect produced by the latter was the same in both cases. How often have we all sat at magnificent boards where the host's too evident delight consisted in giving you what you could not give him, and in the exulting manifestation of his magnificence! This is very rarely the feeling of an American host. He is thinking not of himself, but of you; and the object he is striving at when giving you of his best is that you should enjoy yourself while under his roof, that you should have, as he would phrase it, "a good time." And, upon my word, he almost invariably succeeds.

Nor were the Cincinnati girls in 1829 like the New York belles of 1887. But there was much of the same charm about them, which arises from unaffected and self-regarding desire to please. American girls are accused of being desperate flirts. But many an Englishman has been deceived by imagining that the smiles and cheerfulness and laughing chatter of some charming girl new to Europe were intended for *his* special benefit, when they were, in truth, only the perfectly natural and unaffected outcome of a desire to do her duty in that state

of life to which it has pleased God to call her! Only beams falling, like those of the sun, upon the just and the unjust alike!

There is another point on which Americans, both men and women, are very generally called over the coals by English people, as I think somewhat unreasonably. They are, it is said, everlastingly talking about the greatness and grandeur of their country, and never easy without extorting admissions of this. All this is to a great extent true; at least to this extent, that an American is always pleased to hear the greatness of his country recognized. But when I remember the thoroughness with which that cardinal article of an Englishman's faith (sixty years ago!) that every Englishman could thrash three Frenchmen, was enforced with entire success on my youthful mind, I can hardly find it in my conscience to blame an American's pride in his country. Why, good heavens! what an insensible block he would be if he was not proud of his country, to whose greatness, be it observed, each individual American now extant has contributed in a greater degree than can be said to be the case as regards England and every extant Englishman, inasmuch as our position has been won by the work of, say, a thousand years, and his by that of less than a century. Surely the creation of the United States as they now exist within that time *is* such a feat of human intelligence and energy as the world has never before seen, and is scarcely likely to see again. I confess that the expression of American patriotism is never offensive to me.— *What I Remember.*

TROUBETZKOY, Amèlie Rives Chanler, an American novelist and poet; born at Richmond, Va., August 23, 1863. Her mother, Miss Macmurdo, was the grand-daughter of Bishop Moore, of Virginia, and a great beauty. Her father, Colonel Alfred L. Rives, was the son of William C.

Amélie Rives

Rives, three times minister to France, United States Senator, and author of a *Life of Madison.* Miss Rives's childhood was passed between Mobile, Ala., and the Rives country-place, Castle Hill, Albemarle County, Va. She began to write at nine years of age, her fancy running over a wide range of subjects and forms of expression. Her *A Brother to Dragons,* a story of the sixteenth century, appeared anonymously in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1886, and attracted wide attention. Some poems and two other short stories appeared during the following year, and in 1888 *The Quick or the Dead?* published in *Lippincott's,* made her name familiar throughout the reading world. In June of the same year she was married to John Armstrong Chanler, a grandson of John Jacob Astor. She continued her literary pursuits, and the next year began the study of painting in Paris. Discontinuing this art, she again took up literature. She returned to America in August, 1891. She was afterward divorced from Mr. Chanler on the ground of incompatibility, and in 1896 married to Prince Troubetzkoy, a Pole, and a well-known figure in the art-world of London. Besides those mentioned, her works include *Virginia of Virginia* and *Herod and Mariamne* (1888); *The Witness of the Sun* (1889); *According to St. John* (1891); *Barbara Dering* (1893); *Athelwold* (1893); *Tanis, the Sang-Digger* (1893); *The Mocking of the Gods* (1902); and *Selène* (1905).

THE FARRIER LASS O' PIPING PEBWORTH.

Well, the winter passed, and spring came on again, and 'twas May o' that year that I did break my hammer-arm. God above us only knows what would 'a' befallen us had 't not been for my Keren. Wilt believe

't? (but then I think thou'lt believe a-most anything o' that lass o' mine now — eh, comrade?) th' lass did set to work, and in two weeks' time a was as good a farrier as was e'er her daddy afore her. Bodykins, man! thou shouldst 'a' seen her at it: clad from throat to feet she was in a leathern apron, looking as like mine own as though th' mare's skin whereof mine was fashioned had, as 'twere, foaled a smaller one for th' lass — ha! ha! — and her sleeves rolled up from her bare arms, and th' cords a-standing out on them like th' veins in a horse's shoulder. And so would she stand, and work th' bellows at th' forge, until, what with th' red light from the fire on her face, and on her hair, and on her bare arms, I was minded o' th' angel that walked i' the fiery furnace with th' men in Holy Writ. . . .

Well, ne'er saw I such trouble as that arm gave me (and 't has ne'er been strong since). First 'twould not knit, and then when 't did 'twas all wrong, and had to be broken and set o'er again. But th' lass ne'er gave out once. Late and early, fair weather and foul, a was at th' forge; and a came to be known for as good a smith as there was in all Warwickshire. But, for that none had e'er heard tell o' a woman at such work, or for some other reason, they did come to call her, moreover, "The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth."

Well, th' months swung round, and 'twas nigh to Martlemas in that same year, and one day as I sat i' th' forge door, a-swearing roundly to myself concerning my lame arm, and how that 'twould not mend, up comes galloping a man, like one distraught, and a child on the saddle afore him, and a flings himself down with th' child in 's arms (making no shift whate'er to hold th' horse, which gallops on with th' reins swinging), and a cries out, a-setting of th' child on my knee — a cries out, "For God's sake, help me! My child hath been bit by a mad dog! Help me in some way, for th' love of God!"

And I saw that 'twas Robert Hacket that crouched and quivered at my knee like a hurt hound, and the child as like to him as one leaf on a tree is to th' other. But ere I could do or say aught, comes that lass o' mine, and ups with th' babe in her arms, and he roaring as

lustily as any bull-calf with th' wound in 's little brown arm, and she sees where the beast hath bitten him. Then sets she him down again on my lap, and runs and fetches a bar o' iron and beats it i' th' forge till 'tis white-hot and all th' time th' poor father a-sobbing, and kissing of the babe, and calling on me to help him, like as though I were God Almighty. And while he was so doing, and the babe like to burst with weeping, and I gone mad with not knowing what to be at, comes that wench, comrade, and jerks up th' babe, and sets th' white-hot metal in 's soft flesh.

Ay, comrade, a did, and a held it there till where th' dog's fangs had been was burned as black as th' anvil. And then, when 'tis done, and th' babe again upon's feet, and we two for praising and blessing o' her, down drops she all in a heap on th' floor atween us, like a hawk that hath been smitten in mid-heaven. Then 'twas, comrade, that th' babe was left to endure his pain as best he might; never thought more did 's father give him that day; but he runs and lifts th' lass in 's strong arms and bears her out into th' fresh air, and he calls her his "dear," and the "own," and his "life," and his "Keren," till had 't not been for my lass's coming back to life, I would 'a' struck him in th' mouth for a-speaking so unto her, and he th' husband o' another woman.

But no sooner opes she her eyes than he hath both her hands hid in one o' his, and close against his breast, and she lying back in 's arms as though she were any chrisom child, and her big eye wide on his, and he saith to her: "Lass! lass!" saith he, "I ha' come to marry thee, and thou wilt have me," quoth he. "I ha' come to marry thee; and may God bless thee for saving th' child!"

Then did I understand; but she saith, with her great eyes moving — saith she — only one word — "Ruth?" saith she even so, once, low like that — "Ruth?" "Ay, lass, I know," he saith unto her, "I know," he saith. "But all's well with Ruth. Ruth is in heaven."

Then saith she, while a light leaps out o' her tearful eyes, like as when the sun doth shine suddenly through

April rain — saith she, as she were breathing her life into th' words,

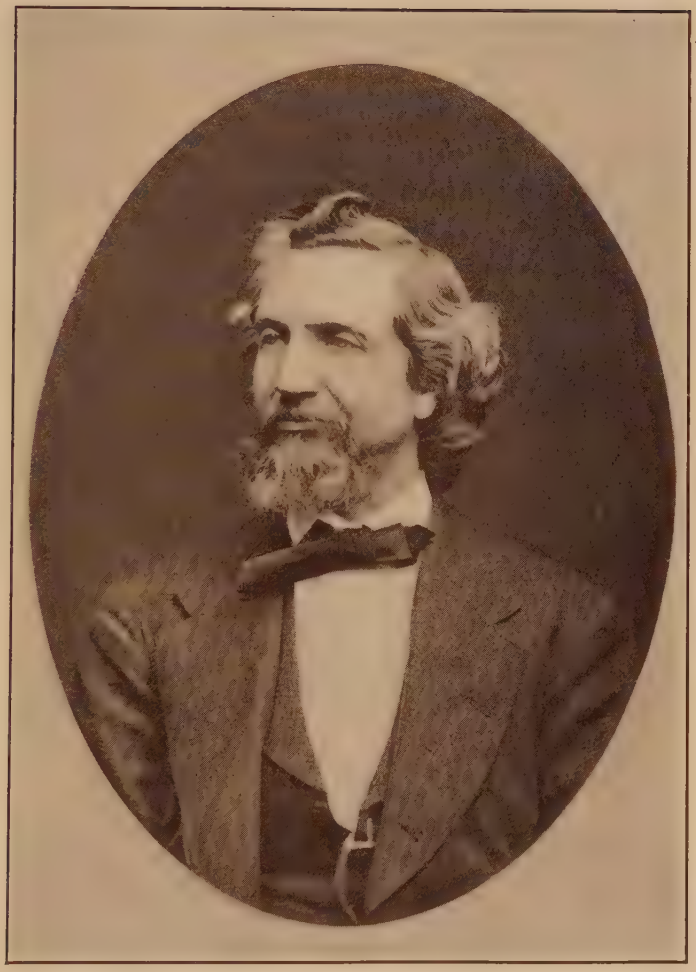
"Methinks I be there, too."

And also did I understand her, how that she meant that to be lying in th' arms o' him she loved, after all those weary year, was like being in heaven; but he questions her. "How, lass?" saith he. "Where dost thou think thou art? Thou art in thy true love's arms," saith he.

"Ay, there is Heaven," she saith.

And I stole away to get the babe some kickshaws i' th' village, that they twain might be alone together.

TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND, an American novelist and poet; born at Ogden, N. Y., September 18, 1827. His boyhood was passed on a farm, with no educational advantages beyond those of the district school. At nineteen he went to New York, where he supported himself for two or three years partly by mechanical labor and partly by contributions to periodicals. In 1850 he went to Boston, where he began a successful literary career, becoming, about 1870, the editor of *Our Young Folks,* in which many of his writings originally appeared. His principal books are *Father Brighthopes* (1853), which was followed by four or five other tales, designated collectively as the "Brighthope Series;" *Neighbor Jackwood* (1856); *The Drummer Boy* (1863); *Cudjo's Cave* (1864); *The Three Scouts* (1865); *The Vagabonds and Other Poems* (1869); *Coupon Bonds and Other Tales* (1872); *Doing His Best* (1873); *The Emigrant's Story and Other Poems* (1875); *The Book of Gold and Other Poems* (1877); *Guy Brown*



JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

(1878); *His One Fault* (1886); *The Little Master* (1886); *A Start in Life; Biding His Time; The Lost Earl,* a book of tales in rhyme (1888); and *My Own Story* (1903). Besides these are several volumes designed for the young, and made up mainly from contributions to periodicals.

MR. BLAZAY'S MISADVENTURE.

Having dressed, dined, and finished my cigar, I sallied forth from the hotel to call upon my future bride. I found the cottage — a neat, cream-colored house on the bank of the river; doors and windows festooned with prairie-roses; an orchard behind and maple-trees in front, and an atmosphere of rural beauty and quietude over all. I opened the little wooden gate. It clicked cheerily behind me, and the sound summoned from the orchard a laboring-man in rolled-up shirt-sleeves, who approached as I was lifting the brass knocker under the festoons of roses.

"How de do, sir? Want anything o' Mr. Thornton's folks?"

"I should like to see Mr. Thornton," I said.

"Oh, wal! walk right in. We're all in the orchard now, getting a hive of bees."

"Be so kind, then, my good fellow," said I, producing Jones's letter, "as to hand this to Mr. Thornton."

He received the letter in his great, brown, horny hands, stared at the superscription, stared at me. "Oh, Jones!" and opened it. "I am Mr. Thornton," he informed me, before beginning to read. When the letter was read, he looked up again, smilingly.

"This is Mr. Blazay," then he said.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Thornton," I said. . . .

"Wal," said he, as he was conducting me toward the orchard, "so you're come up here, thinking mabby you'd like to marry our Susie?"

I stopped aghast. "I — I wasn't aware, sir, that Jones had written anything to that effect."

"A private letter I got from him yis'd'y." said Mr.

Thornton. "He seemed to think's best to kinder explain things 'fore you got along. I think about so myself. He gives you a tolerable fair character, and fur's I'm concerned, if you and Susie can make a bargain, I shan't raise no objections."

"Have you," I asked, "mentioned it to Susie?"

"Oh, sartin!" said Mr. Thornton. "Mother and I thought best to talk the matter over with her, so's to have everything open and above board, and save misunderstandings in the futur'."

"And, may I ask, how did Susie regard a — such a — very singular arrangement?"

"Singular! How so? Mother and I looked upon it as very sensible. You come and git acquainted, and marry her, if agreeable; or if not, no. That's what I call straightfor'a'd."

"Straightforward! Oh, yes, to be sure!" I said, and essayed to laugh, with very indifferent if not very ghastly success. It was well enough, of course, for a couple of hardened wretches like Jones and myself to talk over a matrimonial project in business fashion; and for me to come up and look at the article of a bride he recommended, to see if she suited; but to know that the affair had been coolly discussed by the other party to the proposed bargain made it as awkward and unromantic as possible.

"That, there's my darter; and them's the bees," said Mr. Thornton.

"What! that thing in the tree?" said I, using my eyeglass. "It looks like a shocking bad hat."

"That's the swarm stuck onto the limb," said Mr. Thornton. "We'll have to thank Susie if we save 'em. She heard 'em flying over, and run out with the dinner-bell and called 'em."

"Called them to dinner?" I said, absent-mindedly.

"Ringing the bell called 'em down, till bimeby they lit on that tree. A swarm 'll gen'ly come to such noises. And Susie's a master-hand to look arter bees."

"What is she doing up on the ladder there?"

"She's cutting off the limb. It's cu'r's," said Mr. Thornton, with fatherly pride, "bees never tech her,

though she goes right in among 'em. Sting me, though; so I keep a little back. Susie's mother, Mr. Blazay."

At that, a freckled, good-natured woman, who stood a little distance from the tree, with her arms rolled up in a calico apron, took them out to shake hands with me, and rolled them up again.

"What are these little negro boys doing?" I asked.

"Negro boys! Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the paternal Thornton.

"Them's *our* little boys, sir," said the maternal Thornton. "What you see is veils tied over their faces to keep the bees from stinging on 'em. That's George Washington holding the ladder for Susie, and that's Andrew Jackson tending the clo'es-line!"

"This is the second swarm Susie has stopped this season," said Mr. Thornton. "Both wild swarms from the woods, prob'bly. We consider it quite a prize."

"Hive of bees in May, wuth a ton of hay; hive of bees in June, wuth a silver spoon; hive of bees in July, not wuth a fly; that's the old adage," smiled Mrs. Thornton.

"But Susie has good luck with her bees, let' em swarm when they will," said Mr. Thornton.

"Look out, down there!" cried a clear, shrill feminine voice from the tree.

The fibres of the bough began to crack, and somewhat to my alarm I saw the great, black, hat-like mass swing down as if about to fall to the ground. But I soon perceived that it was secured by the rope, which was passed over a limb above, then led down to Andrew Jackson's hand, who stood looking up through his veil, waiting for orders. Susie severed the bark and splinters that still held the branch, then dropped her little handsaw on the grass.

"Now, Jackson!" Slowly the boy payed out the line, and slowly the bough descended with its burden. "Hold on, Georgie!" Georgie held on, and down the ladder came Susie. Animated, agile, red as a rose, she ran to her bees, I regarding her meanwhile with anxious interest. Taking hold of the bough where it hung, she ordered Andrew Jackson to "let it come," lowered it almost to the ground, and shook it. The bees fell off

in great bunches and clusters which burst into buzzing, crumbling, crawling multitudes on the grass — wave on wave dark surging. George Washington stood ready with a bee-hive, which he clapped over the living heap; and the job was done.

"There, father!" cried Susie, merrily, "what are you going to give me for that? Hives of bees in June —"

She stopped, seeing me.

"You shall have your silver spoons," said Mr. Thornton. "This is Mr. Blazay, Susie."

Determined to perform my part with becoming gallantry, I advanced. Unluckily, I am tall. My bow was lofty; the bough of the tree was low. Before I could take off my hat, my hat was taken off for me. Attempting to catch it, I knocked it like a ball straight at Susie's head. She dodged it, and it fell by the beehive. At that the Father of his Country rushed to the rescue, and brought it back to me with the air of a youngster who expects a penny for his services. I was finishing my bow to Susie, when I observed a number of swift, zigzag, darting insects circling about us.

"Stand still and they won't hurt ye," said George Washington, handing me my hat. "Make 'em think you're a tree!"

I assumed the *rôle* accordingly; rooted myself to the spot — held my tall trunk erect — kept my limbs rigid — and, I am confident, appeared verdant enough to deceive even a bee. In that interesting attitude I looked as unconcerned as possible, grimaced at Susie, said what a delightful orchard it was; and felt a whizzing, winnowing sensation in my foliage — otherwise called hair.

"There's a bee!" screamed Andrew Jackson.

The General was right; there *was* a bee. I began to brush.

"Don't ye stir!" shouted Washington; "that'll only make him mad! Keep jest as still!"

It was easy for the first President to stand there, with his face veiled, and promulgate that theory; but I was not up to it. I found myself stirring my stumps involuntarily. I *dropped* my hat, and stepped in it. The bee whizzed and winnowed; I flirted and brushed. There

came a poignant thrill; the assassin had his poignant dagger in me.

The sublime Washington continued to shout, "Keep still! Keep jest as still!" But already my movements had quite dispelled the illusion that I was a tree, and the darting and dinning about my ears became terrific. I endeavored to smile calmly at Susie, and talk as became a man of my politeness and dignity. But it was of no use. Panic seized me. I stamped, I swung my crushed hat; I took to my heels; I ran like a Mohawk; and I should never, probably, have stopped until I reached a railroad-train had not the same destiny that brought me to Shoemak conspired to keep me there by casting a dead branch in my way. In giving my head a brush, I neglected to brush at my feet. They became entangled in it, and I sprawled my six feet of manly dignity ingloriously on the turf.

The first thing I heard, on recovering my faculties and sitting up was laughter. George Washington and Andrew Jackson were reeling and keeling over with laughter; Mrs. Thornton was eating her calico apron; Mr. Thornton was suffering from an excruciating attack of colic; while Susie indulged without restraint her very ill-timed merriment. As I got upon my feet the whole family came forward to see if I was hurt.

"Children! Susie!" I could hear Mr. Thornton saying: "Hush! Don't ye know better'n to laugh? Did you, sir, git stung?"

"I — I thought the bees were coming rather near," I remarked cheerfully, pressing my hat into shape, "so I concluded to stand back a little."

"Sartin, sartin!" said Mr. Thornton.

"Susie!" giggled George Washington, "he thought he'd stan' back a little! He, he, he!"

"Didn't his arms and legs fly for about a minute, though!" snickered Andrew Jackson.

"Shall we go and examine the operations of the bees? I feel a lively interest in bees." And I put on my hat, pulling it gayly over the aching eyebrow.

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Thornton, "the bees have been

so kind o' shook up 'twont be very safe to go near 'em right away."

"Ah! you think so? A sting is nothing — nothing dangerous — is it?"

"Oh, no; but it's sometimes plaguey uncomf'table," said Mr. Thornton; "that's all."

"That all?" said I, glad to hear it. "I'm sure that is nothing so very dreadful. However, if you think we'd better wait until the bees get a little quiet, I can restrain my curiosity."

Susie had found an excuse to go back to the hive. I should have been glad of any excuse to return at the same instant to the hotel. I had seen enough of her, and certainly had heard enough. My interest in the Thorntons was satiated. I had made up my mind that I didn't want to marry. The country was not so charming as I had anticipated. I very much preferred the town. — *Coupon Bonds.*

THE VAGABONDS. *

We are two travelers, Roger and I;
Roger's my dog. Come hither, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman — mind your eye! —
Over the table — look out for the lamp! —
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've trampled through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you —
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
This out-door business is bad for the strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings.

No, thank ye, sir — I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral.

* By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Aren't we, Roger? See him wink!
Well, something hot, then — we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too — see him nod his head:
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that is said,
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so badly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by me through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir — see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter.

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold
Your cap, while the gentleman gives a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps — that's five; he's mighty knowing.
The night's before us, fill the glasses!

Quick, sir! I'm ill — my brain is going!
Some brandy! — thank you! — there — it passes!

"Why not reform?" — That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love — But I took to drink —
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features —
You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures;
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast,
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing,
To you to-night for a glass of grog.

She's married since — a parson's wife:
'Twas better for her that we should part —
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
"I have seen her?" — Once. I was weak and spent;
On the dusty road a carriage stopped;
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me to talking, sir: I'm sorry;
  It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
  Is it amusing? You find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
  'Twas well she died before — Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
  The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
  This pain, then Roger and I will start.
I wonder has he such a lumpish, leaden,
  Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,
  No doubt, remembering things that were —
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
  And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming —
  You rascal, limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
  For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
  But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink: —
  The sooner the better for Roger and me!

DOROTHY IN THE GARRET.

In the low-rafted garret, stooping
  Carefully over the creaking boards,
Old Maid Dorothy goes a-groping
  Among its dusty and cobwebbed hoards;
Seeking some bundle of patches, hid
  Far under the eaves, or bunch of sage
Or satchel hung on its nail, amid
  The heirlooms of a bygone age.

There is the ancient family chest,
  There the ancestral cards and hatchel;
Dorothy, sighing, sinks down to rest,

Forgetful of patches, sage, and satchel.
Ghosts of faces peer from the gloom
Of the chimney, where, with swifts and reel,
And the long-disused, dismantled loom,
Stands the old-fashioned spinning-wheel.

She sees it back in the clean-swept kitchen,
A part of her girlhood's little world;
Her mother is there by the window, stitching;
Spindle buzzes, and reel is whirled
With many a click: on her little stool
She sits, a child by the open door,
Watching, and dabbling her feet in the pool
Of sunshine spilled on the gilded floor.

Her sisters are spinning all day long;
To her wakening sense the first sweet warning
Of daylight come is the cheerful song
To the hum of the wheel in the early morning.
Benjie, the gentle, red-cheeked boy,
On his way to school, peeps in at the gate;
In neat white pinafore, pleased and coy,
She reaches a hand to her bashful mate.

And under the elms, a prattling pair,
Together they go, through glimmer and gloom —
It all comes back to her, dreaming there
In the low-raftered garret-room;
The hum of the wheel, and the summer weather,
The heart's first trouble, and love's beginning,
Are all in her memory linked together;
And now it is she herself that is spinning.

With the bloom of youth on cheek and lip,
Turning the spokes with the flashing pin,
Twisting the thread from the spindle-tip,
Stretching it out and winding it in,
To and fro, with a blithesome tread,
Singing she goes, and her heart is full,
And many a long-drawn, golden thread
Of fancy is spun with the shining wool.

Her father sits in his favorite place,
Puffing his pipe by the chimney-side;
Through curling clouds his kindly face
Glows upon her with love and pride.
Lulled by the wheel, in the old-arm chair
Her mother is musing, cat in lap,
With beautiful, drooping head, and hair
Whitening under her snow-white cap.

One by one, to the grave, to the bridal,
They have followed her sisters from the door;
Now they are old, and she is their idol —
It all comes back on her heart once more.
In the autumn dusk the hearth gleams brightly,
The wheel is set by the shadowy wall —
A hand at the latch — 'tis lifted lightly,
And in walks Benjie, manly and tall.

His chair is placed; the old man tips
The pitcher, and brings his choicest fruit;
Benjie basks in the blaze, and sips,
And tells his story, and joints his flute:
Oh, sweet the tunes, the talks, the laughter!
They fill the hour with a glowing tide;
But sweeter the still, deep moments after,
When she is alone by Benjie's side.

But once with angry words they part:
Oh, then the weary, weary days!
Ever with restless, wretched heart,
Plying her task, she turns to gaze
Far up the road; and early and late
She harks for a footstep at the door,
And starts at the gust that swings the gate,
And prays for Benjie, who comes no more.

Her fault? Oh, Benjie, and could you steel
Your thoughts toward one who loved you so? —
Solace she seeks in the whirling wheel,
In duty and love that lighten woe;
Striving with labor, not in vain,

To drive away the dull day's dreariness;
Blessing the toil that blunts the pain
Of a deeper grief in the body's weariness.

Proud and petted and spoiled was she:
A word, and all her life is changed!
His wavering love too easily
In the great, gay city grows estranged:
One year: she sits in the old church pew;
A rustle, a murmur — Oh, Dorothy, hide
Your face and shut from your soul the view —
'Tis Benjie leading a white-veiled bride!

Now father and mother have long been dead,
And the bride sleeps under a churchyard stone,
And a bent old man with grizzled head
Walks up the long, dim aisle alone.
Years blur to a mist; and Dorothy
Sits doubting betwixt the ghost she seems,
And the phantom of youth, more real than she,
That meets her there in that haunt of dreams.

Bright young Dorothy, idolized daughter,
Sought by many a youthful adorer,
Life, like a new-risen dawn on the water,
Shining an endless vista before her!
Old Maid Dorothy, wrinkled and gray,
Groping under the farm-house eaves —
And life was a brief November day
That sets on a world of withered leaves!

Yet faithfulness in the humblest part
Is better at last than proud success,
And patience and love in a chastened heart
Are pearls more precious than happiness;
And in that morning when she shall wake
To the spring-time freshness of youth again,
All trouble will seem but a flying flake,
And lifelong sorrow a breath on the pane.

TRUMBULL, Annie Eliot, an American novelist; born at Hartford, Conn., March 2, 1857. She was graduated from the High School at Hartford in 1876. Her works include *A Cape Cod Week* (1898); *Rod's Salvation* (1898); *Mistress Content Cradock* (1899); *An Hour's Promise* (1900); *Life's Common Way* (1903); *A Christmas Accident* (1904).

Miss Trumbull's novels are New England stories and exhibit a delicate comprehension of many types of New England character. They are delightfully readable and exhibit the keenness, quickness and acuteness of the New England mind.

CHEERFULNESS AND LOVE.

"You do not look cheerful," he went on, "but that may not be your fault. A single person looking at the sea never looks cheerful. It was necessary for me to introduce, for spectators, the element of companionship."

"I am not cheerful," she said, "I am quite the reverse." but her voice betrayed nothing of a crisis of emotion. With him she was at home, here in this Debatable Land where they had been walking, where nothing had been said that must be answered, and where they had darkened their understandings that they need not perceive.

"What has one to do with cheerfulness, nowadays?" speculated Owen. "It is an antiquated mood and belongs to ruffs and farthingales — whatever they may be. In this century one goes from the delirium of happiness to that of wretchedness, or else one is bored — these three moods only are permissible."

"It is unlike you to yield so much to delirium of any description," she said.

"It has not been too late for me to learn," he answered. Something in his voice warned her that here

too there was danger of a breaking away of the barriers she was fond of maintaining.

"I must go," she said. "I came here for only a moment."

"But you have not told me why you are not cheerful," he objected, detaining her. "Am I not to know?"

Antoinette felt the risk, but she had trifled with such risks all her life. Besides, there was something, she did not pause to consider what, prompting her to a sort of recklessness. She turned half away from him, as she answered:

"I am facing the future. I would never face the future if I could help it. This time I can not put it aside, nor can I look another way."

Something in her manner or her tone, something in what he knew of the circumstances, more than all, his unfailing intuition, told Owen what was in her mind.

"Antoinette," he said quickly. It was the second time he had called her by her first name this evening, and he had never done so before. It was an index of his mood. "Antoinette, are you going to marry Richard Murray?"

"You have no right —" she began.

"I have a right," he exclaimed passionately. "I love you."

She flashed toward him, her eyes shining, and her lips parted to say the scornful words that had never failed her. As she met his gaze she stopped, shivered a little, paled, hesitated, and, turning away again, laid her cheek in throbbing misery against the gray rock behind her. In that moment of hesitancy, she recognized that for the first time in her life she had invoked a force that was too strong for her. — *An Hour's Promise* (Copyright by A. S. Barnes & Co.).

TRUMBULL, JOHN, an American jurist and poet; born at Watertown, Conn., April 24, 1750; died at Detroit, Mich., May 10, 1831. His father was a Congregational clergyman, who taught his precocious son with such success that at the age of seven he was pronounced, after due examination, fitted for admission to Yale College. He did not, however, enter until four years later, graduating at seventeen, standing first in his class; he remained at the college three years as a resident graduate, and in 1772 he and Timothy Dwight were elected tutors. In the meantime he studied law; was admitted to the bar in 1773, but was subsequently for a time a student in the office of John Adams at Boston. During this time he published *An Elegy on the Times,* a poem of sixty-eight stanzas, which glorifies the non-consumption of foreign commodities. He had previously put forth *The Progress of Dulness,* a satirical poem which contains some clever passages. After the close of the war Trumbull took up his residence at Hartford, and engaged successfully in the practice of his profession, also being one of the writers of *The Anarchiad,* a series of newspaper articles aimed at the irregularities of the times. He held, at various times, posts of honor; and in 1801 was made one of the judges of the Superior Court of the State, retaining the position until 1825, when he removed to Detroit, where his daughter resided.

Trumbull's chief poem is *McFingal,* the first three cantos of which were composed about 1775. The hero of the poem is the Tory squire, McFingal, who becomes obnoxious to the patriots, and receives a coat

of tar and feathers, which has the effect of greatly changing his views of the future prospects of the colonies. Much of the poem is occupied with the heated debates in the Town-Meeting, held to deliberate upon the affairs of the time.

THE TOWN-MEETING.

And now the town was summoned greeting,
To grand parading of Town-Meeting;
A show that strangers might appall
As Rome's grave Senate did the Gaul.
High o'er the rout, on pulpit stairs,
Like den of thieves in house of prayers
(That house which, loath a rule to break,
Served Heaven but one day in the week,
Open the rest for all supplies
Of news and politics and lies),
Stood forth the Constable, and bore
His staff, like Mercury's wand of yore,
Waved potent round, the peace to keep,
As that laid dead men's souls to sleep.
Above, and near the Hermetic staff,
The Moderator's upper half
In grandeur o'er the cushion bowed,
Like Sol, half-seen behind a cloud.
Beneath stood voters of all colors.
Whigs, Tories, orators, and bawlers,
With every tongue in either faction
Prepared, like minute-men, for action;
Where truth and falsehood, wrong and right,
Draw all their legions out to fight.
With equal uproar scarcely rave
Opposing winds in Æolus's cave;
Such dialogues, with earnest face,
Held never Balaam with his ass.

The Town-Meeting breaks up at nightfall, without having come to any definite decision. But before long

the Whigs proceed to erect a lofty Liberty-pole, around which a great crowd assembles. Squire McFingal, backed by the Constable and a swarm of Tories, attempts to disperse the Whigs. A scrimmage ensues in which the Tories get the worst of it, and take to their heels; but the Squire and the Constable are caught.

DEALING WITH THE CONSTABLE.

When now the Mob in lucky hour
Had got their enemies in their power,
They first proceed, by wise command,
To take the Constable in hand.
Then from the pole's sublimest top
They speeded to let down the rope;
At once its other end in haste bind,
And make it fast upon his waistband,
Till like the earth, as stretched on tenter,
He hung self-balanced on his centre,
Then upwards all hands hoisting sail,
They swung him like a keg of ale,
Till to the pinnacle so fair
He rose like meteor in the air,
As Socrates of old at first did
To aid Philosophy get hoisted,
And found his thoughts flow strangely clear,
Swung on a basket in mid air.
Our culprit, thus to purer sky,
With like advantage raised his eye;
And looking forth in prospect wide
His Tory errors clearly spied.

THE TAR-AND-FEATHERING OF MCFINGAL.

Forthwith the crowd proceed to deck
With haltered noose McFingal's neck;
While he, in peril of his soul,
Stood tied half-hanging to the pole;
Then lifting high the ponderous jar,

Poured o'er his head the smoking tar.
With less profusion erst was spread
The Jewish oil on royal head,
That down his beard and vestments ran,
And covered all his outward man.
His flowing wig, as next the brim,
First met and drank the sable stream;
Adown his visage stern and grave
Rolled and adhered the viscid wave,
With arms depending as he stood,
Each cuff capacious holds the flood;
From nose and chin's remotest end
The tarry icicles depend:
Till all o'erspread, with colors gay
He glittered to the western ray,
Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,
Or Lapland idol carved in ice.
Then high the feather-bag displayed
Is waved in triumph o'er his head,
And spreads him o'er with feathers missive
And down upon the tar adhesive:
Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,
Such plumes around his visage wears;
Nor Milton's six-winged angel gathers
Such superfluity of feathers.
Till all complete appears our Squire
Like Gorgon or Chimæra dire;
Nor more could boast, on Plato's plan,
To rank amid the race of man,
Or prove his claim to human nature
As a two-legged, unfeathered creature.

— *McFingal, Canto III.*

THE RIDE THROUGH THE TOWN.

Then on the two-wheeled car of state
They raised our grand Duumvirate,
And as at Rome a like committee,
That found an owl within the city,
With solemn rites and sad processions,
At every shrine performed lustrations;

And lest infection should abound,
From prodigy with face so round,
All Rome attends him through the street,
In triumph to his country seat;
With like devotion all the choir
Paraded round our feathered Squire.
In front the martial music comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling sound of carriage-bells,
And treble creak of rusted wheels;
Behind, the crowd in lengthened row,
With grave procession closed the show;
And at fit periods every throat
Combined in universal shout,
And hailed great Liberty in chorus,
Or bawled "Confusion to the Tories!"
Thus having borne them round the town,
Last at the pole they set them down,
And toward the tavern take their way,
To end in mirth the festal day.

With Canto III.. the poem originally closed. The Revolution had not yet broken into actual hostilities. Canto IV. was written after the war was brought to a virtual close by the surrender of Cornwallis. The poet goes back to the meeting of the Tories summoned by McFingal just after the tar-and-feathering, who in vision beholds all the great events which were to transpire. He ends his narrative with an unwilling prognostication of the future glory of America — like Balaam blessing, where he was intent upon cursing.

THE DUNCE'S REFUGE.

Our hero's wit and learning now may
Be proved by token of diploma,
Of that diploma, which with speed
He learns to construe and to read;
And stalks abroad with conscious stride,

In all the airs of pedant pride,
With passport sign'd for wit and knowledge
And current under seal of college.
  Few months now past, he sees with pain
His purse as empty as his brain;
His father leaves him then to fate,
And throws him off, as useless weight;
But gives him good advice, to teach
A school at first and then to preach.
  Thou reason'st well; it must be so;
For nothing else thy son can do.
As thieves of old, t' avoid the halter,
Took refuge in the holy altar,
Oft dulness, flying from disgrace,
Finds safety in that sacred place;
There boldly rears his head, or rest
Secure from ridicule or jests;
Where dreaded satire may not dare
Offend his wig's extremest hair;
Where Scripture sanctifies his strains,
And reverence hides the want of brains.
  Next see our youth at school appear,
Procured for forty pounds a year;
His ragged regiment round assemble,
Taught, not to read, but fear and tremble.
Before him rods prepare his way,
Those dreaded antidotes to play.
Then throned aloft in elbow chair,
With solemn face and awful air,
He tries, with ease and unconcern,
To teach what ne'er himself could learn;
Gives law and punishment alone,
Judge, jury, bailiff, all in one;
Holds all good learning must depend
Upon his rod's extremest end,
Whose great electric virtue's such,
Each genius brightens at the touch;
With threats and blows, incitements pressing,
Drives on his lads to learn each lesson;
Thinks flogging cures all moral ills,
And breaks their heads to break their wills.

The year is done; he takes his leave;
The children smile; the parents grieve;
And seek again, their school to keep,
One just as good and just as cheap.
Now to some priest, that's famed for teaching,
He goes to learn the art of preaching;
And settles down with earnest zeal
Sermons to study, and to steal.
Six months from all the world retires
To kindle up his covered fires;
Learns, with nice art, to make with ease
The Scriptures speak whate'er he please;
With judgment, unperceived to quote
What Pool explain'd, or Henry wrote;
To give the Gospel new editions,
Split doctrines into propositions,
Draw motives, uses, inferences,
And tortured words in thousand senses;
Learn the grave style and goodly phrase,
Safe handed down from Cromwell's days,
And shun, with anxious care, the while,
The infection of a modern style;
Or on the wings of folly fly
Aloft in metaphysic sky;
The system of the world explain,
Till night and chaos come again;
Deride what old divines can say,
Point out to heaven a nearer way;
Explode, all known, establish'd rules,
Affirm our fathers all were fools,
The present age is growing wise,
But wisdom in her cradle lies;
Late, like Minerva, born and bred,
Not from a Jove's, but scribbler's head,
While thousand youths their homage lend her,
And nursing fathers rock and tend her.
Round him much manuscript is spread,
Extracts from living works, and dead,
Themes, sermons, plans of controversy,
That hack and mangle without mercy,
And whence, to glad the reader's eyes,

The future dialogue shall rise.
At length, matured the grand design,
He stalks abroad a grave divine.
Meanwhile from every distant seat,
At stated time the clergy meet.
Our hero comes, his sermon reads,
Explains the doctrines of his creeds,
A license gains to preach and pray,
And makes his bow and goes his way.
What though his wits could ne'er dispense
One page of grammar, or of sense;
What though his learning be so slight
He carcely knows to spell or write;
What though his skull be cudgel-proof,
He's orthodox, and that's enough.

—*From The Progress of Dulness.*

A TIME-WORN BELLE.

Poor Harriet now hath had her day;
No more the beaux confess her sway;
New beauties push her from her stage;
She trembles at th' approach of age,
And starts to view the alter'd face,
That wrinkles at her in her glass;
So Satan, in the monk's tradition,
Fear'd when he met his apparition.
At length her name each coxcomb cancels
From standing lists of toasts and angels;
And, slighted where she shone before,
A grace and goddess now no more,
Despised by all, and doom'd to meet
Her lovers at her rival's feet,
She flies assemblies, shuns the ball,
And cries out, Vanity! on all;
Affects to scorn the tinsel-shows
Of glittering belles and gaudy beaux;
Nor longer hopes to hide by dress
The tracks of age upon her face.
Now careless grown of airs polite,
Her noonday night-cap meets the sight;

Her hair uncomb'd collects together,
With ornaments of many a feather;
Her stays for easiness thrown by,
Her rumpled handkerchief awry,
A careless figure half undress'd
(The reader's wits may guess the rest);
All points of dress and neatness carried
As though she'd been a twelve-month married;
She spends her breath, as years prevail,
At this sad, wicked world to rail,
To slander all her sex impromptu,
And wonder what the times will come to.
—*From The Progress of Dulness.*

TUCKER, Charlotte Maria ("A. L. O. E."), an English novelist, poet and juvenile writer; born at Barnet, Hertfordshire, May 8, 1821; died at Amritsar, India, December 2, 1893. She was the sixth child and third daughter of Henry St. George Tucker, a prominent Bengal Civilian, and, later on, Chairman of the East India Company. All her five brothers went to India, and all five were there in the dark days of the Mutiny. Thus by birth she had a close connection with that great eastern branch of the British Empire, to which her last eighteen years were entirely devoted. People in general go out early, and retire to England for rest in old age. Miss Tucker spent fifty-four active years in England, and then yielded her remaining powers to the cause of our fellow-subjects in Hindustan. She wrote some sixty books for children, in prose and verse, chiefly story-books with a religious point, which are extremely popular. Among them may be mentioned *Thoughtful*

Alice (1864); *Angus Tulton* (1877); *Daybreak in Britain* (1880); *Hours with Orientals* (1881).

Miss Tucker's descriptive lines as to the necessary qualifications for a Mission Miss Sahiba, were written at Amritsar, as early as the year 1876:

THE URDU HYMN.

The beloved Jesus sleeps in the grave;
Morn breaks, and He Who came to save
Has risen, glorious King of Kings,
Victorious o'er all evil things.
It is Christ's power, Christ's glorious Crown;
His rule shall spread with much renown;
Christ has risen, ne'er to die;
Hallelujah! Victory!

A GENTLEMAN.

What is it makes a Gentleman? 'Tis not his high estate,
His liveried footmen, or the grooms that on his orders wait,—
The horses and the carriages that stand before his gate,
The tenants who bow low to him, and think him very great.

Chorus—
These do not make the Gentleman, whate'er his station be!

What is it makes a Gentleman? Not colour of his skin,—
The Negro, black as ebony, may yet be fair within;
The weak, the lowly, and the poor, a glorious race may win,—
There's nothing makes a man so low as cowardice and sin!

Chorus—
He cannot be a Gentleman, whate'er his station be!

What is it makes a Gentleman? His dress is not the sign,—
Though on each finger of each hand a jewelled ring may shine;
His necktie may be elegant — his boots be superfine —
Howe'er you dress a monkey, Sir, he is no friend of mine.

Chorus—
He cannot be a Gentleman, whate'er his station be!

The real Gentleman is he whose aims are pure and high;
Who scorns a base dishonest act, and tramples on a lie;
Who treats the woman and the child with gentle courtesy,
Who holds the Christian's faith and hope, so does not fear to die!

Chorus—
He is the real Gentleman, whate'er his station be!

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

The Mission Miss Sahibas must never complain;
The Mission Miss Sahibas must temper restrain —
When "sust" * pankah-wala won't pull at the cane;
Must never be fanciful, foolish, or vain.

The Mission Miss Sahibas in dress must be plain;
The Mission Miss Sahibas must furnish their brain,—
Of two or three languages knowledge obtain,—
When weary and puzzled, must try, try again;
We cannot learn grammar by *leger de main.*

The Mission Miss Sahibas must know every lane,
Climb ladder-like stairs, without fearing a sprain;
The Mission Miss Sahibas must speak very plain,
Must rebuke and encourage, must teach and explain;
The Mission Miss Sahibas must grasp well the rein;
The Mission Miss Sahibas must not look for gain,
Though doctoring sick folk, like Jenner or Quain.

* Idle.

Let Mission Miss Sahibas from late hours refrain,
For they must rise early, and bear a hard strain,
Like vigorous cart-horses, drawing a wain,
That pull well together, when yoked twain and twain.
The Mission Miss Sahibas must work might and main,
And therefore good nourishment should not disdain,—
Or danger is great of their going insane.

The Mission Miss Sahibas must topis * retain,
Must guard against sunstroke, to health such a bane;
And midst frogs and mosquitoes must patient remain,
Yes, e'en when tormented, must smile through their pain;
And, with courage like that of the knights of Charlemagne,
By Mission Miss Sahibas snakes should be slain.

The Mission Miss Sahibas should sow well the grain,
Dark babies should fondle, dark women should train,
And Bibis and Gegums at times entertain;
Should smile and should soothe, but not flatter or feign;
And to usefulness thus they may hope to attain.

N. B.— Let all Mission Miss Sahibas single remain,—
If they don't, they step out of their proper domain,—
And can never be Mission Miss Sahibas again!

NIAGARA FALLS.

"*June* 22, 1875.

"I must write to some dear one while the sound of Niagara is in my ears, whilst the impression of Niagara is fresh in my mind; and I direct my letter to you, sweet Laura, knowing that you will let others see it. . . .

"I have looked on the most glorious scene, I believe, that is to be seen on this planet. How can I attempt to describe Niagara? When I gaze on what is called 'The American Fall,' I ask myself a dozen times, 'Is it possible that there can be anything more beautiful?' . . . though I have only to turn my head a little to behold the 'Horse-Shoe Fall,' which is even *more* gloriously beau-

* Hats.

tiful. The American Fall would make in itself twenty or thirty cascades that would delight us in England. O the sparkling rush of diamonds,— the white misty foam breaking on the picturesque rocks beneath,— the accessories so beautiful,— the cloud-like veil so transparently lovely!

"Earth here is so fair, with bold crags draperied with the richest foliage, that one could imagine her contending for the palm with water; but water carries the victory at Niagara; Earth but serves to frame and set off her magnificence. If Earth be green, so is water. Where Niagara plunges over her Horse-Shoe-shaped rocks, the colour of the water is often brilliant, crystal-like green. Then as the river emerges from its veil of spray,— spray sometimes rising pyramid-like for hundreds of feet,— it assumes a deeper green, more blue than that of the surrounding foliage, but pure in tint.

"A lovely, most verdant island, Goat Island, divides the two grand Falls,— or, I may rather say, three, for one glorious cascade is called Central Fall. In this exquisite island, and other smaller ones, you wander amongst silent shady woods, or stand so close to the rushing waters, that one or two steps would send you over the brink into the cloudy chasm below. Perhaps, Laura, nothing can better convey to you the impression left on me, than to tell you what was my repeatedly recurring thought. 'If I had to suffer martyrdom, in no form could it appear more attractive than by being thrown over Niagara!' To be launched into eternity, shrouded in that cascade of diamonds, would rouse such a thrilling sense of the beautiful and the sublime, that half one's fears would be swallowed up in something almost like joy. It would seem ten times more horrible to be flung from a high tower on to the hard, cold earth. This is not a mere fancy of my own. I find that I am not alone in thinking that death would appear less repulsive at Niagara than elsewhere.

"I have seen the many beauties of this place well. . . . I have looked on the rapids above the Falls. They seemed to me an emblem of human life. Such a rushing,— such a hurry,— chafing against obstacles,--

impatience, passion, excitement. Then comes the grand leap — boldly, almost joyously, taken,— the leap into cloud and mystery,— and below, the river emerges from froth and foam, comparatively calm. One wonders that it is as quiet as it appears to be after such a plunge!

"Yes, I shall never see such a sight again, till I behold the Great White Throne, and the Sea of Glass, like unto crystal.

"We all wandered about yesterday, till we were too much tired to wander more. We had intended to sit up to see moonlight on Niagara; but instead of so doing we separated at 9. I soon fell asleep, but I woke in the dim twilight, I suppose at about 3 A.M. The opportunity was not to be lost. I washed and dressed, as much by feeling as by sight, opened my venetian shutters, and walked out into the verandah which commands a fine view of both Falls.

"I was in utter solitude, under the light of the moon. Not in silence, for the sound of many waters is unceasing. I suppose that for thousands of years Niagara has been praising her Creator, as she does now. The sound is not at all *noisy;* on the contrary, it does not disturb conversation, which surprises me.

"I sang snatches of the Hallelujah Chorus, as I looked on the waterfall by moonlight. There was no distinct play of moonbeams on the water; there was an immense amount of mist,— one felt as if looking down on clouds. Presently the clouds in the sky flushed rosy in the dawn; the moon grew pale; Niagara with her emerald green more distinct. I waited till I had seen the sunrise — it was not a very bright one — and then I retired to my room, and went to sleep again . . . Solitude is congenial at Niagara. . . . I do not care to write on trifling themes now. . . .

"A thought came to my mind as I was resting just now. As photographs, however faithful, convey but a very inadequate idea of the real Niagara, so must our highest conceptions of Heaven fall short of Heaven itself. Who that has merely seen a photograph, or many photographs, of the Falls, can drink in the beauty of the living, bounding, changing, glorious miracle of Nature,

which is beheld here? Yet Niagara itself is but a bubble, compared with 'the glory which shall be revealed.'"—*Letter to Mrs. Hamilton.*

TUCKERMAN, HENRY THEODORE, an American essayist, critic and poet; born at Boston, Mass., April 20, 1813; died at New York, December 17, 1871. He contributed much in prose and verse to periodicals, many of his works having first appeared in that form. Among his books are *The Italian Sketch Book* (1835); *Isabel; or, Sicily, a Pilgrimage* (1839); *Thoughts on the Poets* (1846); *The Characteristics of Literature* (1849); *The Optimist* (1850); *The Spirit of Poetry* (1851); *Leaves from the Diary of a Dreamer* (1853); *Essays, Biographical and Critical* (1857); *America and Her Commentators* (1864); *The Criterion* (1866); *Book of the Artists* (1868); *Life of John Pendleton Kennedy* (1871). At one time Tuckerman was considered the first of American essayists.

COMRADESHIP WITH AUTHORS.

Some of the fondest illusions of our student-life and companionship were based on literary fame. The only individuals of the male gender who then seemed to us worthy of admiration and sympathy were authors. . . .

We used continually to see, in fancy, Petrarch, beside a fountain, under a laurel, with the sweet *penseroso* look visible in his portraits — Dante, in the corridor of a monastery, his palm laid on a friar's breast, and his stern features softened as he craved the only blessing life retained for him — *peace;* rustic Burns, with his dark eye proudly meeting the curious stare of an Edinburgh coterie;

Camöens breasting the waves, with the *Lusiad* between his teeth; Johnson, appalling Boswell, with his emphatic "Sir!"; Milton, his head like that of a saint encircled with rays, seated at the organ; Shakespeare, walking serenely and with a benign and majestic countenance, beside the Avon; Steele, jocosely presiding at table, with liveried bailiffs to pass the dishes; the bright face of Pope looming up from his deformed body in the cool twilight of a grotto; Voltaire's sneer withering an author through a cloud of snuff; Molière, reading his new comedy to the old woman; Landor, standing in the ilex-path of a Tuscan villa; Savage, asleep on a bench at midnight in one of the London parks; Dryden, seated in oracular dignity in his coffee-house arm-chair; Metastasio, comparing notes with a handsome *prima donna* at Vienna; Alfieri, with a magnificent steed in the midst of the Alps; Swift, stealing an interview with Miss Johnson, or chuckling over a chapter of *Gulliver;* — the funeral pyre of Shelley lighting up a solitary crag on the shores of the Mediterranean; Byron, with marble brow and rolling eye, guiding the helm of a storm-tossed boat on the Lake of Geneva. Such were only a few of the *tableaux* that haunted our imagination.

In our passion for native authors we revered the memory of Brockden Brown, and detected in his romantic studies the germs of the supernatural school of fiction. We nearly suffocated ourselves in the crowded gallery of the old church at Cambridge, listening to Sprague's Phi Beta Kappa poem; and often watched the spiritual figure of the "Idle Man"; and gazed on the white locks of our venerable painter, with his "Monaldi" and "Paint King" vividly remembered. We wearied an old friend of Brainard's by making him repeat anecdotes of the poet; and have spent hours in the French coffee-house which Halleck once frequented, eliciting from him criticisms, anecdotes, or recitations of Campbell. New Haven people that came in our way were obliged to tell us all they could remember of the vagaries of Percival, and the elegant hospitalities of Hillhouse. We have followed Judge Hopkinson through the rectangular streets of his native metropolis with the tune of "Hail, Columbia" humming in our ears; and kept a curious eye on Howard Payne

through a whole evening party, fondly cognizant of "Sweet Home."

Beaumont and Fletcher were our Damon and Pythias. The memorable occurrence of our childhood was the advent of a new *Waverly Novel,* and of our youth a fresh *Edinburgh Review.* We loved plum-color because poor Goldy was vain of his coat of that hue; and champagne partly because Schiller used to drink it when writing. We saved orange-peel because the author of *The Rambler* liked it; and put ourselves on a course of tar-water, in imitation of Berkeley. Roast-pig had a double relish for us after we had read Elia's dissertation thereon. We associated gold-fish and china-jars with Gray; skulls with Dr. Young; the leap of a sturgeon in the Hudson with Drake's *Culprit Fay;* pine-trees with Ossian; stained glass windows with Keats, who set one in immortal verse; fortifications with Uncle Toby; literary breakfasts with Rogers; water-fowl with Bryant; foundlings with Rousseau; letter-writing with Madame de Sévigné; bread-and-butter with the author of *Werther;* daisies with Burns, and primroses with Wordsworth.

Mrs. Thrale's acceptance of Piozzi was a serious trouble to our minds; and whether "little Burney" would be happy with her noble émigré was a problem that made us really anxious until the second part of her *Diary* was procurable, and relieved our solicitude. An unpatriotic antipathy to the Pilgrim Fathers was quelled by the melodious pæan of Mrs. Hemans; and we kept vigils before a portrait of Mrs. Norton, at an artist's studio, with a chivalric desire to avenge her wrongs. — *The Criterion.*

MARY.

What though the name is old and oft repeated;
  What though a thousand beings bear it now;
And true hearts oft the gentle word have greeted;
  What though 'tis hallowed by a poet's vow?
We ever love the rose, and yet its blooming
  Is a familiar rapture to the eye;
And yon bright star we hail, although its coming
  Age after age hath lit the northern sky.

As starry beams o'er troubled billows stealing,
  As garden odors to the desert blown,
In bosoms faint a gladsome hope revealing,
  Like patriot music or affection's tone; —
Thus, thus for aye, the name of Mary spoken
  By lips or text, with magic-like control,
The course of present thought has quickly broken,
  And stirred the fountains of my inmost soul.

The sweetest tales of human weal and sorrow,
  The fairest trophies of the limner's fame,
To my fond fancy, Mary, seem to borrow
  Celestial halos from thy gentle name.
The Grecian artist gleaned from many faces,
  And in a perfect whole the parts combined,
So have I counted o'er dear woman's graces
  To form the Mary of my ardent mind.

And marvel not I thus call my ideal:
  We only paint as we would have things be;
The fanciful springs ever from the real,
  As Aphroditè rose from out the sea.
Who smiled upon me kindly, day by day,
  In a far land where I was sad and lone?
Whose presence now is my delight alway?
  Both angels must the same blest title own.

What spirits round my weary way are flying,
  What fortunes on my future life await,
Like the mysterious hymns the winds are sighing,
  Are all unknown: — in trust I bide my fate.
But if one blessing I might crave from Heaven,
  'Twould be that Mary should my being cheer,
Hang o'er me when the chord of life is riven,
  Be my dear household word, and my last accent here.

NEWPORT BEACH.

Wave after wave successively rolls on
And dies along the shore, until more loud,
One billow with concentrate force is heard

To swell prophetic, and exultant rears
A lucent form above its pioneers,
And rushes past them to the farthest goal.
Thus our unuttered feelings rise and fall,
And thought will follow thought in equal waves,
Until reflection nerves design to will,
Or sentiment o'er chance emotion reigns,
And all its wayward undulations blend
In one o'erwhelming surge!

NEWSPAPER READING — ITS USE AND ABUSE.

There is a very large class whose reading is confined to newspapers, and they manifest the wisdom of Pope's maxim about the danger of a little learning. Adopting the cant and slang phrases of the hour, and satisfied with the hasty conjectures and partial glimpses of truth that diurnal journals usually contain, they are at once superficial and dogmatic, full of fragmentary ideas and oracular commonplace. If such is the natural effect upon an undisciplined mind of exclusive newspaper reading, even the scholar, the thinker, and the man of refined taste is exposed to mental dissipation from the same cause. A celebrated French philosopher, recently deceased, remarkable for severe and efficient mental labor, told an American friend that he had not read a newspaper for four years. It is incalculable what productiveness of mind and freshness of conception are lost to the cultivated intellect by the habit of beginning the day with newspapers. The brain, refreshed by sleep, is prepared to act genially in the morning hours; and a statistical table, prepared by an able physiologist, shows that those authors who give this period to labor most frequently attain longevity. Scott is a memorable example of the healthfulness and efficiency attending the practice. If therefore, the student, the man of science, or the author, dissipates his mental vigor, and the nervous energy induced by a night's repose, in skimming over the countless topics of a newspaper, he is too much in relation to things in general to concentrate easily his thoughts; his mind has been diverted, and his sympathies too variously excited, to readily

gather round a special theme. Those intent upon self-culture, or intellectual results, should therefore make this kind of reading a pastime, and resort to it in the intervals of more consecutive thought. There is no element of civilization that debauches the mind of our age more than the indiscriminate and exclusive perusal of newspapers. Only by consulting history, by disciplining the reasoning powers in the study of philosophy, and cherishing a true sense of the beautiful by communion with the poets — in a word, only by habitual reference to standard literature, can we justly estimate the record of the hour. There must be great examples in the mind, great principles of judgment and taste, or the immediate appeal to these qualities is ignorantly answered; whereas, the thoughtful, intelligent comments of an educated reader of journals upon the questions they discuss, the precedents he brings in view, and the facts of the past to which he refers, place the immediate in relation with the universal, and enable us to seize upon essential truth. To depend for mental recreation upon newspapers is a desperate resource; not to consult them is to linger behind the age. De Tocqueville has shown that devotion to the immediate is characteristic of republics; and this tendency is manifest in the prevalence of newspapers in the United States. They, in a great measure, supersede the demand for a more permanent native literature; they foster a taste for ephemeral topics and modes of thought, and lamentably absorb, in casual efforts, gifts and graces of mind which, under a different order of things, would have attained not only a higher, but a lasting development. The comparative importance of newspapers among us, as materials of history, is evidenced in the fact that the constant reference to their files has induced the historical societies to propose an elaborate index to facilitate the labors of inquirers, which has been felicitously called a diving-bell for the sea of print. A list of the various journals now in existence would be found to include not only every political party and religious sect in the country, but every theory of life, every science, profession, and taste, from phrenology to dietetics, and from medicine, war, and odd-fellowship, to literature, catholicism, and sporting. Tribunals

and punsters, not less than fashion and chess-players, have their printed organ. What was a subordinate element has become an exclusive feature.

It is evident that more excitement than truth, more food for curiosity than aid to reflection, more vague knowledge than actual wisdom, is thus promulgated and preserved. The harvest of the immediate is comparatively barren; and life only proves the truth of Dr. Johnson's association of intellectual dignity with the past and future. The individual, to be true to himself, must take a firm stand against the encroachments of this restless, temporary, and absorbing life of the moment represented by the newspaper; he must cleave to Memory and Hope; he must look before and after, or his mind will be superficial in its activity, and fruitless in its growth.— *The Criterion, 1866.*

TULLOCH, JOHN, a British theologian; born in Perthshire in 1823; died at Torquay, England, February 13, 1886. He studied at St. Andrew's; was licensed as a preacher in the Church of Scotland, and in 1854 became principal of St. Mary's College, University of St. Andrew's. Among his works are an essay on *Theism,* which gained the second Burnett prize of £500 (1855); *Leaders of the Reformation* (1859); *Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy* (1872); *Facts of Religious Life* (1877); *Pascal* (1878); *Modern Themes in Philosophy and Religion* (1884), and *Movements of Religious Thought in Britain During the Nineteenth Century* (1885).

VARIATIONS IN CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

As some men are said to be born Platonists and some Aristotelians, so some are born Augustinians, and some

Pelagians, or Arminians. These names have been strangely identified with "true" or "false" views of Christianity. What they really denote is diverse modes of Christian thinking — diverse tendencies of the Christian intellect — which repeat themselves by a law of nature. It is no more possible to make men think alike in theology than in anything else where the facts are complicated and the conclusions necessarily fallible. The history of theology is a history of "Variations"; not indeed, as some have maintained, without an inner principle of movement, but with a constant repetition of oppositions underlying its necessary development. The same contrasts continually appear throughout its course, and seem never to wear themselves out. From the beginning there has always been the broader and the narrower type of thought — a St. Paul and St. John, as well as a St. Peter and St. James; the doctrine which leans to the works and the doctrine which leans to grace; the milder and the severer interpretation of human nature and of the divine dealings with it; a Clement of Alexandria, an Origen and a Chrysostom, as well as a Tertullian, an Augustine, and a Cyril of Alexandria, an Erasmus no less than a Luther, a Castalio as well as a Calvin, a Frederick Robertson as well as a John Newton.

Look at these men, and many others equally significant, on the spiritual side, as they look to God or as they work for men, how much do they resemble one another! The same divine life stirs them all. Who will undertake to settle which is the truer Christian? But look at them on the intellectual side, and they are hopelessly disunited. They lead rival forces in the march of Christian thought — forces which may yet find a point of conciliation, and which may not be so widely diverse as they seem, but whose present attitude is one of obvious hostility. Men may meet in common worship and in common work; and find themselves at one. The same faith may breathe in their prayers, and the same love fire their hearts. But men who think can never be at one in their thoughts on the great subject of Christian revelation. They may own the same Lord, and recognize and reverence the same types of Christian character; but they will differ so soon as

they begin to define their notions of the Divine, and draw conclusions from the researches either of ancient or of modern theology. Of all the false dreams that have ever haunted humanity, none is more false than the dream of Catholic unity in this sense. It vanishes in the very effort to grasp it, and the old fissures appear within the most carefully compacted structures of dogma.— *Religion and Theology.*

TUPPER, MARTIN FARQUHAR, an English poet; born at London, July 17, 1810; died at Albury, November 29, 1889. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his Master's degree and that of Doctor of Civil Law; was entered as a student of law at Lincoln's Inn, and was formally called to the bar in 1835; but, inheriting a competence, he never entered upon practice, devoting himself to literature. He published anonymously a small volume of poems in 1832. In 1839 appeared his *Geraldine,* an attempt to continue Coleridge's unfinished *Christabel.* His subsequent works were very numerous, comprising poems, tales, dramas and essays; but none of them were more than moderately successful except the *Proverbial Philosophy,* of which three series were published in 1838, 1844, and 1867. The first two series had an unprecedented popularity on both sides of the Atlantic and the works are still largely read, and are regarded among the best of their kind. Tupper's last production, *My Life as an Author,* appeared in 1886.

THE WORDS OF WISDOM.

Few and precious are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter:
To what shall their rarity be likened? what price shall count their worth?
Perfect and much to be desired, and giving joy with riches;
No lovely thing on earth can purchase all their beauty.
They be chance pearls, flung among the rocks by the sullen waters of Oblivion,
Which diligence loves to gather, and hang round the neck of Memory;
They be white-winged seeds of happiness, wafted from the Islands of the Blessed,
Which Thought carefully tendeth in the kindly garden of the heart;
They be sproutings of an harvest for Eternity, bursting through the tilth of Time;
Green promise of the golden wheat, that yieldeth angels' food;
They be drops of crystal dew, which the wings of Seraphs scatter,
When on some brighter Sabbath their plumes quiver most with delight:
Such, and so precious are the words which the lips of Wisdom utter.

OF PRAYER.

A wicked man scorneth prayer; in the shallow sophistry of Reason
He derideth the silly hope that God can be moved by supplication:
"Can the unchangeable be changed, or waver in his purpose?
Can the weakness of pity affect Him? Should He turn at the bidding of Man?
Methought He ruled all things, and ye called His decrees immutable;

But if thus He listeneth to words, where is the firmness of His will?"
So I heard the words of the wicked; and lo, it was smoother than oil;
But I knew that his reasonings were false, for the promise of the Scripture is true.
Yet in my soul was darkness; for his voice was too hard for me
Till I turned to my God in prayer — for I know that He heareth always.
Then I looked abroad on the earth; and behold the Lord was in all things;
Yet saw I not his hand in aught, but perceived that He worketh by means;
Yea, and the power of the man proveth the wisdom that ordained it;
Yea, and no act is useless, to the hurling of a stone through the air.
So I turned my thoughts to supplication, and beheld the mercies of Jehovah;
And I saw sound Argument was still the faithful friend of Goodness;
For as the rock of the Affections is the solid approval of Reason,
Even so the temple of Religion is founded on the basis of Philosophy.

OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Shame upon thee, savage monarch-man, proud monopolist of reason;
Shame upon creation's lord, the fierce, ensanguined despot:
What, man! are there not enough — hunger and diseases and fatigue —
And yet must thy goad or thy thong add another sorrow to existence?
What! art thou not content thy sin hath dragged down suffering and death
On the poor dumb servants of thy comfort, and yet must thou rack them with thy spite?

The prodigal air of creation hath gambled away his all —
Shall he add torment to the bondage that is galling his forfeit serfs?
The leader in nature's pæan himself hath marred her psaltery,
Shall he multiply the din of discord by overstraining all the strings?
The rebel had forfeited his stronghold, shutting in his vassals with him —
Shall he aggravate the woes of the besieged by oppression from within —
Thou twice deformed image of thy Maker, thou hateful representative of Love,
For very shame be merciful, be kind unto the creatures thou hast ruined;
Earth and her million tribes are cursed for thy sake,
Earth and her million tribes shall writhe beneath thy cruelty:
Liveth there but one among the million that shall not bear witness against thee,
A pensioner of land or air or sea that hath not whereof it will accuse thee?
From the elephant toiling at a launch to the shrew-mouse in the harvest-field,
From the whale which the harpooner hath stricken, to the minnow caught upon a pin,
From the albatross, wearied in its flight, to the wren in her covered nest,
From the death-moth and lace-winged dragon-fly, to the lady-bird and the gnat,
The verdict of all things is unanimous, finding their master cruel:
The dog, thy humble friend, thy trusting, honest friend;
The ass, thine uncomplaining slave, drudging from morn to even;
The lamb, and the timorous hare, and the laboring ox at plough;
The speckled trout basking in the shallow, and the partridge gleaming in the stubble,
And the stag at bay, and the worm in thy path, and the wild bird pining in captivity,

And all things that minister alike to thy life and thy comfort and thy pride,
Testify with one sad voice that man is a cruel master.
Verily, they all are thine: freely may'st thou serve thee of them all:
They are thine by gift by thy needs, to be used in all gratitude and kindness;
Gratitude to their God and thine — their Father and thy Father,
Kindness to them who toil for thee, and help thee with their all:
For meat, but not by wantonness of slaying; for burden, but with limits of humanity;
For luxury, but not through torture; for draught, but according to their strength;
For a dog cannot plead his own right, nor render a reason for exemption.
Nor give a soft answer unto wrath, to turn aside the undeserved lash;
The galled ox cannot complain, nor supplicate a moment's respite;
The spent horse hideth his distress, till he panteth out his spirit at the goal;
Also, in the winter of life, when worn by constant toil,
If ingratitude forget his services, he cannot bring them to remembrance;
Behold, he is faint with hunger; the big tear standeth in his eye;
His skin is sore with stripes, and he tottereth beneath his burden;
His limbs are stiff with age, his sinews have lost their vigor,
And pain is stamped upon his face, while he wrestleth unequally with toil;
Yet once more mutely and meekly endureth he the crushing blow;
That struggle hath cracked his heart-strings — the generous brute is dead!
Liveth there no advocate for him? no judge to avenge his wrongs?

No voice that shall be heard in his defence? no sentence
to be passed on his oppressor?
Yea, the sad eye of the tortured pleadeth pathetically for
him;
Yea, all the justice in Heaven is roused in indignation at
his woes;
Yea, all the pity upon earth shall call down a curse upon
the cruel;
Yea, the burning malice of the wicked is their own ex-
ceeding punishment.
The Angel of Mercy stoppeth not to comfort, but pass-
eth by on the other side,
And hath no tear to shed, when a cruel man is damned.

WEDDING GIFTS.

Young bride,— a wreath for thee,
Of sweet and gentle flowers;
For wedded love was pure and free
In Eden's happy bowers.

Young bride,— a song for thee,
A song of joyous measure,
For thy cup of hope shall be
Filled with honeyed pleasure.

Young bride,— a tear for thee,
A tear in all thy gladness;
For thy young heart shall not see
Joy unmixed with sadness.

Young bride,— a smile for thee,
To shine away thy sorrow,
For Heaven is kind to-day, and we
Will hope as well to-morrow.

Young bride,— a prayer for thee,
That all thy hopes possessing,
Thy soul may praise her God, and he
May crown thee with his blessing.

THE SONG OF SEVENTY.

I am not — I cannot be old,
  Though threescore years and ten
Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,
  The lives of other men.

I am not old; though friends and foes
  Alike have gone to their graves,
And left me alone to my joys or my woes,
  As a rock in the midst of the waves.

I am not old — I cannot be old,
  Though tottering, wrinkled, and gray;
Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,
  Call me not old to-day.

For early memories round me throng,—
  Old times, and manners, and men,—
As I look behind on my journey so long,
  Of threescore miles and ten.

I look behind, and am once more young,
  Buoyant, and brave, and bold
And my heart can sing, as of yore it sung,
  Before they called me old.

I do not see her — the old wife there —
  Shrivelled, and haggard, and gray,
But I look on her blooming, and soft, and fair
  As she was on her wedding-day!

I do not see you, daughters and sons,
  In the likeness of women and men,
But I kiss you now as I kissed you once,
  My fond little children then!

And as my grandson rides on my knee,
  Or plays with his hoop or kite,

I can well recollect I was merry as he —
The bright-eyed little wight!

'Tis not long since — it cannot be long,
My years so soon were spent —
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong;
Yet now am I feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream — it is all a dream;
A strange, sad dream, good sooth;
For old as am I, and old as I seem,
My heart is full of youth.

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and bold, though it seem to grow old,
Is the heart, forever young.

Forever young,— though life's old age
Hath every nerve unstrung;
The heart, the heart is a heritage
That keeps the old man young.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

When streams of unkindness as bitter as gall,
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And Meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,
By the hand of Ingratitude wrung,—
In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,
While the anguish is festering yet,
None, none but an angel, or God, can declare,
"I now can forgive and forget."

But, if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,
And the lips are in penitence steeped,
With the wrong so repented, the wrath will depart,
Though scorn on injustice were heaped;
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the cheek with contrition is wet,

And every one feels it is possible still,
  At once to forgive and forget.

To forget? It is hard for a man with a mind,
  However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all perils and dangers behind,
  And but for the future to live:
Then how shall it be? for at every turn
  Recollection the spirit will fret,
And the ashes of injury smoulder and burn,
  Though we strive to forgive and forget.

O, heàrken! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,
  And mind shall be partner with heart,
While thee to thyself I bid conscience reveal,
  And show thee how evil thou art.
Remember thy follies, thy sins, and thy crimes,
  How vast is that infinite debt!
Yet Mercy hath seven by seventy times
  Been swift to forgive and forget!

Brood not on insults or injuries old,
  For thou art injurious too;
Count not their sum, till the total is told,
  For thou art unkind and untrue;
And, if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
  Now mercy with justice is met,
O, who would not gladly take lessons of Heaven,
  Nor learn to forgive and forget?

Yes, yes; let a man, when his enemy weeps,
  Be quick to receive him, a friend;
For thus on his head in kindness he heaps
  Hot coals, to refine and amend;
And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn
  As a nurse on her innocent pet,
Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn.
  And whisper, FORGIVE AND FORGET.

TURGENIEFF, Ivan Sergeyevich, a Russian novelist; born at Orel, November 9, 1818; died at Bougival, near Paris, September 3, 1883. He was educated at Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Berlin. For a time he filled a clerkship in the Ministry of the Interior. Banished to the provinces on account of his progressive opinions, he was permitted to return, but after that resided for the most part in Paris. By him the term "Nihilist" was first used in its political sense. In 1843–44 he published several books of poetry. Among his other volumes are *Memoirs of a Sportsman* (2 vols., 1852); *Fathers and Sons* (1862); *Smoke* (1867); *Liza* (1867); *On the Eve* (1868); *Dimitri Rudin* (1873); *Journal of a Useless Man* (1874); *A Lear of the Steppe* (1875); *Spring Floods* (1876); *The Unfortunate One* (1868); *First Love* (1875); *Assya* (1876); *Virgin Soil* (1877). His name is variously spelled — Turgenief, Turgeneff, etc.

RETURN TO FIRST LOVE.

I once entered the hut of a peasant-woman who had just lost her only son; to my great surprise, I found her calm, almost cheerful. "Do not wonder," said her husband, who doubtless noticed the impression made upon me; "she now is ossified." Litvinof was thus "ossified"— a perfect calm had taken possession of him during the first few hours of his journey. Entirely worn out, almost unconscious, he was yet alive, after all the pain and torture of the last week, after all the blows that had fallen, one after another, upon him. He was not one who could, with impunity, receive such blows.

He had now no plan before him; he tried to drive all thought from his mind; he was going to Russia because

he must go somewhere; but he had no object in going thither. He had lost all sense of his own individuality; he took no notice of his own acts. It seemed to him sometimes as though he were carrying about with him his dead body; it was only a painful sense of hopeless grief that convinced him he was still alive. Sometimes it seemed impossible to him that a woman, that passion, could have so influenced him. . .

"What shameful weakness!" he murmured, and throwing back his cloak, he settled himself more comfortably in his seat. He must now begin a new life, he thought. A moment more, and he was smiling bitterly, astonished at himself. He looked out of the window. It was an unpleasant day; it did not rain, but the fog was dense and low clouds covered the sky. The train was moving against the wind; clouds of smoke, now light, now dark, rolled by the window. Litvinof watched these clouds. Ceaselessly they rose and fell, clinging to the grass and bushes, stretching themselves out, melting in the damp air, or whirling about in eddies, ever changing, yet ever the same. Sometimes the wind changed, or the road made a turn, then all this mass of vapor would suddenly disappear, only to be seen again immediately, on the other side, and, in an interminable cloud, hide from view the valley of the Rhine.

Litvinof continued to gaze in silence; an odd fancy had taken possession of him. He was alone in the carriage: there was no one to listen to him. "Smoke! smoke!" he kept repeating to himself, and suddenly all the past seemed like smoke to him: his whole life, his life in Russia; all that was human, but chiefly all that was Russian in his experience. "All was but smoke and vapor," he thought; "everything is constantly changing, one shape resolves itself into another, one event succeeds another, but in reality everything remains the same. There is much stir and confusion, but all these clouds vanish at last without leaving any trace, without having accomplished anything. The wind changes its direction, they pass to the other side and then continue their feverish and fruitless motion." He remembered what had taken place during the last few years, and how great had been

the tumult and excitement. . . . "Smoke," he muttered; "smoke." He remembered the noisy and disorderly discussions in Goubaref's room, and the disputes which he had heard between other persons, of high and low degree, radical and conservative, old and young.

"Smoke!" he repeated; "smoke and vapor!" He thought finally of the famous picnic, of the speeches and arguments of the statesmen there, and also of Potoughine's long disquisitions.

"Smoke! smoke!" he cried, "and nothing more." Then his own efforts, his desires, his trials, and his dreams all came before his mind. The memory of these served only to provoke a gesture of discouragement.

Meanwhile the train was rushing on. Rastadt, Carlsruhe, and Bruchsal were already far behind him; on the right the mountains retreated in the distance, then approached again, but they were now less lofty and not covered with trees as before. The train made a short turn; they were at Heidelberg. The carriage glided into the station; the news-dealers began to cry all kinds of papers, even those of Russian origin. Many of the travellers stepped out upon the platform and walked about, but Litvinof did not leave his place; he was sitting there with his head bowed down. . . .

During the night he passed through Cassel. As the twilight deepened into darkness, an intolerable agony preyed like a vulture at his heart. He began to weep, with his head buried in one corner of the carriage. His tears flowed for a long time, without, however, affording him any relief.

During this time, in a hotel at Cassel, Tatiana was lying on a bed, burning with fever; Capitoline Markovna was standing near her.

"Tania," she said to her, "do let me send a telegram to Gregory Mikhailovitch; do let me, Tania."

"No, aunt," she answered, "you must not. Do not be frightened. Give me some water; I shall soon be better."

In fact, a week afterward, she had quite recovered, and the aunt and niece proceeded on their journey.

. . . . . .

Without stopping either at St. Petersburg or Moscow, Litvinof returned to his humble home. He was startled when he first saw his father, he appeared so old and broken down. The old man, on seeing his son again, was as much delighted as one so near the close of life could be. He hastened to give him charge of his affairs, which were in great disorder, and, after a few weeks of sickness and pain, passed quietly away. Litvinof now was left alone in the old family home; he began to improve his lands, with an aching heart, without any liking for his work, without hope, without money. The management of an estate in Russia is no pleasant task, as too many of us know. We will not therefore enter too minutely into the difficulties which Litvinof encountered. It was impossible for him to introduce improvements and reforms; the application of that knowledge which he had acquired in foreign countries had to be indefinitely postponed; necessity compelled him to live as he could from day to day, and to make all manner of concessions, both material and moral. The new order of things worked badly, the old forms had lost their strength; inexperience had to struggle with dishonesty and fraud. The old institutions had no sustaining power, they were breaking asunder like our vast, mossy marshes: only that noble word, "Liberty!" pronounced by the Czar, floated over them, as the spirit of God once moved upon the face of the waters. It was necessary, above all else, to have patience, not passive, but diligent, persistent, and indomitable patience. This was doubly painful to Litvinof, in the state of mind in which he found himself. Life had few attractions for him . . . could labor, then, present him any?

A year passed by, a second followed it, the third had already begun its course. The grand thought of emancipation was commencing to produce its fruits, to influence the customs of the people. The seed that had been sown had sprouted and appeared above the ground and could now no more be trampled on by either an open or a secret enemy. Although Litvinof finally rented to the peasants the greater portion of his land on shares, and although this land was all cultivated in the primitive

manner, yet he met with some success. He started his manufactory, worked a small farm with five free laborers whom he had finally selected after trying forty, and paid off his heaviest debts. His natural powers returned to him; he began to look like himself again.

During all this time a feeling of deep sadness remained with him: he was leading a life which ill accorded with his years; he had shut himself up within a narrow circle, but he no longer exhibited his former indifference to everything about him; he walked among men like a living man. The last traces of the charm under whose influence he had fallen had also disappeared; and all that had taken place at Baden now seemed to him like a dream. And Irene . . . her image, too, had paled away and vanished; only something vaguely dangerous was dimly outlined through the mist which concealed it. He rarely had news of Tatiana; he only knew that she was with her aunt at her home, which was some distance from her own family estates; that she lived there quietly, going out but little and receiving few visitors; also that she was enjoying excellent health.

One fine May morning he was seated in his study, carelessly glancing over the last number of a paper from St. Petersburg, when his servant announced the arrival of his uncle. This uncle, a cousin of Capitoline Markovna, had just been making her a visit. He had bought an estate in Litvinof's neighborhood and was about taking possession of it. He remained several days with his nephew, and talked much with him concerning Tatiana.

On the day after his departure, Litvinof wrote to his cousin, for the first time since their separation. He asked permission to open a correspondence with her and also stated that he hoped some time to meet her again. He waited her answer with great anxiety. . . . It came at last. Tatiana replied in a friendly manner. "If you are thinking of making us a visit," she said in closing, "we shall be very happy to see you at any time." Capitoline Markovna also sent him her regards. Litvinof evinced an almost childish joy; it was a long, long time since his heart had before beaten so gayly. Everything seemed bright and cheerful to him. When the sun rises

and drives away the darkness of the night, a light breeze passes over the earth's bosom, reviving all nature with its cooling breath. Litvinof felt thus strengthened and rejoiced, by some mysterious influence. He was all smiles that day, even when overseeing his laborers and giving them their orders. He immediately began to prepare for the journey, and two weeks later was on his way to visit Tatiana. . . .

While the postilion was thus talking, Litvinof could not take his eyes from the little house. A lady dressed in white appeared on the piazza, looked out as though watching for someone, then disappeared again.

"Was it not Tatiana?"

His heart was beating violently.

"Faster! faster!" he cried to the postilion.

The postilion whipped up his horses. A few minutes more. . . . and the carriage passed through an open gate. On the piazza he saw Capitoline Markovna running to meet him. Out of breath, her face red with excitement, she cried out, "I knew you, I knew you first! It was you! it was you! I knew you!"

Litvinof leaped to the ground lightly, without giving the little Cossack time to open the door for him, and hurriedly kissing Capitoline Markovna, rushed into the house, ran through the hall and dining-room . . . and found himself face to face with Tatiana. She was looking on him with a kind and gentle glance (she had grown a little thinner, which did not at all detract from her appearance), and holding out to him her hand. He did not take it, but fell on his knees before her. She had not expected this and knew not what to say or do. Tears came to her eyes; she was frightened, but at the same time, there was an expression of joy upon her face.

"What is this, Gregory Mikhailovitch?" she said at last.

He was kissing the hem of her dress, recalling with a happy, contrite heart, how before at Baden he had thus fallen at her feet. But then and now!

"Tania," he cried, "Tania, can you forgive me?"

"Aunt, aunt, what does this mean?" she cried, turning

toward Capitoline Markovna, who had just entered the room.

"Leave him alone, Tatiana," answered the good old lady; "do you not see he has repented?"

THE BEGGAR.

I passed along the street. . . . A beggar stopped me, an infirm old man.

The inflamed, tearful eyes, and blue lips, the coarse rags, the loathsome sores. . . . Ah, how frightfully had poverty disfigured this being!

He stretched out his dirty, red, swollen hand toward me, . . . he moaned and whimpered for charity.

I searched in all my pockets, . . . neither purse nor watch, nor handkerchief could be found. . . . I had brought nothing with me.

The beggar waited, . . . and his outstretched hand shook slightly and quivered.

Distressed and embarrassed, I seized the soiled hand and pressed it. . . . "My brother, blame me not, I have nothing, brother."

The beggar turned his red eyes upon me; his blue lips parted in a smile — and he pressed my fingers (which had grown chill) in return.

"It matters not, brother," he faltered; "I thank you all the same. For that was a gift, my brother."

And I realized that I also had received a gift from my brother.

A RULE OF LIFE.

"If you would thoroughly disconcert and irritate your enemy"— this was an old intriguer's advice to me — "accuse him of the same fault, the same vice, that you yourself strive to overcome; reproach him bitterly with it, and heap upon him the severest reproofs.

"First — by these means you will persuade others that this is no vice of yours.

"Secondly — your indignation is unfeigned. They have the benefit of the reproof of your own conscience.

"Are you perhaps a renegade! Then reproach your adversary with a lack of faith!

"Have you yourself the soul of a lackey? Then upbraid him with his lackey's nature; sneer at him for being a lackey of civilization, of Europe, and of society."

"One can even say that he is a lackey because he is not a lackey!" I remarked.

"Yes, even that," assented the intriguer.

A SELF-SATISFIED MAN.

A young man is walking gayly along the Residential Street. His demeanor is careless, cheerful, and self-conscious; his eyes sparkle, a smile is on his lips, and his pleasant face is slightly flushed. He is full of self-confidence and satisfaction.

What has happened to him? Has he made a fortune? Has he attained a higher position in life? Does a loved one await him? Or is it merely — a good breakfast, a feeling of comfort, the fulness of strength, that thus expands his frame? Or may not even the beautiful eight-rayed cross of King Stanislaus of Poland have been hung around his neck?

No. He has only devised a slander about one of his friends, and he is carefully circulating it abroad. This same slander he heard from the lips of a third one — and believed it himself.

Oh, how content and complacent is this amiable, promising young man!

THE SPARROW.

I returned home from the chase, and wandered through an alley in my garden. My dog bounded before me.

Suddenly he checked himself, and moved forward cautiously as if he scented game.

I glanced down the alley, and perceived a young sparrow with a yellow beak and down upon its head. He had fallen out of the nest (the wind was shaking the beeches in the alley violently), and lay motionless and helpless on the ground, with his little, unfledged wings extended.

The dog approached it softly, when suddenly an old sparrow, with a black breast, quitted a neighboring tree, dropped like a stone right before the dog's nose, and with ruffled plumage and chirping, desperately and pitifully, sprang twice at the open, grinning mouth.

He had come to protect his little one at the cost of his own life. His little body trembled all over, his voice was hoarse, he was in an agony — he offered himself.

The dog must have seemed a gigantic monster to him. But, in spite of that, he had not remained safe on his lofty bough. A Power stronger than his own will has forced him down.

Treasure stood still and turned away. . . . It seemed as if he also felt this Power.

I hastened to call the discomfited dog back, and went away with a feeling of respect.

Yes, smile not! I felt a respect for this heroic little bird, and for the depth of his paternal love.

Love, I reflected, is stronger than death and the fear of death; it is love alone that supports and animates all.

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